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CAN ONE BE CHRISTIAN AND FREE?

By CLARENCE C. LITTLE

Many husbands and wives who maintain their allegiance to organized Christianity are puzzled by the difference between their own experience and the teachings of their church. Has the Roman Catholic Church the right to insist that its dogmatic position be accepted by Protestants as well as Catholics? Can the Protestant Churches maintain a position which will be accepted by modern men and women? Doctor Little discusses one of the most acute personal questions of the day.

THE degree to which an individual who believes in the outstanding power and beauty of the life and teachings of Christ can, if he desires, be free from unwelcome interference by organized church groups is a matter of vital interest to all of us.

Under the conditions of modern civilization Christianity has evolved by differentiation into many types of belief. Through most of this evolution various church groups, notably the Roman Church, have set themselves up as the arbiters of human conduct. In spite of this fact a steadily increasing proportion of our population is choosing to try to work out its spiritual problems as a matter of individual responsibility with friendly and sympathetic understanding on the part of others who feel likewise.

Such people are to-day rightfully aroused because the Roman Church and certain other professional Christian groups have attempted repeatedly to block legislation and sociological development which aims to provide a greater freedom of individual responsibility in matters of human behavior.

The marital relations between man and wife, the freedom of doctors to use scientific knowledge to diminish the chance of death of women from unnecessary and undesired pregnancy, are matters concerning which the Roman Church is actively interested. Although it objects to criticism of its official pronouncements as regards these matters, it sees no inconsistency in being represented at political hearings in opposition to entirely non-sectarian legislation aimed at allowing personal liberty to those who claim it as a right.

Few people other than certain liberal and intelligent Catholics themselves will object to the Roman Church applying the most extreme form of non-scientific

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and unenlightened dogma to its own adherents. On the other hand, few people will allow to pass unchallenged its uninvited, ill-judged and intolerant efforts at domination of the morals and personal sex problems of all mankind.

The right of the Roman Church to force itself on this country as the self-styled guardian of what one may or may not do in matters of marital relations and sex has been claimed by recent statements of its adherents. This attitude is not surprising. It is consistent with the behavior of the Roman Church since long before the Reformation. The recent aggressive recrudescence of Roman interference, however, and the resulting counter-moves make the present situation one of the most important epochs in the progressive evolution of man's spiritual freedom.

There is great need for every American to study the issues involved and to decide whether or not scientific truth is to be reconciled with or alienated from the church's effort to aid in social progress.

Because of this need the recent appearance of two statements of different groups of people calling themselves Christians is of extreme significance. The documents in question deal with the problems which are confronting the church in its efforts to establish its attitude toward advances of science in matters affecting the sex relationship within the married state. The statements to which reference is made are the encyclical of Pope Pius XI reaffirming the Roman Catholic doctrine of the sanctity of matrimony, appearing in full in the New York *Times* of January 8, 1931; and the Report of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which was printed in the same journal on March 21, 1931.

Between the two documents there exists a very marked contrast. It is not a difference which can be reconciled. It is fundamental and forms an integral and inseparable part of two entirely distinct systems of philosophy which can never reach a common goal.

At first reading, the encyclical may alienate a number of people by the vehemence of its vocabulary. It is hard not to be irritated when, in criticism of all those people who differ from the ex-cathedra pronouncement, such adjectives as "shameless," "pernicious," "depraved," "degraded," "base," "baneful," "impure," "Godless," "filthiest," "vicious," "sensual," and "profane" are mingled with words and phrases descriptive of the activities of non-Catholics and disobedient Catholics, such as "deceits," "impiety," "iniquities," "blasphemy," "horrible crime," "tremendous evil," "moral ruin," "criminal abuse," "fornication," and "unbridled lust." A number of those who, out of respect of the isolation of the Pope from experience in human problems, might withhold criticism of such undignified and intemperate invective are treated to further and less protected abuse by various Catholic clergy. These, following the exhortation of the encyclical to "bishops," "priests," and "the laity united by Catholic action," have launched an attack on those other Christians who do not happen to follow the Catholic dogma.

Violent impetus was added to their offensive by the appearance of the second of the two documents, namely, the report of a Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ to which reference has been made.

The majority of this committee recognizes two existing and growing social reforms. The first of these is the very practical and wide-spread habit on the part of intelligent and merciful people to space their children far enough apart to insure the best development of the child and the continued health of the

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mother. This reasonable and humane effort to limit the animal profligacy of the reproductive capacities of man is one of the chief points of difference between civilized peoples on one hand, and savages and the lower animals on the other.

Limitation of uncontrolled reproductive activity can be brought about in one of several ways. First, by abstaining entirely from sexual intercourse, or absolute continence. This procedure is recommended by all churches as the ideal and is cited by the Roman Catholic Church as the only way that is not sinful. Since it involves discomfort, unhappiness and suffering in increasing measure as the married couple is happily and completely each other's mate, it has many possibilities of arousing sadistic and envious tendencies in those who are unable to enjoy the happiness of a marriage which considers "sex-experiences . . . as a mutual expression of comradeship and affection." A similar result can be obtained by decreasing the likelihood of fertilization of the egg. Nature in its overproduction intends the human egg to be a waste product of the body unless it is fertilized. The same applies to the male sex cells. Millions are always wasted for every one that is used. The conscious and intelligent attempt to prevent fertilization from occurring is known as contraception or, more popularly and less exactly, birth control. The Catholic Church paradoxically enough allows conscious birth control based on scientific knowledge of the existence in woman of certain times or periods when the chance of fertilization of the egg is either greatly diminished or is precluded. It considers all other methods of conscious birth control based on essentially similar scientific knowledge of the existence of certain structural conditions in the human body as sinful. It was chiefly in the violent condemnation of these disapproved methods and in praise of its own attitude that the encyclical was written.

The second reform noted and approved in simple and dignified language by the Federal Council of Churches is in our attitude toward sexual intercourse in the married state. The report states that "these relations . . . have their source in the thought and purpose of God, first for the creation of human life, but also as a manifestation of divine concern for the happiness of those who have so wholly merged their lives."

This is a sensible, reasonable expression of what every happily married couple feels instinctively, intellectually, and morally to be true. It definitely and without wasting time removes the lingering taint of filth, obscenity and dirt from the sexual act in man and declares it to be distinct from the animal reproductive faculty alone.

The divergence of this point of view from that held by an hierarchy of celibate priests is not hard to understand. Their first-hand knowledge of the process concerning which they see fit to legislate is, by definition, nil. They are as ill-fitted to give advice on matters dealing with the physiology of reproduction as complete inexperience can make them.

If the absence of experience were accompanied by a willingness on their part to leave to the people concerned the adjustment of their own problems of this sort, things would not be so bad. Unfortunately, however, that is not the attitude of the Roman Church. As the Reverend Aloysius J. Hogan, of the Society of Jesus and President of Fordham College, said soon after the appearance of the Council's report, "The events of the past few days have made the need of the Catholic Physicians' Guild (a guild pledged to oppose the spread of contraceptive information) quite clear in the *Catholic Church's practical programme*

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for the regeneration and revivification of human society." (Italics mine.)

The Reverend Doctor Fulton J. Sheen went further in outlining the attitude of the Roman Church toward the report of the Federal Council of Churches. He stated from the pulpit, according to the New York *Times,* that the Protestant committee had promulgated a sinful doctrine and that all who followed it were pagan and should no longer call themselves Christian. "Why should they do [these things] under the cloak of Christianity? They are pagans."

The Commonweal, a Roman Catholic publication, hails the report of the Federal Council of Churches as the possible mark of the death of the Reformation. It states that the majority of American Protestants, if it follows that report, has "joined the massed enemies of orthodox Christianity and now fights with them."

The reaction of the Roman hierarchy to the present social situation is an interesting and enlightening one. The encyclical of the Pope was written at a time when many liberal Catholics were enjoying the happiness and healthiness of homes in which maternal health and improved care of children had followed on the heels of the use of contraceptives in those homes, to hold down the number of unwanted children. As a result of this fact, large numbers of the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church have been acting as their consciences dictated. They were thus individually interpreting their private moral needs and problems. Father Sheen described such procedure as one which makes "fools and cads of men." Realizing that numbers of its adherents were already well out of hand and that something had to be done by the church, a restatement of an absolute and dogmatic position of uncompromising Roman Catholic infallibility coupled with an exhortation to bishops and priests to aid in the drive to regain lost control were natural steps.

It is probable that the imminence of the Federal Council Committee's report was unknown to the Roman hierarchy. This seems likely because of the tremendous difference between the two documents. If the Roman hierarchy had known in advance of the impending second document, it is doubtful whether two statements showing, on the one hand, complete antagonism to the cooperation of science in sociological affairs and, on the other, friendly understanding would have been thrown into such clear contrast.

The logical, humane, direct, and progressive language of the Report of the Federal Council forms a deadly parallel as one compares it with the encyclical. Out of this fact, however, comes a source of real encouragement.

The liberality of the Council's report has increased immensely the chance of survival of the Protestant faith through the process of gradual evolution. What to the already crystallized and dead dogmatism of the Roman Church looks like disintegration is nothing degenerative, but is simply true liberalism and fearlessness born of the enormous growth of the free human spirit in the period since the Reformation severed its chains.

Christianity will not always wear the same form; that, however, is merely a sign of healthy evolution, not of dissolution.

Marriage as an institution will undoubtedly gradually become less dogmatic and blind. That fact is, however, evidence that increased responsibility is being assumed by individuals and is not due to foulness, lasciviousness, or lewdity.

Human beings will become progressively spiritually more free, less dependent for their religion upon the dicta of paid propagandist priests and the awe-

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someness of vast temples. That again is not sin, as the old Hebrews classified Christ's beliefs, and as the Roman Church has now openly named the belief of a majority of Protestants. It is, on the other hand, the welcome and inevitable grinding of the mills of the gods.

It may be that the present fundamental breach, which finally and forever alienates the official Roman Church from co-operation with biological sciences, is the first important severance of some of the strands of tissue that have up to now connected the backward Roman Church with the forward-moving world which is leaving it behind.

Had the Roman Church been founded on, or been capable of adopting, principles which encourage individual initiative the possibility of its leading the way to a new and more free Christianity might still exist. It has, however, decided to rest its whole case on the infallibility of its own self-satisfied judgment, and, except to those who enjoy ritual, pageantry, awe and orthodoxy, will increasingly dwindle as a factor of importance in stimulating human thought.

Had the Roman Church a consistent attitude toward criticism by and of itself, things might be more hopeful of a co-operative solution. It objects, however, to even obvious criticisms of its public dicta, which are broadcast, to "all the world," or "to all mankind," and yet feels entirely free to oppose in bitter and violent terms the efforts of non-Catholics to obtain the legal right for those medical men who desire it to distribute scientific information to those who need and wish it. No leadership of the Roman Church in matters of social change can be expected. It will, therefore, continue to become more and more isolated from progress and the vital problems of mankind.

As the process of its isolation continues, some converts to the Roman Church will undoubtedly continue to be made. People who cannot keep pace with the increasing opportunities for individual development which exist outside of it, or who have overdeveloped emotionalism with ritualistic or histrionic emphases will always be found. The influence of such people on human evolution is not very great. They form a non-essential body unable to cope with the turmoil of the changing and constructive phases of life. The chances seem reasonably good that the Roman Church will in the future occupy this position.

The time which it takes for the Roman Church to reach that point will to some degree depend upon how soon various large groups of Catholics, recognizing no other ties with Rome except that of tradition, decide to organize as more or less independent and liberal Catholic groups. The difference between the behavior of a great number of North American Catholics and the fulminant pronouncements of their church on contraception augurs well for the probability that the future will see the honest and frank transference of their spiritual allegiance from Rome to America.

Such an actual shift of their interest to their native land will be the second stage in the already progressive process of disintegration. It may well be followed eventually by the liberalization of an American Catholic Church to a point of increased individual freedom commensurate with the level of advance then reached by its contemporary civilization. Freed from reactionary tradition Catholics liberalize rapidly.

The economic cost of defectives is another important factor that may well hasten the final result. As the action taken to prevent and to discourage the production of defectives, certain to become public charges, increases, those

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groups which refuse to use reasonable, hygienic, and humane means of bringing about these results will be socially and economically isolated. While it is doubtful whether any one will care to interfere aggressively in their treatment of their own personal problems as has the Roman hierarchy in the lives of those who do not recognize it, it seems reasonably sure that the state and its citizens who are doing all that they can to prevent the increase of public charges will refuse to continue to pay the bills of any group which insists upon adopting a different and non-co-operative attitude. The natural outcome will be legislation to the effect that any religious group which insists upon non-scientific and uncontrolled reproduction shall pay all the costs for the care of its own defectives. The quicker this is done the better for civilization as a whole and for the education of the Roman Church in particular.

This whole matter is, therefore, in no sense of the word a religious issue unless the Roman Catholic clergy insists upon continuing to try to make it so. If any one who is a non-Catholic wishes to conduct his marital relations in a way that his conscience dictates, it is not the function of any sect of priests or bishops to interfere uninvited or to raise the cry of "Pagan." Such behavior is totally disloyal to the terms of the Constitution of the United States and is full to overflowing with the spirit of religious interference and intolerance. So too are most other such authorized statements as have proceeded from the various clerical Irish-American oracles since the matter has become controversial. To those in possession of the facts, therefore, the occasional protestations of Roman Catholic clerics or organized lay groups, that other groups are making a religious issue of this matter, are quickly identifiable as an unfortunately inflammable mixture of humor and inaccuracy. That such oratorical and literary efforts will be discontinued is unlikely; but that they need no serious consideration except as interesting incidental phenomena is obvious.

The chances are good that temporarily the programme of the Roman Church will become increasingly militant and aggressive. Until fundamental rights are involved, its behavior may well go unchallenged. Each offensive step taken, however, is paradoxically a confession of an increasingly weaker position.

It is also likely that the ultra-conservative and prudish wings of the churches belonging to the Federal Council will enjoy neither the fact that a matter dealing with sex was discussed nor the liberal and fearless way in which it was treated. In fact, the 143d General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has recently taken pains to establish by vote its virgin disapproval that such things could be. Other similarly constituted groups may hasten to assure the world that they too disown responsibility for any stand on a controversial matter of such delicacy and latent danger. In response to such declarations no action is necessary. They are still-born.

The Christianity of the future will certainly be one that recognizes, understands, and welcomes its kinship with scientific truth. No other type will have any chance of ultimate survival value as fear, organized superstition and dread of the unknown are progressively overcome. Oratory, ritual, theological dogma even from the mouths of the best-trained priests cannot compete with the joy of life which individuals free to love God in their own way can always experience. The truth of this is made steadily more evident to all by the age-old experience of humanity that no movement towards the greater freedom of the individual human spirit from dogmatic religious control has ever failed or regressed.

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Civilization in American Cities

By R. L. DUFFUS

Is San Francisco more civilized than New York? What do figures show about New Orleans and Boston? Mr. Duffus explores a new field, the comparative cultures of the great cities of America. In his survey, he came upon factors which once more emphasize the variety and the individuality of life in the United States.

Not long ago there was suggested to me the project of a geographical survey of urban civilization in America. Such a survey, it was pointed out, could be justified on two grounds: (*A*) that a truly civilized person could, after all, live in the United States; (*B*) that if he couldn't, and that if no spot in our unfortunate continent were wholly civilized, still there must be degrees in our barbarism which could be ascertained and measured. We could then determine where our civilized or most nearly civilized American, if he were forbidden to leave the country, would choose to dwell.

The proposal seemed so engaging that I have made what I may modestly describe as a preliminary trek over the field, the results of which I am here venturing to present. I make no pretense to finality. Finality must await some future Livingstone, Peary, or Byrd, well supplied with dogs, sledges, airplanes, portable huts, pemmican, native bearers, and other necessities of exploration. I can only hope that the rude cairns and the empty tin cans which I leave behind will be of some slight service to my successors.

Even a preliminary bit of exploration cannot begin without deciding what it is going to explore. It was clearly necessary for me, at the start, to decide what civilization is and to set up some objective tests by which to measure it. Unless some such tests and definitions could be arrived at I should be obliged to depend upon my own preferences, which I had no means of proving were those of a highly civilized person.

My desk dictionary defined civilization as "a condition of organization, enlightenment, and progress." This was worse than no definition at all. I could conceive of organization without civilization. Is not a modern army in war time precisely that? I could conceive of civilization without organization. Was not Plato's Academy something of the sort? I could conceive of enlightenment which could be as cruel and intolerant as the law of gravitation. As for progress —well, progress toward what or away from what? I threw my dictionary into the waste basket and looked further.

Thanks to Doctor James Harvey Robinson I had better luck with my Britannica. It is true that Doctor Robinson does not, in his contribution to that compendium, give us a brief and quotable definition of what he is talking about. He

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is too canny for that. But he does point out that civilization is that which distinguishes man from the other animals, and that "the stuff of which it is made" is "invention, discovery, and the increase of knowledge." One sees, nevertheless, that when he says civilization he means at times an actual and imperfect thing, which the phrases just mentioned do describe, and at other times an ideal and perfect one.

Now, the key to this second kind of civilization is creativeness. The first kind is often mistaken for the second because of the common belief that merely sticking bricks, stones, steel beams, words, sounds, or colors together is necessarily a creative process. Of course it is nothing of the sort. The most fitting and beautiful of structures, the most expansive parks, the stateliest and widest of streets are significant only if, in the language of the English prayer book, they are the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. The same is true of music and of books.

What a city actually is matters a great deal. What it is trying to become—or, as I think we should have to say of some American cities, what it is trying to avoid becoming—matters far more. In the process of becoming or not becoming there is always evident the city's conception of itself, and no city can be civilized without a coherent conception of itself—that is to say, of its ideal self. By way of illustration, let me suggest that the more enlightened citizens of Charleston, New Orleans, San Antonio, and San Francisco are trying in a way to avoid "progress"—that is to say, they are trying to prevent the destruction of an old conception or pattern which is more civilized than any probable new one. On the other hand, New York and Chicago have more to gain than to lose, from the civilized point of view, in altering their established patterns. Nothing that is likely to be done to either city can help improving it.

But we come back to creativeness—creativeness inside an old pattern or creativeness looking toward a new pattern. It seemed to me, as I sprang aboard my camel and set forth into the Great American Desert, that some light might be thrown upon this subject by the extent to which different cities supported the more useless kinds of art and artists. I use the word "useless" in its economic sense. We do not need easel pictures in order to live. It may be that we do not need them at all. It might be better if the impulse which produces them were diverted into our architecture and our furniture, even into our motor-cars and our radio cabinets. I think not, for my heart aches, in this American environment, for the useless and the unnecessary. I merely leave the suggestion lying here to mark the trail.

At any rate, the artist who smears paint on canvas is not infected with utility. Not quite so good a case can be made out for the sculptor. He may be producing gargoyles for buildings on which they are æsthetically a pain in the neck. However, to get to the point as quickly as possible, I determined to find out how many artists and sculptors, in proportion to population, some of our more important cities supported. I eliminated illustrators and cartoonists.

There were certain obvious chances of error in this method. "Who's Who in America," which was my source book, arbitrarily includes, for instance, all members of the National Academy of Design. It may thus take in some individuals who are not in any sense creative artists, though they are certainly "artists," and leave out many who are. It is quite possible that some who describe themselves as illustrators and cartoonists come nearer being artists than others who boldly lay claim to the more

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showy title. But we cannot hope to be mathematically correct. We must take chances.

Let me therefore introduce my first table, obtained by dividing the population of each of the cities represented by the number of its artists and sculptors as shown in "Who's Who." The figures obviously show in each case the amount of population required to support one artist or sculptor who has attained to what "Who's Who" ranks as eminence. They should give us a hint as to what each city really thinks of art and artists.

We arrive at the following result:

CITY	POPULATION PER ARTIST
Boston	19,681
New York	27,167
Philadelphia	27,555
Washington, D. C.	28,639
Los Angeles	68,531
San Francisco	70,023
Baltimore	134,292
Chicago	146,753
Cleveland	150,072
New Orleans	227,896
St. Louis	274,010
Detroit	433,246

There are two important reasons why an artist should select a certain city as a place of residence. One is that he likes it there. The other is that he can earn a living there. The foregoing table is clearly a resultant of both motives. I think, however, that we may be able to draw a line, more or less roughly, between those cities which buy art and those which encourage the artistic impulse.

As an art-buying city New York is second to none. Detroit may not be able to support or retain more than one "Who's Who" artist for each 433,246 of its population, but its citizens can and do go down to New York, when the automobile business is booming, and buy five million dollars' worth of what they hope and pray is art in a single year. Cleveland, on the other hand, is trying heroically to encourage an Ohio school of painting. It is three times as popular as Detroit as a place of residence for eminent artists. Chicago, city of gunmen, hogs, wheat, boulevards, and magnificent visions, does a shade better. It buys a few pictures. It also produces a few. Boston, I think, owes its good showing to the survival of a respectable tradition rather than to a creative urge. Its æsthetic attitudes have always been influenced by its sense of decorum; thus it refused to set up in its Public Library the MacMonnies Bacchante which now stands quite innocuously in a corner of the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. Philadelphia has as old a tradition, but I think nearly every one will agree a more liberal one. I suspect Washington's good showing is due in part to the large number of artists who wish to be handy in case the government decides to have some carving or frescoing done.

San Francisco and Los Angeles run neck and neck in my table, but I doubt that they have much else in common. San Francisco—like New Orleans, which on the face of the figures makes a far poorer showing—is a city in which a self-respecting artist might like to live. It is misty, mysterious, at times ugly, at all times glamourous and adventurous. It attains at moments a quality of exaltation. It is extraordinarily earthy, but if it does not rise to the clouds, the clouds come down to it. An artist can keep his dreams there. But I do not believe he can ordinarily do it in Los Angeles. Some one may now come forward with a painting done in Los Angeles and ask me if it isn't art. Perhaps if the artist is able to look inward, it will be. But if environment is a vital thing to the artist—and it is of no avail to discuss the geography of art if it isn't—there will not be at present a supreme art in Los Angeles. There are many reasons

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for this, of which the charlatanism and rank commercialism of the near-by and dominant Hollywood are but one. If there actually exist artists in the region at this moment, I think they are there because they hope to sell something.

I may add, just to show that I am not actuated by a narrow provincialism, that the same thing is probably true of New York City. The metropolis has, it must be admitted, a fascination. Its skyline, after darkness and distance have reconciled some of its grosser incongruities, is beautiful. But the stimulating quality of New York, for artists in any field, lies in the fact that there they meet their fellows and thereby sharpen their wits and increase their competitive instincts. This may be civilization in the realistic sense. It certainly makes things hum. It is not civilization in the ideal sense. The supreme in the arts will doubtless be sold in New York because New York has the money to buy it. I doubt that it will ever be produced there. I doubt that any city whose glory is in its bigness, the barbarous tangle of its traffic, the height of its buildings, the thickness of its bank roll, the rotundity of its paunches and the number of its women who earn their living by being professionally beautiful, can be considered civilized. New York suffers under the delusion that a hundred million bricks or a hundred thousand steel beams in process of being riveted are more significant than one brick or two beams. Personally, I can't see the difference. New York guffaws at Hollywood as it is so entertainingly depicted in "Once in a Lifetime." But New York is not much more than a larger Hollywood which does not change its sets quite so often. By and large they are the same kind of sets in each case, and very much the same kind of people are posturing in them.

But let us continue our examination of our urban terrain with another table showing a different sort of facts. This one is not home-made, but is abbreviated from a report of the Bureau of the Census and is for the year 1927—the latest for which the figures are at this writing available. I shall give the table first and follow it with such alarums and excursions as seem necessary. The figures represent the annual per-capita expenditures of certain municipal governments for the purposes indicated.

CITY	HEALTH AND SANITATION	SCHOOLS	LIBRARIES	RECREATION
New York	$6.14	$18.63	$.45	$1.15
Boston	7.10	19.19	1.22	3.39
Philadelphia	4.21	13.65	.31	1.34
Baltimore	3.84	9.78	.42	1.21
Cleveland	4.76	16.12	1.36	.70
Detroit	5.56	14.91	.74	1.91
Chicago	6.42	14.12	.49	2.80
St. Louis	2.65	11.91	.54	1.90
San Francisco	2.26	12.89	.39	2.41
*Los Angeles	2.64	18.62	.79	1.34
New Orleans	3.51	9.06	.17	.80
Washington, D. C.	4.32	15.24	.44	2.48

In introducing such factors as health and sanitation, schools, libraries, and recreation I have deliberately gotten somewhat away from my standard of creativeness as a test of civilization. None of these things—except possibly health—has any necessary connection with creativeness. The public schools can and as often as possible do kill the creative impulse. No city, even when it desires, can buy civilization. But a city which does its best to keep its inhabitants healthy, which exposes them to books, and which provides them with adequate parks and playgrounds is preparing a soil in which civilization *may* grow. One merely needs to guard against confusing quantity with quality—a habit which is the very negation of civilization. For instance, Chicago spent $14.12 per capita on its schools, whereas Philadelphia appropriated but $13.65. But in 1928 Chi-

*Accurate population figures were not available for Los Angeles in 1927. I have therefore applied the 1930 census figures to the 1927 appropriations. The effect of this is slightly to understate the per capita expenditures for 1927. I do not believe, however, that this seriously affects our argument.

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cago allowed its politicians and grafters —if the two words are necessary in that connection—to elbow Superintendent William McAndrew out of the school system. The city would have done better, if it had wished to retain its educational standing, if it had cut $5 a year per capita from its so-called educational budget.

The quantitative measurement may be applied more logically to public health, libraries, parks and playgrounds, though I suspect there is more of the spirit of play in New Orleans, which spends 80 cents a year on public recreation facilities, than in Boston, which spends $3.39. And Los Angeles, which maintains mountain vacation camps at cost, or below, for its citizens, probably gets more out of its $1.34 per capita per annum than Chicago out of its $2.80. I never saw much evidence of playfulness in Chicago, except in some details of its picturesque homicides.

Still, regardless of the methods employed and regardless, also, of their success, we may learn something of a city's *desire* to attain what it *thinks* is civilization by adding the totals of what each city spends for the four items in the table shown above. We have this result:

CITY	TOTAL PER CAPITA EXPENDITURE FOR HEALTH AND SANITATION; SCHOOLS; LIBRARIES; AND RECREATION
Boston	$30.90
New York	26.37
Chicago	23.83
*Los Angeles	23.39
Detroit	23.12
Cleveland	22.94
Washington, D. C.	22.48
Philadelphia	19.51
San Francisco	17.95
St. Louis	17.30
Baltimore	16.25
New Orleans	13.54

If we took these ratings at their face value we should have to concede that Boston, which requires chorus girls to wear stockings and is too refined to permit a performance of "Desire under the Elms," is more than twice as civilized as New Orleans. Similarly, if we took expenditures for public libraries alone, we should have to say that Cleveland, which spends $1.32 per annum per capita on free reading, is eight times as literate as New Orleans, which spends but 17 cents. But let us suspend judgment until we have accumulated a few more facts and have had a little more time to think.

I do not know that safety is an essential part of civilization. It may even be, under some circumstances, an enemy of civilization. Rome in the days of Cellini was far more dangerous than it is today, yet perhaps also, with all due reverence to Signor Mussolini, also somewhat more civilized. It seems reasonable to suppose, however, that homicide is a detriment rather than an aid to the development of the kind of civilization that is possible in the United States. With this in mind let us glance at the homicide rates in our selected list of cities. I have expressed them in terms of the risk the average citizen annually runs of being violently done to death by a fellow man, since this is plainly what really matters to most of us.

CITY	POPULATION PER HOMICIDE IN 1929
Boston	34,230
Los Angeles	16,020
San Francisco	15,930
New York	14,075
Philadelphia	11,355
Baltimore	9,053
Chicago	8,417
Washington, D. C.	8,286
St. Louis	7,829
Cleveland	7,503
Detroit	6,860
New Orleans	3,675

This table resembles the preceding one in that Boston is at the top and New Orleans at the bottom. As far as homicide goes, one seems to be about nine

*See note page 354.

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times as safe in Boston as in New Orleans, and more than twice as safe as in Los Angeles, San Francisco, or New York. Chicago, despite its well-managed and well-advertised holocausts, is six places above the bottom and can thumb its nose at Cleveland, which is only three places up. Yet Cleveland impresses even those who are fairly well acquainted with it as a far less violent city than Chicago; and I would say that the spirit of violence is far less in evidence in New Orleans, despite its terrible homicide rate, than in any other city on our list except Boston and Washington. The beginning of violence, or so it appears to me, lies in bad manners, and the beginning of bad manners lies in a defect of the imagination. A city may, paradoxically enough, have many homicides without being a city of violence. It all depends upon who kills whom. I have always felt that the homicidal impulse was pretty prevalent in Chicago, San Francisco, and New York. I am not aware of it to anywhere near the same degree in New Orleans. Certain classes and groups seem to be addicted to killing their friends, relatives, or enemies, no matter where they live. I suspect that if one does not happen to move in homicidal circles one can get along very peaceably in New Orleans.

Let us take a look at the general death rate:

CITY	DEATH RATE PER 1,000 POPULATION. FOR 1927 EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED	
Cleveland		9.7
Detroit		10.8
Chicago		11.5
New York		11.8
Philadelphia		12.2
St. Louis		12.9
Washington, D. C.		12.9
Los Angeles	(1920)	13.1
San Francisco		13.6
Baltimore		14.1
Boston	(1925)	14.8
New Orleans	(1925)	19.2

This table need not detain us long. There are many reasons why people die, and not all of them have anything to do with the kind of civilization in which they reach their journey's end. Climate may raise mortality rates—to that factor Boston's high percentage can probably be ascribed. New Orleans, which foots this list as it does the two preceding ones, has a large negro population, among which the death rate is everywhere high. It also has a climate which can be trying in summer. The Los Angeles rate, which the Census Bureau was slow in bringing up to date because of unsatisfactory population estimates—estimates which in themselves indicated the quantitative standard of measurement prevalent in that Iowa Heaven—is affected by the fact that elderly people go to Southern California as a kind of initiation for the hereafter. Cleveland, I believe, has earned her place at the head of the class by her own efforts. She cut her death rate from 14.1 in 1906–10 to 9.7 in 1927. New York during the same period cut hers from 16.9 to 11.8. St. Louis dropped from 15.6 to 12.9, and Washington achieved the really remarkable feat of whittling her rate from 19.6 to 12.9. If civilization implies an increased regard for human life this is civilization.

But no matter how we assess the death rates of cities it is what I shall call the life rate that matters. We all live on the Einstein plan, though we do not understand the Einstein theory. Time has infinite degrees of quality and is infinitely divisible. Forty years in a community that is actually civilized may be worth eighty somewhere else. The civilized man must regard life not as a period of years but as a possibility of experience, of a rich and sustained awareness, of a selective identification of himself with the creative forces of the universe. He is alive only to the degree that he achieves that identification.

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The time that this takes is immaterial. It may take five minutes or it may take fifty years. He may come to it when he sees the mountains above Denver against the sky at sunset, or hears the surf pounding on the Cliff House rocks in San Francisco, or rides down Fifth Avenue on the top of a bus, or listens to Dvorák's New World Symphony in the Lewisohn Stadium, or reads a book, or wakes in the middle of the night to hear all city noises drowned in the rush of rain, or pauses in front of a painting in an art gallery, or looks through a microscope, or is told that he has a year more to live, or turns his first casual glance toward the woman he is destined to love most and longest. But the ear must be sensitive, the eye discriminating. One must know what to take and what to reject. One must recognize his burning bush and not kneel before an ordinary back-yard bonfire. It is for this that the arts exist. Not to live, not to earn a living, but to live vividly. Now, the masses of the people obviously do not live vividly. But one does feel in some cities a kind of rhythm, crude and primitive enough, yet arising from some other preoccupation than the dreary business of earning and spending, of making and consuming.

Plainly it is impossible to make a statistical examination of the rhythm of cities. I do, however, wish to consider one more factor, capable of being tabulated, which has a certain significance in this connection. There are cities which permit the individual to be civilized and there are others which do not. There are cities in which the dignity of the individual—if, God helping, he has any—is respected, and others in which it is not. For instance, in Baltimore it is and in Pittsburgh it is not. For my final concrete test I wish to look at the part government plays in this situation and to apply the standard of civil liberties. I am here indebted to Mr. Roger Baldwin, who is not in "Who's Who" but who, as the guiding spirit of the American Civil Liberties Union, belongs in any directory of civilized Americans. Mr. Baldwin has very kindly arranged my cities in order, the freest first and the others trailing, with this result:

1. Baltimore.
2. San Francisco.
3. St. Louis.
4. Cleveland.
5. New Orleans.
6. Detroit (under Mayor Murphy).
7. Chicago.
8. Washington, D. C.
9. Philadelphia.
10. New York.
11. Boston.
12. Los Angeles.

Mr. Baldwin appends a comment which I shall quote. "Some cities," he writes, "are tolerant of heretics and rebels solely because they have too few to raise an issue, others because they have so many they don't get excited. The border cities, split as they were between North and South, hold the best record for tolerance. Cosmopolitan seaports run them a second. The more a city is divided, the more tolerant are its diverse elements. United, they fall into intolerance; divided they stand—anything. Some behave well when under liberal mayors—Detroit, Cincinnati, and, of old, Toledo and Cleveland—and badly under others. The most excitable towns are those with a dominant, well-fixed middle class, like Los Angeles, or a solid intolerant majority, like Boston."

Civilization as expressed by tolerance obviously does not check with civilization as measured by some other tests. Cleveland has the lowest death rate on our list but only a mediocre tolerance rate. Boston has the fewest murders per capita and the highest expenditure per

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capita for various worthy public purposes, but it is second from the bottom of the class in tolerance. New Orleans has the highest death rate, the highest homicide rate and the lowest rate of civilizing public expenditures, but it is slightly above the average in tolerance. As for Los Angeles—but perhaps Los Angeles has suffered enough.

And now I find myself face to face with the task of reconciling things which perhaps cannot be reconciled. As I think of these cities, and of my own acquaintance with them, I am conscious of a cinema-like procession of images and sounds, of impressions, ideas and purely personal and subjective experiences. . . . Boston: long past its prime. It has, however, a certain harmony. It is the city of the people who live in it. It expresses them. One knows what to expect, and this gives one a sense of repose. I find the same quality, not quite so obviously, in Philadelphia.

. . . New York is a barbarous discord. It is a clash of squawking saxophones, a blare of sound and color. One's nerves grow tense merely thinking of it. It is a process of becoming, not of being—which is the only way I can think of that justifies optimism about it. The sense of change and adventure is there, for that very reason. In two hundred years it may be civilized. Not now. . . . So, too, to a degree, of Chicago. But Chicago has come nearer than New York to achieving a personality. In all its lurid contrasts and inconsistencies it marches, its lovers of beauty side by side with its seekers after booty, to a very definite and recognizable tune, Chicago's tune. There are brasses and drums in all it does. It makes my pulses tingle as New York does not.

. . . In San Francisco, so like Chicago in several ways, I catch overtones having to do with something other than the pursuit of prizes. . . . In Los Angeles, as in New York, a civilization may be in process of composition, but its orchestra is only tuning up. . . . In New Orleans it is dance music that I hear, languorous, poignant even in its joyousness. It carries, perhaps, reminiscences of those days when one made a fortune on Monday, fought a duel on Tuesday, won the love of an extraordinarily beautiful lady on Wednesday—and died of the yellow fever on Saturday.

The visual memories throng confusedly: the neat promenade along the Charles River in Boston. The towers of Manhattan at night. Is not the night Manhattan's best, perhaps its only, friend? Old houses on side streets downtown in Philadelphia. The tragic loveliness of Pittsburgh as seen from the heights on a foggy day. The rush of traffic across the Michigan Avenue bridge in Chicago, the miles and miles of dreary and dingy wooden houses along the Lake Street elevated line. The mountain tops above Denver and Salt Lake City and the unimaginativeness of the works of man beneath them. The approach to Seattle by water, at night. A snowstorm in Portland, Oregon; a dust storm making little Santa Fe and its neighboring ranges as ghostly as a dream; the dark mountains of Mexico on the other side of El Paso. San Francisco as seen from the Oakland ferry on a summer morning, beautiful as a bride under the retreating veil of fog, the hovering gulls, the ragged, heroic skyline, the bright tops of the Twin Peaks and Tamalpais, the sense of the salt sea and of far places.

The old men sitting in a park in Los Angeles or tilted in chairs on the porches of ramshackle rooming houses. The dusty palms. The harbor at the end of the shoestring, man-made, flat, unalluring. The mountains, often covered, just as the boosters say, with snow. The pleasant sense of warm sunshine on a

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winter's day in San Antonio, in front of the Alamo—and not much else to bother looking at. The trim and uninspiring streets of Houston. Jackson Square in New Orleans, where one can gaze at the low roofs of the Vieux Carré and be certain that the past was once the present and that the present will some time be the past; the pleasant promenade on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, but more particularly the live oaks of Audubon Park, draped in Spanish moss; and the grassy levees, where the water in flood time creeps harmlessly in among the willows. Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, shabbiest of approaches to a national Capitol. The sleepy waterfront at Charleston, South Carolina. The broad streets of Savannah, with lush strips of grass down the middle.

Well, how do people live in these places? How are we to judge them? I have completed my circle and am back at the point from which I started. And I find myself, with or without the benefit of the evidence I have painfully accumulated, stubbornly clinging to the prejudices with which I began. I do not say this in any mood of self-reproach—I thought such would be the outcome. In the end I must be personal. If I were pugnaciously concerned about the development of civilization in America I should choose to enact my humble rôle in that process in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, or Los Angeles. It is seemingly in those cities that the culture of the nation will be determined and take shape. It is there that the death rate will go lowest, the expenditures for schools, arts, and street-cleaning go highest, the average man be most comfortably housed.

But I do not expect any of these cities to show actual creativeness, in their own right, for at least a hundred years. If I were looking for creativeness within the span of this generation's life I think I should select the fog-drenched city of San Francisco. I might try New Orleans, but I am afraid that there the artist would fall into a lazy, golden dream above his brushes, the musician over his keyboard, and that of the artistry of their dreams there would at the end remain small residue.

Perhaps there is no civilization except the freedom of the individual to be civilized if he can. Or perhaps the civilization that originates in the free individual is already doomed to perish, and to be succeeded, some decades or generations hence, by a civilization of the mass. Perhaps that is the objective toward which Russia consciously and America unconsciously are tending.

I do not know. Living in New York for other reasons than the illusion that New York is civilized, I balance the merits of my two favorite cities. And I think that both New Orleans and San Francisco seem civilized to me because each permits an escape from the thing that is commonly believed, in America, to be civilization—that is to say, from the idealization of the means of living at the expense of living itself. Permits, let me emphasize the word, for neither city enforces my kind of civilization upon any one.

In the end civilization is where one finds it. If any one, glancing at my tables, finds it in schools or homicides, or the lack of schools and homicides, or in a low death rate or a high one, or in the presence or absence of artists recognized as eminent, I shall not quarrel with him. I only know that though I adore my native land, and never set forth to explore any part of it without a thrill, the things and cities that make the most noise in it seem to me to be not yet civilization at all, but at best a kind of lusty and exuberant barbarism.

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Planting

By Frances M. Frost

Last night a blown moon went over
Seeking the hill's breast,
Dipping westward
While a wood-thrush, wakened,
Cried from a hidden nest.

The blown moon—
Drawing darkness over
The earth, the lover—
Was lost in the hollow of the hill's arm, leaving
Night at the roots of grasses, on stems of clover.

You whom the bird startled, who lay awake
Furrowed by night as earth is wracked by the plough,
Did your breast close over the cry and the roots of grasses,
Do you walk with a moon in your breast, through sunlight now?

Full Moon

By Bernice Kenyon

Two moons till harvest—why will you think of harvest?
The low strained branch—the broken frosted vine?
Here where we stand the meadow is white beyond us,
Here is the sweet divine
Fragrance of flowering linden. You can reap
No harvest from a linden, only the smell
Of heaven that drifts down so close around us . . .
And it is well
We cannot store that essence for our winter.
What should we do, my love, what should we do
Releasing into a distant winter midnight
A little of it—a few
Breaths of midsummer, hopelessly to taunt us,
There where we sit together in the cold—
There when we turn and face each other and tremble,
Finding that we are old?
No, in those days we shall comfort ourselves with apples,
With simple cakes fresh-baked in the ashes' glow—
Brown wheaten cakes from a far distant harvest;
And then we shall know
That all things run at last to a moonless darkness.
We shall forget, there in our winter gloom,
The green midsummer—the high moon riding whitely—
The linden all in bloom.

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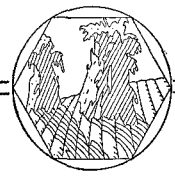

The Brown Decades: Art

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A new estimate of the artists of post-Civil War America. The most interesting of the three studies of the Brown Decades published in SCRIBNER'S brings out significant facts in the lives of the men who in a crass and barbarous age gave us a lasting heritage, an American tradition.

UNTIL the Civil War, art in the United States had not escaped the leading-strings of colonialism. The folk-arts, like weaving, had had an independent life in the country districts; and in the design of clipperships and certain kinds of machinery and tools, the American had achieved "that equilibrium of lines, proportions, and masses which are among the fundamental causes of abstract beauty," but painting and sculpture gave no signs of an indigenous life: these arts had been transplanted, but they had not yet taken root.

In the slightly more genial atmosphere after the Civil War, aided by the general decay of puritanism and quickened by contacts with Paris, Düsseldorf, and Munich, the arts underwent a swift transformation, and almost for the first time in the nineteenth century America produced paintings which could be mentioned in the same breath as the literature that had flourished from Cooper to Whitman. A group of authentic talents appeared whom one sets in retrospect about two major figures, Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder. With Ryder belongs Robert Loftin Newman, who painted for forty years before he was given a public exhibition, to say nothing of George Fuller, whose work may be taken as the symbol of a whole school, including later men like Twachtman and Abbot Thayer. With Eakins one must group that excellent landscape painter Homer Martin, the versatile and eclectic decorator John La Farge, the illustrator Winslow Homer, and above all, Mary Cassatt, whose long Parisian associations gave her the fresh palette that is absent from Ryder and Eakins, whilst she maintained what was usually missing in the Americans who were won over to impressionism and the "open air."

Whistler falls in between Ryder and Eakins, poorer in imagination than one, unable to compensate by his charm and facility and cosmopolitan knowledge for the austere strength of the other; while Sargent remained to the end the illustrator, who had the misfortune to choose a permanent medium, like the walls of the Boston Public Library or the ceilings of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for graphic conceptions that had no real pictorial depth or lasting power. The most adroit appearance of workmanship, the most dashing eye for effect cannot conceal the essential emptiness of Sargent's mind, or the contemptuous and cynical superficiality of a good part of his execution: the best one

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can say of his portraits of fashionable gentlemen and ladies is that they matched the depth of their subjects.

This grouping of the painters of the Brown Decades was not, one need hardly explain, the contemporary one; indeed, it is only during the last ten years that criticism has reduced the overblown reputations of that period and fixed a proper value on the obscurer talents; but as the years go on, the overwhelming importance of Ryder and Eakins becomes more and more indisputable. When Auguste Rodin said of the art of the Brown Decades, "America has had a Renaissance, but America doesn't know it," he was not far from the truth. To understand the appearance of Ryder and Eakins, their struggles, their achievements, one must also say a word about the careers and interests of some of the lesser artists who surrounded them. Even the greatest solitary figures owe a debt to society—and not less because society repudiates the compliment.

II

Outside the meagre province of the decorative arts, there had been two forms of genuinely popular art in America: one was the portrait, and the other was the illustrative print. The first kind had achieved its highest expression in the paintings of Copley in the middle of the eighteenth century: the men who followed him, like Gilbert Stuart and Trumbull, were as far behind him as Lawrence and Gainsborough were behind Hogarth in England. Though the portrait tradition was carried into the nineteenth century by Samuel Morse, who was far from a mediocre artist, his concern with the invention of the telegraph can partly be explained by the lack of patronage that attended his career as a painter.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the portrait tradition had almost died out: when it recovered after the Civil War it was no longer on its colonial basis, deferentially submissive to the principles of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the English canons of good form. What remained of this tradition was carried on by that surviving craftsman, the itinerant painter. He peddled his skill through the countryside, sometimes equipped with canvases that had already been painted in job lots with fashionable costumes and backgrounds, in which, for ten or fifteen dollars, the amiable artisan would insert a head, flattering, prettified, usually quite wooden.

The other living form of the graphic arts was that of the woodcut and the lithograph, which first came into use as a medium of news, at a time when illustrations were unknown in newspapers. Under the commercial exploitation of Messrs. Currier and Ives in New York, the lithograph had begun to flourish before the Civil War. The pattern for these prints had been set by various French series which had depicted the landscapes and cities of America; taken over by native artists, they now covered a wide range of subjects, landscapes, scenes from rural life, typical sports, life on the Mississippi, on the whaler, in the gold camp, on the prairie. For the most part, Currier and Ives prints have no other value than as documentary illustrations; but occasionally, by some happy accident, a print of genuine esthetic merit would emerge. The most interesting prints antedate the Civil War; in the eighties, they became crude and lifeless, and they lost graphic vitality as they lost in popular esteem. But the interests which had first been exploited by Currier and Ives were taken over by the illustrated magazines that were founded just before the Civil War; particularly by *Harper's Weekly;* and until photo-engraving took the place of wood-en-

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graving, a really excellent school of draughtsmen and interpreters had grown up, headed by men like Timothy Cole, by whose work some of our less significant artists were more skilfully presented than they were by their own efforts.

The tradition of the itinerant portrait painter underwent a metamorphosis in the career of one of the last of them, George Fuller, while that of the colloquial illustrator reached its culmination in the more mature and competent draughtsmanship of Winslow Homer. In these two men one stands before the bridge which unites the older tradition of American art with that which emerged during the Brown Decades.

Although Fuller's larger achievements as a painter belong to the seventies, he himself was a contemporary of Thoreau and Whitman; for he was born at Deerfield, Mass., in 1822, the son of a New England farmer. There was an esthetic tradition, of a sort, in the family; one of his uncles was an artist, and his mother's father, though a lawyer by profession, was an amateur painter, one of that group which left a precious record of the American scene in the days before the photograph came. At fifteen, Fuller joined a surveying expedition to Illinois, and had a taste of the wild marauding life of the frontier; but already, his sensibilities were sufficiently developed to make him forget to shoot the deer and turkey, on a hunt, in his admiration over their forms.

After two years in the West, Fuller returned home; and in 1840 he went off with a half-brother, who was an itinerant portrait-painter, to make his living by the same method. The next year he studied for a while with a competent sculptor, H. K. Brown, in Albany; and in the years that followed, his work took him all over the country; he even made excursions to Charleston, Mobile, Augusta, one of that flock of shrewd Yankee merchants, which included Bronson Alcott, the educator and the friend of Emerson, who swarmed through the South, attracted sometimes as much by the leisurely and European air of culture in the great plantations as by the prospects of gain.

The death of Fuller's father in 1859 brought about a change in his life. His first move was to make a tour of the galleries of Europe. Unlike many other Americans during this period, he was stimulated rather than disconcerted by the experience; and he neither tried to resist European influences, as Hawthorne puritanically did, nor did he let himself be overwhelmed by them, any more than his younger contemporary Ryder did a generation later. "How I felt in such company?" Fuller writes. "If you ask, I shall confess I grew with the occasion and was not put out of countenance in the least. It is only poor works that drive one to despair." He met the Pre-Raphaelites in London, and Ruskin himself in Geneva, where, at the Hôtel des Bergues, they found themselves in singular agreement over the Italian masters.

After this trip Fuller married and settled down on his parental farm. Did he like farming? No: he wanted to paint; but, unlike the Americans who were so rapidly "winning the West," in the way that a swarm of locusts wins the fruits of a countryside, he felt a loyalty for the soil his ancestors had cultivated. On Sundays, and during a good part of the winter, he painted in the studio he made for himself in the old chaise-house. Like many other farmers in the Connecticut valley, Fuller had gone in for tobacco-growing; and, as with them, the panic of 1873 had brought him into bankruptcy. In 1876, being obliged to visit Boston to get a discharge from bankruptcy, he took a dozen recently painted

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pictures with him in the hope of being able to sell them. The exhibition was an astonishing success. During the remaining eight years of his life, he worked constantly at his art. Fuller's history upsets one's preconceptions and prejudices; it would remain a significant story even if his pictures were much weaker than they actually are.

What are Fuller's pictures? His later work, figures, portraits, landscapes, all suggest that nostalgia for beauty that haunted and plagued the severe puritan mind: he gave in to the desire and in the act of painting did his best to suppress it. Nothing comes out of the background sharply and boldly, but the world is seen through a pervasive mist, vague, tender, in which the forms are evanescent and only the atmosphere is stable. All these pictures are keyed low; there is no sense in which one can call the best of the painters of the Brown Decades colorists: color was to be discovered in the eighties, seized on as a thing in itself, and reduced to superficial formulas in the work of the American impressionists, seeking dash, vigor, and similar signs of animateness, forgetful of the fact that a truly vigorous spirit can be gay and strong, if necessary, in black and white.

There has been something wistful in the American spirit that shrinks from the harsh forms of reality; it appears in the work of another New Englander, Whistler, in his dim nocturnes; and it comes out a little later in Twachtman who gave Fuller's autumnal palette the benefit of a bath in Monet. Fuller knew as well as any one the foreground of American life: its mean factory towns, its wild pioneer settlements, the gaunt scraggly growth of second cuttings of timber: but, lacking so many of the assurances of a cultivated existence, he could not face these things in the raw. Putting the ugliness of contemporary life at a distance, Fuller was constrained to put all robust and fleshy realities at one remove, too: even the budding figure of a young girl could not be seen plain; for there was in Fuller a touch of that sentimental adolescence one finds equally in Thoreau, the impulse to seek the Ideal not through the fuller, richer use of what the body brings and signifies, but by its persistent decorporealization. If the popular spiritualist mediums of the seventies sought to make ghosts materialize, the artists tried rather to dematerialize matter—quite another thing than spiritualizing it, that is, enriching it with another element. At his weakest, Fuller was plainly the unfortunate contemporary of the founder of Christian Science.

Though the impulse to turn his solid forms into mere plasmic suggestions weakened Fuller's work, it saved him from the photographic precision which he abominated—all the more because his earlier patrons had doubtless insisted upon it to the last degree. In his best pictures, Fuller produced an effect that was warm, tender, rich; in his other moments, he was a little gingerly, a little unwilling to give himself away, or, as the saying is, to show his hand. The biographer who praised him with the assertion that he never painted a brutal head gave the limit of his qualities and aspirations. He had the New England desire for purity, for an ideal world: a body purged of bone, sinew, intestines. Art, if it did not actually preach sermons, was to be the embodiment of a pure life. Such an aim may be carried to the point of fanaticism; and the rich grossness of later men like George Luks, George Bellows, John Sloan, and Thomas Benton was a protest against its absurdity; but Fuller's work did not lack a certain relation to contemporary reality; for a Scotch observer, depicting "The Americans at Home," declared after a visit in 1867–1868 that "a beautiful Canadian or

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American girl comes nearer the popular idea of an angel than any being I ever beheld out of dreamland. . . . Every second or third face suggests delicacy and dyspepsia." That particular idea, that perversion, if you will, is outside the frame of our present picture of life, with its striding amazons who play tennis, swim, tramp, drive motor cars; but it records a moment of adolescent consciousness which the American has peculiarly clung to. In the essentially sweet mind of George Fuller, that feeling occasionally became art.

III

Winslow Homer was quite another kind of man. Born in 1836 of old New England stock, Homer pursued his art steadily from early boyhood. A pencil sketch of boy's figures, done from life at the age of eleven, marked him out for the career of illustrator which he pursued to the end of his life: the movement of the figures, the skilful foreshortening of the limbs, were extraordinary—and highly promising. His training did not encourage higher talents; for of examples of great art the United States was then nearly destitute. The family lived in Cambridge, and Homer's father, after a visit to Paris, brought him back a complete set of woodcuts by Julien. At nineteen Homer became an apprentice in a lithographer's shop in Boston, and his first work was designing title pages for sheet music ordered by Oliver Ditson. He even did a series of portraits on stone of the entire Senate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. On his twenty-first birthday, he rented a studio for himself in Boston, and began a series of drawings, on Life in Harvard College.

Plainly, the mould of Homer's talent was set by the popular lithographs of the period, albeit John La Farge mentions also the slightly later influence of prints of the Barbizon school, whose work was early appreciated in Boston, through the discipleship of William Morris Hunt. What is not, perhaps, so plain is that the commonplace gaucheries of a Currier and Ives print were carried by Homer into the realm of fine draughtsmanship, and that Homer's own talent was at his best in the pencil sketch and the lithograph. The occasion for Homer's work was presented by *Harper's Weekly,* which published his first drawing, "Spring in the City," on April 17, 1858. During the war, this same weekly commissioned him as an artist-correspondent with the Northern Army; and Homer kept on drawing for the magazine more or less regularly till 1875.

In characterization, in racy observation, in sheer exuberant masculinity, Homer never did anything on a more pretentious scale that surpassed his best drawings in *Harper's.* These journalistic illustrations of his, particularly after the Civil War, had great esthetic vitality; whereas his more pretentious series of oil paintings of the Maine coast and the Maine woods and Indian guides and turbulent seas and moonlight on some rocky promontory have little solid esthetic bottom: they are at best little more than happy snapshots: too easily they pass into mere illustration.

The full-page drawings that Homer contributed to *Every Saturday,* a short-lived Boston weekly, drawings such as "Shovelling Out" or "Cutting a Figure," lack the large intentions of his later canvases; but they have the virtue of achieving excellence at their own level, and that merit rarely belongs to his easel pictures. Homer was in fact an historian and an illustrator of our society: he knew the country life of New England and the Catskills, he visited the plantations of Virginia and depicted the sur-

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viving life of the Negroes there: such a rôle is honorable enough to require no extra support from its esthetic pretensions: if they exist, as they do in a canvas by Breughel or Hogarth, that is just a happy gratuity. It is a great pity that Currier and Ives were on the downward path after the Civil War; and that they did not have the sense to employ Homer, instead of the inferior talents who produced most of their prints after 1870. Homer's rapid, dramatic eye, again, is what gives value to the water-colors he made in Nassau and the Bahamas: the best of these surpass his "big" canvases.

To say that Homer had an eye only for surfaces and the passing moment is to say both the best and the worst about his art. Within the limits of journalism his quick reactions constituted a talent; they were combined with a photographer's patience, so that he would wait days to recover the exact tones and colors with which he had started on a canvas. But this is to admit that little came from within. In his old age he kept on asking querulously: "Why should I paint?" The outer stimulus was becoming dull; he could react; but he had lost the reason for reacting.

A crusty, taciturn hermit, living in his cottage on the Maine coast, at Prout's Neck, cooking his own meals, rebuffing visitors, settled and self-sufficient in his ways, Homer was the very prototype of those half-vulgar, half-aristocratic characters that E. A. Robinson has depicted in "Tillbury Town." Homer's real significance for American art did not lie in the quality of his painting nor even in his queer personal integrity: it lay in the fact that he embraced the life about him and made what he could of it—the coast, the sea, the weather-bitten faces, all the homely decencies, heroisms, tensions, defeats. His visit to Paris in 1867, or to England in 1881–1882, or to the islands of the American tropics in later years, all had their effects upon him; but neither they, nor his growing popularity in the New York galleries could shake his proud, stern provincialism.

With Homer, American illustration reached a temporary climax and then passed over into photography—passed over to it, notably, in his own paintings. It remained for a later group of artists, including men like Glackens and Burchfield, to pick it up at the point where the popular illustrators had left it in the seventies.

IV

We now pass to a talent of higher order and superior grasp: Thomas Eakins. He was born in Philadelphia in 1844, and after beginning the study of art in his native city, he went to Paris in 1866 and placed himself in the studios of Bonnat and Gérome, while he took special lessons from the sculptor, Dumont. Eakins' interest in sculpture and his later study of anatomy at Jefferson Medical College are important to remember in understanding his art: his realism has nothing to do with the fashionable impressionist photography of the period: it had its source in the conception of every object as a three-dimensional solid whose surfaces must be understood in terms of expressible content and function, not superficially rendered as light and shade.

Eakins' visit to Spain, during the Franco-Prussian War, doubtless brought him into contact with Velasquez; indeed, one would suspect Velasquez and Rembrandt as direct influences from a study of his major portraits; but beyond his immediate esthetic heritage, Eakins was open to all the new forces at work in his century, and he had that infinite curiosity and patience and exacting sense of workmanship which was common to its technicians and scientists.

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The time when Eakins painted, as Mr. Frank Jewett Mather has admirably put it, "was in a singular sense a moment of hesitation. Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and Matthew Arnold were novelties, presenting urgent problems, with which thinking people had to cope. Everything in belief, and much in practice had to be radically reconstructed, with a dire off-chance that only destruction was possible. There had been no time to think it through, nor yet to adopt the defeatist policy of letting it alone. . . . His gift was to understand a generation, seeking grimly to find itself, and saddened by an uncertain quest." Eakins was in fact the mirror of his period, the object mirrored, and the esthetic expression that resolves these terms.

The life of this man was quiet and obscure: it had, apparently, no inner need for dramatic displays and compensations, not even surreptitious ones. He taught art and anatomy from 1873 on; he painted numerous portraits and hoped to be paid money for them, although his disconcerted patrons, unpleased by his relentless honesty, often left the canvases in his studio. Though as early as 1879 a writer in *Harper's Monthly* mentioned Eakins along with Mary Cassatt as a painter of great promise, and though prizes and medals came to him occasionally all through his life, his house, when he died in 1916, was filled with unsold canvases; and it needed his death, and a retrospective exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum to make our critics begin to realize the strength and integrity of Eakins, one of the two or three American artists who rank with the best painters of his period in Europe, in solid achievement, if not in the power of innovation.

Eakins' life has still to be told in detail; but the number of anecdotes about him is increasing daily. He had an intense interest in science: one of his big canvases, done shortly after returning to America, is that of the Gross Clinic, which depicts a great old-fashioned surgeon, expounding the principles of a pre-Listerian operation. The unflinching butchery of the surgeon, the abstract calculations of the physicist, the tense, dry, somewhat bleak faces of the scientific men of his period, crystallized once for all in his portrait of "The Thinker"—these instruments and attitudes attracted Eakins, and he interpreted them from the inside. It even suited his sense of fitness to have Henry Rowland, the physicist, scratch the formulæ connected with his name around the panel that framed the portrait: a piece of veracious iconolatry. Eakins was himself a graphic thinker: he had a blackboard hung in his dining room so that any one who cared to could explain his conversation by diagram or outline. One reasonably suspects something more than a patter of polite banalities at the Eakins dinner table.

Along with Eakins' respect for science went a hearty contempt for the hierarchies of caste and office, a feeling characteristically echoed by Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class," which, published in 1898, belongs to the period of Eakins' maturity. Commissioned by the Union League Club of Philadelphia to do a portrait of President Hayes, Eakins seized his one opportunity with the President to capture him working in his shirt-sleeves. The horrified committee consigned the portrait to limbo; and, I understand, it has never been found.

Naturally Eakins would sometimes be one of the group that would have dinner with Walt Whitman in Camden on Sundays; for his work was in one sense a carrying into the graphic arts of those principles which Whitman had announced in his preface to the "Leaves

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of Grass," and expanded in his "Democratic Vistas" in 1870: science, democracy, plain men and women, the sacredness of the every-day fact, the miracle of the humblest object or the most unlettered man—in these interests Eakins plainly shared. If Eakins rescued his art from the superficialities of the photographic painter, he rescued it also from the weak dramatic symbolism of an Elihu Vedder, the adolescent sweetness of a Fuller, or the mere illustration of a Homer: above all, he made it face the rough and brutal and ugly facts of our civilization, determined that its values should grow out of these things and should not look for its themes to the historic symbols of Europe. But there is in Eakins' work no false idealization of labor and brawn: Eakins respected the workers too much to pay them that inverted compliment. On the contrary, the sensitive, intellectualized, acute, anxious faces of the scholars and scientists of the period dominate Eakins' gallery: he knew that the toughest and most stubborn encounter with reality might lie behind a mathematical equation.

"I never knew of but one artist, and that's Tom Eakins," said Walt Whitman, "who could resist the temptation to see what they think they ought to rather than what is"; and again, speaking in defense of Eakins' slightly leering portrait of himself, with the ruddy, hale, bibulous Franz Hals touch in it, Whitman said: "We must remember that Eakins' picture is severe—keeps close to nature—slurs nothing—faces the worst as well as the best." Here was just the quality that was lacking in the literature of the Brown Decades, in the novels of Howells as well as in its lesser manifestations. But no degree of refinement or sensitiveness was beyond Eakins' reach: his portrait of the Señora Gomez or that of Arthur B. Frost discloses every phase of the inner drama. Eakins had a singular capacity of doing justice to his subject: he had no temptation to make his thinkers brawny or his prize-fighters and oarsmen intellectual: he could meet them all on their own ground, and find in each subject his peculiar strength.

Eakins' father was an old-fashioned writing master, and Eakins had the integrity of that careful workmanship, if not its meaningless flourishes. With all his tough masculine interests, and for all his love of sailing, horseback-riding, duck-shooting, he was at his best, not in landscape, but in portrait painting. The backgrounds of these portraits are frequently empty; if they are painted at all, they are thin and unsatisfactory; but the weakness is the result only of the intensity and stress that have gone into the figure itself. Some of the unfinished portraits, incidentally, are superb in their own right, being finished in every sense at the moment that Eakins withdrew from them, although parts of the canvas might be left blank.

A salty directness, an absence of pretense and sham, is present in all of Thomas Eakins' work. "All the sciences," he said, "are done in a simple way; in mathematics the complicated things are reduced to the simple things. So it is in painting. You reduce the whole thing to simple factors; you establish these and work out from them, pushing them toward one another. This will make strong work. The old masters worked this way." Such words as these make one realize Whitman's wisdom when he said: "Eakins is not a painter, he is a force." Working in obscurity during the Brown Decades, though always drinking from the sources of contemporary life, Eakins, like his contemporary in philosophy, Charles Peirce, now enters American culture both as a painter and a force. He stood outside the fashionable currents: the high-keyed

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palette, the slashing brush mark, as in Homer and Sargent, the refined and "beautiful" subject, as with Dewing, Tarbell, Brush, or the sunny impressionism of Childe Hassam and Alden Weir, all these various symbols of popular success Eakins spurned. He never got nearer the colors of a sunny summer landscape than did Courbet; indeed, for all his color indicated, he might have been painting in the Netherlands of the seventeenth century.

No matter: the Brown Decades are as far away from us now as the seventeenth century, and a world built up on the dull side of the palette, a world of slates and muds, became familiar to us less than two decades ago, in the paintings of Picasso, Braque, Derain, Duchamp. We are no longer deceived into believing that there is any ultimate rightness in the selection of colors on some scientific basis: it is not nature, but the mind of man, which establishes the esthetic worth of a certain color scale, or set of tonal values; and if Eakins did not choose to experiment with the palette of the open-air school, that was his own business: so long as his health did not suffer, his practice casts no reflection upon his art. Eakins avoided most of the pitfalls that were in the path of the American painter in the Brown Decades. He showed that, with a little talent and a little tenacity of purpose, provided one had no care for popular appreciation and immediate success, works of art could be created, even in a materialistic country that denied the value of an art unauthenticated by the efforts of brokers and auction rooms. To-day the assured place of Thomas Eakins taunts the hasty efforts of those contemporaries who aimed at lesser goals.

V

American history is haunted by nightbirds in the nineteenth century. One might almost divide cultures according to their habit of viewing the world in the hard sunlight of midday or in the murky vistas and undecipherable horizons of night; and the discovery of night, night sinister, night terrible, night mysterious and indefinitely potent, was one of the great attributes of the Romantic movement. In the night, windmills are giants, and the horns of elfland are always faintly blowing. Poe invokes the night, even in daylight: dismal tarns and dark mysterious shapes are always present to his imagination; Hawthorne spent the greater part of his youth in solitude, never venturing abroad until night had fallen—and that experience bit deep into his imagination.

After the Civil War the shades of night fell, too, upon painting. In the mind of Albert Pinkham Ryder a dark, moon-ridden world, stirring with a strange beauty that indicated an unexplored reality, deeper than the superficial levels of being, came into existence. In contrast to the firm, tough prose of Eakins, Ryder's imagination was lyrical and poetic; but beneath his mysterious shapes, his haunting idealizations, were the familiar objects of his boyhood on Buzzard's Bay, the sea and little boats and moonlight and the gnarled branches of dwarf oaks and the porticoes of the great classic mansions on County Street in New Bedford where he was born on March 19, 1847. No one except Melville had such a deep sense of the beauty and treachery of the sea as Ryder did; and no one, not even Melville, expressed this more completely and poignantly.

Even during his youth in New Bedford Ryder's life was not altogether destitute of esthetic suggestion, crude and second-hand though it might be. Was not one of the most popular painters of American landscape, Albert Bierstadt, a

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wealthy citizen of New Bedford: did not one of Ryder's aunts know how to paint and sit in judgment on his first efforts? The aunt could not approve of Ryder's ability; but this did not deter the gentle, persistent young man: when the family moved to New York in 1871 Ryder associated himself for a couple of years with W. E. Marshall, a portrait painter and engraver, who had studied under Couture; and for a short while he studied at the National Academy. At thirty-four he set up a studio for himself on Washington Square; and except for an occasional short trip to Cape Cod or to Europe he remained in this part of Manhattan for almost the remainder of his life. His best work was produced in the short period from 1873 to 1898. After that, Ryder devoted himself chiefly to re-working and perfecting the canvases he had already painted.

With less turmoil and stress than Vincent Van Gogh—although around fifty Ryder seems for a time to have gone through a nervous crisis that roused concern in his friends—Ryder shared the same saintly devotion to his calling: nothing tempted him aside from the path he chose to follow, and nothing could make him hasten his pace. His work had the approval of a few friends and patrons, like Daniel Cottier the art dealer, and Thomas Clarke, an excellent and understanding patron of the arts: so Ryder found his own themes, established his own technique, created and peopled his own world, and painted with the majestic deliberation of a demiurge, who had eternity before him. One may properly speak of Ryder as a mystic only if one realizes that, contrary to popular belief, the mystic does not leave the familiar world: if he has anything to give us, it is because he has penetrated deeper into its reality. Ryder, like Melville, was concerned with the depths, the part of experience that eludes statement, that must be hinted at, approached obliquely, rendered in parables. But he had the Yankee's canny hold on fact; and when he chose to portray the loneliness of the soul, he might convey the meaning through a little boat with a torn sail, swallowed by the ocean.

Ryder's compositions are often very simple: gradations of tone, simple juxtapositions of light and dark serve in his lesser canvases for intricate contrapuntal masses and colors: such economy and simplicity could be achieved only by the slow, considered perfection of each last minute detail, a finer and finer apportionment of masses, a more and more delicate feeling for line. Ryder's method reminds one a little of a modern poet, Robert Frost: there was the same slow mulling over of the work, the same patient refinement of detail, the same effect of apparent simplicity gained only by the subordination of each separate stroke to the effect of the whole. Such intensity demands a strength that the user of bold adjectives and loud colors can never approach: for he exhausts on the commonplace the emotion that the other artist holds in reserve for the supreme moment. There have been many forgeries of Ryder's pictures; but not one was worth the effort; for their careful composition and rich enamelled depths cannot be obtained quickly enough to justify the deception. While there are undoubtedly weak paintings by Ryder, there are no hasty ones.

In his technique, Ryder was lonely, experimental, in a sense perverse. He would bathe his pictures in varnish, in order to increase the depth and lustre; he would paint over surfaces that had not completely dried, and paint over those again; he was careless as to the permanence of his colors: elementary principles which he would have learned in the studio of a competent master before he had advanced beyond the pal-

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ette-scraping stage were never mastered by him—or were resolutely ignored. As a result, it is a rare Ryder that does not show cracks; and the classification of Ryder as a colorist by a contemporary critic, or the comparison of his work with those of the Persian miniaturists is inexplicable to-day except on the assumption that a good part of the original color was lost, either through decomposition or through later repaintings—although here and there a picture remains, like the Perette at the Tryon Gallery in Northampton, which gives us a hint of this aspect of Ryder. His paintings were never done. Frequently Ryder would recall a picture from a purchaser, in order to finish it, and to one of them, who said that he would have his own funeral procession stop at Ryder's studio to claim the picture, Ryder replied in kind: "And even then you would not get it unless it were finished!"

Ryder was a divine innocent. When reproached for the flaws that were already plain in the surfaces of his canvases, Ryder said simply that anything that was originally beautiful, like the Venus of Milo, remained beautiful no matter what disfigurements it had suffered. So with his pictures. So too with his life! A newspaper reporter who visited his studio found the room a mere litter of tables, chairs, trunks, packing boxes, old magazines and newspapers, dirty cups and dishes on the floor with stale food still left on them, the long streamers of paper hanging from the ceiling, dust and cobwebs everywhere. All these things were present; but what did Ryder see? "I have two windows in my workshop that look out upon an old garden whose great trees thrust their green-laden branches over the casement sills, filtering a network of light and shadow on the bare boards of my floor. Beyond the low rooftops of neighboring houses sweeps the eternal firmament with its ever-changing panorama of mystery and beauty. I would not exchange these two windows for a palace with less vision than this old garden with its whispering leafage."

Such a man could not be allured by current standards of pecuniary success. "The artist," Ryder said, "needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel, and all the rest God gives in abundance. He must live to paint, not paint to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the potboiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art. . . . The artist should not sacrifice his ideals to a landlord and a costly studio. A rain-tight roof, frugal living, a box of colors, and God's sunlight through clear windows keep the soul attuned and the body vigorous for one's daily work."

One knows by its fruits what happened in that narrow, intense world Ryder built up for himself behind those two windows under the sky, varied with the nightly walks he was forced to take, partly to nourish his art, partly because, as a result of an unfortunate vaccination, his eyes would ulcerate under the strain of sunlight or continuous use. There are two kinds of contemplative art: that which achieves its intensity by an abstraction akin to the methods of the Hindu mystic, and that which achieves a similar result by concretion, absorption, concentration, packing into the symbol infinitely more than is present to the eye or ear. It was the second kind that Ryder achieved in his great pictures, "Jonah," "The Flying Dutchman," "Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens," "A Sea Tragedy." Into these pictures, Ryder packed the suppressed emotional life of the hermit, the strains of Wagner's music, the poetry of Shakespeare's plays, particularly "The Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale," his observation of old familiar boyhood scenes, to say nothing of the tragic commonplaces of New York life,

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such as the suicide of a waiter in his brother's hotel because of the loss of his entire savings on a horse race—an incident transmuted by Ryder into the picture of "Death on a Pole Horse."

The intense life of these pictures is the reflection of an equal intensity, harmonized and prolonged over many years, in the mind of the painter himself. "Have you ever seen," he asked, "an inchworm crawling up a leaf or twig, and there clinging to the very end, revolve in the air, feeling for something, to reach something? That's like me. I am trying to find something out there beyond the place on which I have a footing." An admirable characterization: one has only to add that in Ryder's best pictures that "something" was definitely touched. With all their literary associations, heightened by the fact that Ryder often accompanied his canvases with poems, not without a simple music of their own, with all this, his paintings were never merely illustrative or decorative: they were profound revelations. One might call Ryder the Blake or the Melville or the Emily Dickinson of American painting, and thus define, after a fashion, one or another of the phases of his art; but the fact is that Ryder was Ryder. Like every great artist he belonged to that rare class of which there is only one example.

Ryder asked for nothing better from life than what life actually had given him: should we demand more from his art? Though, as Mr. Roger Fry has well said, a more craftsmanlike method of painting would have been preferable, "we accept it none the less as it is, as something unique in its methods, but something in which the peculiar method is felt to be essentially bound up with the imaginative idea and to be justified by the perfection with which it renders that." In the case of Ryder, the life, the method, the picture are one: if the flaws are common to each, so are the virtues which this harmonious and sensitive personality imparted to everything he touched, to his relations with men no less than to his canvases.

That an art such as Ryder's could have grown up and survived in the midst of the massive materialism which characterized the Brown Decades is one of those ironic commentaries by which the spirit is forever mocking at the limitations of the flesh; but it is, of course, no more surprising, and in fact no more unaccountable, than the rise of the sanctities of Christianity in the orgiastic culmination of Roman imperialism. Nor can one altogether deny the brutal, dominant force some of its share in the phenomenon: its existence provided the need for compensatory expressions on another plane, and the intensity of one has some relation to the crass exuberance of the other. At all events, Ryder belonged to the period in which he found a haven and a retreat as much as did his neglected contemporary, Eakins. Like Eakins, he transcended its limitations. As Melville and Whitman represent the antipodal poles of the American spirit in literature, so do Ryder and Eakins in painting. The generation that produced these men was crass, misguided, barbarous: but it had its good moments, and these are our lasting heritage.

"Life in the United States"—this month's selection in the $1,500 *Prize Contest for true narratives of American life—will be found on page* 401.

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Over My Shoulder to Alma Mater

AN UNDELIVERED VALEDICTORY

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

A THIRD of a man's life goes into fitting him to his environment. Our biological heritage brings us to a singularly late maturity of physical equipment and reproductive potency. Our mental and spiritual heritage makes it necessary that we undergo years upon years of training before we can dare take part in the businesses and professions of the world. Our first twenty years are strictly a time of preparation. Among upper classes of society they culminate in the four seasons spent at "higher education"—that is, in the university. The importance of this final step, both for the assumption of effective manhood and the succession of civilized leadership, makes it a vital concern of the observing world.

Perhaps the two men most adequately fitted to discuss or criticise the university are, on the one hand, the professional educator and, on the other, the amateur student. The first applies the careful principles of academic observation; the second applies the random impressions of academic experience. The educator has programmes and categories; the student has grievances or gratitude.

Against the solid discussions of a Flexner or a Hutchins, what may a new college graduate have to offer? Surely little breadth of vision; but on the other hand surely a directness of contact which makes his reactions vivid since they cannot be profound.

Four years are gone. Their function was to educate. Have they done that? What, then, is meant by "to educate"? Was that education worth while, or were the four years wasted? One thing is certain: they were crucial years, the very healthiest, a time least to be squandered in pursuit of a useless aim. If they seemed to fail, if the organization that harbored the student during those years seemed to be false or moribund or futile, then sharp must be the self-criticism and unsparing the condemnation.

Four years are gone. My teachers planned them out as a period in which all young men, without respect to differences in capability, should be fitted for the active life of maturity. All comers to the university were to be accepted —provided they could withstand a series of examinations designed purely to test their parrotlike retentive powers and their facility at writing well-drummed platitudes. Requirements were thus purely mechanical, and in no sense intellectual. They were based on the obvious capabilities of "average" boys drilled under the cold regimen of the unvarnished public school or that of the fancier, Social-Registered, preparatory school. No pretense was made to admit only students of genuine intellectual enthusiasm or scholarly intent. The theory was that higher education must be popular education. Every one was to have the equal chance, the equal studies, the

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equal examinations, the equal degree. Democracy was made most holy and supreme. Democracy—flanked by its inevitable attendants of standardization, flatness, and the sheep instinct—was enthroned in the mind of the student. From the very start, from the first days of his high-school preparation, the boy was initiated into the holy beauties of mental mechanization. In the most impressionable years of his youth he was made captive to a tutelary system whose goal was to develop humanity up to the crowning achievement known as a "typical Yale man," equipped with all the traditional trappings of New Haven's most immortal.

Such was the prelude to four years of college life. In such fashion was the neophyte coached into the elements of culture. Graduating from school without any ability to study for himself, to rely upon his own thought, to find his own world of preferences, he was thrust into an ostensibly mature university existence. Preparation for higher education—what was it? No glimmering of world history, but merely a series of isolated memory courses in the glories of George Washington and the horrors of Tiberius. No humane approach to the literatures, but merely a succession of random studies in more than usually impoverished classics. No attempt to inculcate the logical significance of geometry, the verbal flow of French, the meaning of chemistry, but merely a drilling in propositions, verb forms, and formulæ, all to satisfy the flat requirements and "democratic" standards of college admission.

Do I dwell unduly upon school training before even touching upon the training of college? I do it because all the failures and misbirths of college life are clearly germinated before the student ever reaches New Haven, Cambridge, or Hanover. The system under which the American college operates calls for annual regiments of freshmen whose effective schooling consists in three years' dull training for a dull and meaningless examination; who are therefore underfed in all mental sustenance, unprepared for the life of intellectual activity, and unfit to pit their personalities against the mass-mindedness which the American college tries to enforce upon them.

And that reflection is the one that first of all grips the new graduate from college. I know one thing: I went to my university unprepared. I was too young; no one had taken the trouble to do more than fit me for a memory test. When I reached college I wasted a year in painfully trying to find my new place. I wasted two years in taking elementary outline courses in world history, in first-year French, in the rudiments of biology, in the vaguer reaches of English literature (from Chaucer to the nineteenth century in three lectures a week!). I was taught the obvious things which an English, French or German schoolboy knows before he even dreams of going to the university. I was taught these things in great mass lectures or in any one of two dozen "sections" of a course given by beardless junior instructors according to a printed time-sheet. And while I was being made to read from the primers and lesson-books of childhood, while I was subjected to group-requirements, credit-points, daily tests, and red-ink ratings—during such a time I was taught that all this was "higher" education!

It was explained to me that this great process would last four years; no more and no less. At the end of that time I would either step up to the rostrum and receive a diploma, in which case I was fully educated, or not step up to the rostrum, in which case I was not educated at all. It was not a matter of three years, or five years, or of any achieve-

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ments aside from the "B.A." Everything was obvious, simple, and to be carried out as commanded. Black was black and white was white.

Such directness of educational vision, such clear conception of the teaching process, could not but amaze the student. I found it difficult to see why just four years of this sort of lecturizing, test-papering, credit-pointing, should make me from the boor that I was into the man of the world that I was to be. I could not quite comprehend how any dean or college president or trustee could with such brilliant precision determine the inviolable number of months needed to make me a man of full mental stature. Yet simple was my faith and exact was my obedience. Not until that day when six hundred Yale seniors, solemnly gowned in black to mourn the passing of their four years of uniform training, uniform examining, and conversion to intersimilitude, stepped up to receive their sheepskins from the highest altar —not until that moment did I fully recognize the fraud.

II

No one could fairly dispute the value of communal life and common achievement. It would be difficult and inutile to dispraise equality of opportunity. There is a valid fairness in such democratic spirit. But when that spirit of equality becomes the command of conformity, then its valid fairness changes into a hopeless tyranny. In the American college this old idealism has largely become plain materialism. Away from the personal equality which it envisaged, the college has turned its rapt desire upon the production of equal types, upon creating the correctly stamped alumnus. It is not the particularly sheepish quality of young American manhood that has made this tendency a prime fact of American education. The academic authorities, with their gross perversion of aims and ideals, are themselves responsible.

The simple fact is that four-fifths of the men now at college should not be there. They represent equality in that they degrade teaching into primary-school oratory for the benefit of that mythical monster, the average student. They debase social life into a maintenance of abject worship before the football hero—that usually uncouth, incapable, and thoroughly tiresome individual whose nearest biological relative is the iceman. They cause the split on the campus between philistines and "cognoscenti"—the former including the general mass of students whose abler members are perforce drawn down to the level of the poorer, the latter including those serious students who in their isolation are drawn into the dainty colonies of lilied intellectualism. Those four-fifths uphold the glory of fraternities and the plenary mystical sanctity of senior societies such as Yale's Skull and Bones—where men of alleged decency and model maturity resort to playing the caveman, blessing their orgies with incantations of holy hogwash. Those four-fifths produce the cultural slums which give Yale and Princeton that popular repute so different from Cambridge, Göttingen, Upsala, or the Sorbonne.

But on what basis may we deliver such an assault and pronounce such an accusation upon the majority of young men now in college? We do it because slowly, inevitably, we have been brought to realize that higher education cannot be popular education. Either it is higher or it is popular; it cannot be both. The random admission of thousands on a mechanical and unworthy basis can result in no great maintenance of knowledge, no real furtherance of scholarship, no effective growth of the individual. The

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thousands whom we have admitted have not profited so much from the system as they have hurt it. That is to say that their gentlemanly "finishing" and dilettante refinement in these four years have been won only at the expense of the university's pretensions to solidity of learning and integrity of achievement.

The statement, I know, is dogmatic. It rests on the assumption that a small number of highly educated, carefully trained, profoundly equipped young men constitutes a better university output than a large number of superficially educated, "generally" trained, and spuriously equipped young men. The first group will make your leaders, your men who approach their problem scientifically, philosophically—that is, with the fullest resources in their world at their hand. The second group will make your followers, your men of mass minds, mass reactions, mob mentalities. Which is truer, more needed to-day, more pregnant with result? Whose is the greater practical importance?

Writing these words on the day after graduation, I am forced to ask: What is the use of a varnish? How real is the validity, how deep is the effect, of an educational Duco? What have five hundred young men of my class won, who slipped through college on the automatic railway of course credits, quality averages, and four years of achievements marked in red figures on neat cards in the registrar's dispatching station? I can only feel that little has been done, and less has been won. I do not think it has been worth the time. I fail to understand the argument that these four years, even for the culturally non-interested, are a precious period of leisure, of early contact with beauty, of possible inspiration. I rather feel that the intellectual age of these men is too young, their previous training too haphazard, their mental discipline too chaotic, to warrant such a suspension of normal activity for four years in a cultural hothouse. I do not think that in our system even a slender majority of the seed thus exposed can ever sprout or come to blossom.

They have dumped their children into college without even asking them whether they wanted to go, whether they felt it a necessity to their own life apart from society. They have given their boys a large allowance and told them, *a,* to go get educated; *b,* to go and make "contacts"; *c,* to go and appreciate four easy years before the grind of business begins. By education the average father means a list of adequate marks, a smattering of dinner-table authority, and above all a certain practical equipment for the job that is to follow. By "contacts" the average father means business friendships and those social alliances that will lead to good clubs and better marriages. The father envisions college as a vague sort of training-place for a specific business life. He does not demand the rigid exercise of scholarly duty, he is uninterested in the intellectual achievement which is not obvious and material.

In other words, the father considers the university as a place to equip his boy for a business; and secondarily as a playground. The university considers itself as a place for popular education; the demands of business are therefore to be obeyed; education must be vassal to the sewer-pipe industry and the ideal of mass production.

III

University? One might rather, if cynically disposed, proceed to call it a trade school on one hand, and a ladies' culture club on the other. One-half of the establishment is devoted to what Flexner calls "ad-hoc" teaching—including such subjects as accountancy, bond-salesman-

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ship, contracting, newspaper training, and that strange gargle which professes to teach "business psychology." The other half of the institute (outside of the scientific branches) is devoted to cultural courses which the student takes in bunches to fill his group-requirements, usually without order or succession: courses in English literature, world history, in the appreciation of music and art, courses in that agony of vocables which is supposed to represent "æsthetic theory." Some of these courses are soundly intellectual; many of them are taught on a basis of emotional reaction, sentimental appreciation, by the highest paid prima-donna lecturers of the establishment.

It may be said with considerable fairness that these are the two main trends of the average university, and that they absorb the main body of students. They take four years of a man's time in teaching him: *a,* the rudiments of his business, which he could far better learn by actual apprenticeship; and, *b,* the vaguer reaches of culture, which he could just as easily learn through the Book-of-the-MonthClub, Summer Extension courses, or even a little normal reading on his own. From a business point of view, the university's teaching of efficiency is inefficient: it is not done "on location," it is likely to be a mass of stale text-bookery or theoretical platitude. One might also be disposed to say that the university's average teaching of culture is basically uncultural in that it makes all literature and art a side, pseudoacademic affair, to be taught in slender lecture courses in appreciation, to be therefore regarded as unreal, ancillary to the practical life, cloistered and shadowy. The sound historical point of view is rarely inculcated, and the civilization of the world becomes a consideration of points credit and fulfilled group studies.

University? *Universitas?* It grows into a small life, a narrow teaching. It is incompatible with that ever-present and basic reality of creation and the arts, it lacks the bigness of a few individual minds and the clarity of a few distinct voices. It turns into the chaos of multitudes, the flatness of masses, the uncolored loveliness of the machine. All its vast endowments, its vaster girder-Gothic buildings, its elaborately named and overgrown institutes—all, all reinforce this picture of mass, business, undistinction, unculture.

That is the cynicism, that is the dissatisfaction, which many a graduate of 1931 is feeling in these hours after the momentary glamour of his Bachelorhood of Arts.

It is a feeling that you and I have been considered first of all as parts of a system, as organisms used like paramecia to carry out a given and hypothecated reaction. We have carried it out, we have passed our examinations, and we are suddenly impressed with the silliness of our effort.

We have not accomplished that disinterested exercise of mentality which is the goal of education. We have not considered our four years as a time to acquire the tools for the intellectual life; we have considered the years as themselves comprising all of intellectual life: our appreciation courses as providing the clew and answer to all art; our roaming historical courses as settling all the problems of the past; our vague and airy courses in sociology and economics as settling all the problems of the future. We have surrendered ourselves, in other words, to a reigning levity and self-satisfaction of outlook, believing what our prima donnas tell their classes of two hundred, responding accurately on our test-papers, stepping up neatly for our rolled degrees.

How far, how distant all this is from the idea of education! How we have be-

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come obsessed with the grinding mechanics of teaching, the fake psychology, the unreal responses of the mass mind! How we have failed to realize that teaching consists in one person's telling another about what he knows of life and the past and experience; providing knowledge of what has gone before as a way of meeting what will come afterward! We speak in terms of great institutions to train thousands of schoolboys in what Matthew Arnold rhapsodically called "the best that has been known and thought in the world"; and our ideas, our philosophy, our educational integrity, are about as empty as Arnold's own windy phrase.

IV

No use, I say, in automatically giving unfit young men four years of inefficient business training and superficial cultural foundation. Put those men out into practical life first; let them first of all fight the battle of active man, and then come to reflect upon it. Let their knowledge, let their friendship with the arts and the philosophies, come as the result of their need—not as the undesired prelude to their normal life. Let higher education, in other words, be given only to those who manifest a distinct desire and an unmistakable readiness for it. Let the social and luxurious advantages, the leisurely country-club atmosphere, of the college wither at earliest opportunity. Make the university a place for only the most serious, the most clearly conceived, and the most needed endeavor. Higher education—if it shall be called "higher" in any real sense of the word—must be disinterested training in abstract ideas or cultural disciplines. It is not a matter of romantic appreciation, business training, or psychological fancy; that is to say, it cannot be such if it is to uphold the heritage of the cultural past and guarantee the strength of a cultural future.

Popular education? Appreciation? General training? You say they are necessary? Of course they are; of course we wish sincerely to give all young people, irrespective of their desires, a picture of the highest life and the noblest ideals. But why not accomplish that at school—the school that is shirking its duty for a mere college board record, the school that is keeping pupils until they are almost men of twenty, and at the same time keeping their minds in confirmed callowness? Why not extend the function and broaden the educational field of the school—the institution that now seems to lack all understanding of or desire for those subjects that are not called for in the dull requirements of the university? Why not enforce upon our schools the scholarship of the German *Gymnasium* and the accomplishment of the French *lycée?*

Why debase our institutions? Why make our young people cheap? Why hold down the level of individualism, and try to crush the leader whom our democracy so pitifully needs?

I merely ask; my replies, my solutions, are all vague. I am just out of college. I am dissatisfied; I know I have not found what I hoped college would give me. I shall go out now and continue an education that with the presentation of my degree came to a premature and untrue conclusion.

In coming numbers—Two articles by Christian Gauss, dean of the college, Princeton University: "The New Morality in American Colleges" and "Our Amateur Professionals."

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Three Americans and a Pole*

By FORD MADOX FORD

H. G. Wells once wrote that there was a ring of foreign conspirators plotting against British letters. Mr. Ford recalls from his intimate associations four foreigners in England, who changed the course of modern literature: Stephen Crane, W. H. Hudson, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad. Mr. Ford's pen makes these four masters live again as men.

WINCHELSEA stands on a long bluff in shape like that of Gibraltar. Two miles of Marsh separate it from Rye. Once it was sea where the Marsh now is: one day it will be so again. When it was sea all the navies of England could ride in that harbor. And the Five Ports and the two Ancient Towns provided all the navies of the king of England. As against certain privileges. A Baron of the Cinque Ports can still drive through all toll-gates without payment and sell in all markets toll-free.

In the face of the cliff that Winchelsea turns to Rye there is a spring forming a dip—St. Leonard's Well, or the Wishing Well. The saying is that once you have drunk of those dark waters you will never rest till you drink again. I have seen—indeed I have induced them to it—three Americans, Henry James, Stephen Crane, and W. H. Hudson, drink there from the hollows of their hands. So did Conrad. They are all dead now. I wish that by drinking of those waters one could wish them back again.

It was perhaps those waters that induced their frequentations of those two towns. But indeed there were sufficient other inducements. Historic patina covers their buildings more deeply than any others, in England at least. Indeed, I know of no places save Paris, where memories seem so thick on every stone. The climate too is very mild. There is practically no day throughout the year on which a proper man cannot eat his meals under a south wall out of doors. Then, it is near France. On most days you can see the French cliffs. Once, by an effect of mirage, the city of Boulogne was brought so near to Hastings, which is next door to Rye, that the promenaders on the parade of the English town could discern the faces of the tourists inspecting the column of Napoleon on the Boulogne sward over the sea; Napoleon erected that to celebrate his invasion of England—but that was as near as anything of his ever got to the coasts of the Five Ports.

At any rate it is an infectious and holding neighborhood. Once you go there you are apt there to stay. Or you will see, in memory, the old walled towns, the red roofs, the gray stones, the country sweeping back in steps from the Channel to the North Downs, the great stretch of the Romney Marsh running out to Dungeness. In the Middle Ages they used to say: "These be the four quarters of the world: Europe, Asia, Africa and the Romney Marsh." But that was before Columbus committed his indiscretion. Hendrik Hudson drew many

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of his sailors from Rye town. A Rye man was the first European to lose his life by an arrow, in Manhattan: on the shores of the Hudson, I should imagine beneath where Grant's grave is.

Gotham sent two men to die beside the Rother—the one Henry James, the other Stephen Crane. America sent to the Sussex countryside the writer who gave the world the most beautiful book that was ever written about English country. The book was "Nature in Downland," the writer W. H. Hudson. Hudson was of pure New England blood. When he came to England in 1882 or thereabouts he was the first of his family to have visited that country for two hundred years and more.

At the date of my visit to James with Conrad he had just been visited by Hudson for the first time. Hudson had been to see Conrad at the Pent, where I had been, and then me at Winchelsea where Conrad was. Hudson was stopping then at New Romney in the Marsh. For some reason or other he had not told us that he was going on to see James. Later he revealed to me that he had "sensed" that Conrad and I did not like James and he had thought that I might regard him as offending against the laws of hospitality if, immediately after taking a meal at my house, he should call upon a man I disliked. Hudson was at that date making a regular tour of the literary world as he at other times for sedulous and immobile days would watch the nests of cuckoos or the colonies of rooks in bare trees. I remember once, near Broad Chalke, in the great bare downs where he had his hide-hole, standing with him for half an hour at least watching a rookery. It was all alone in the valley that formed a broad bowl in the chalk downs. Its peculiarity was that it stood alone: rooks always affect the society of men and practically never build in the open but in the shadow of great manor houses. Whilst we stood there he told in his slow, low, keen tones the story of a family who, having left one great manor, moved to another. At the second there were no rooks. Within a day there were rooks building in the great elms round the house and the rooks had deserted their nests in the old habitation for that family. He told that story as if he believed it. In the case of the rooks we were watching, the manor house had fallen down half a century before. He was interested to observe whether the inhabitants of houseless rookeries behaved exactly like those—in their parliaments, conclaves, penalties and executions—whose nests were near the stables of great, red brick houses. He spent hours watching the rookery at Wilton, then returned to the one at Broad Chalke, and so on for weeks.

At the date of which I am speaking—in the earliest years of last century—he had before him the problem of whether or no he himself was a writer. He had always considered himself a naturalist. Now he was conscious that he was regarded as a great writer by a great many writers. He had therefore—just as in the case of the rooks—set out to observe writers, visiting James, Conrad, Crane, round Rye and, I believe, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Kipling, and the Poet Laureate—then Sir Alfred Austin, who lived as it were in a patriotically protective ring round that settlement of aliens.

That was at any rate the image that it presented. Some years ago my friend Mr. H. G. Wells wrote to the papers to say that for many years he was conscious of a ring of foreign conspirators plotting against British letters at no great distance from his residence, Spade House, Sandgate.

Indeed, those four men—three Americans and one Pole—lit in those days in England a beacon that posterity shall not easily let die. You have only got to

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consider how empty, how lacking a nucleus, English literature would to-day be if they had never lived to see how discerning were Mr. Wells's views of that foreign penetration at the most vulnerable point of England's shores.

At that date Henry James was clean-shaven. As clean-shavenness was at that date comparatively rare he had in his relatively quiet moments the air of a divine: when, which was more frequent, he was animated, he was nearly always humorous and screwed his sensitive lips into amused or sardonic lines. His skin was dark, his face very clear cut, his brow domed and bare. His eyes were singularly penetrating, dark and a little prominent. On their account he was regarded by the neighboring poor as having the qualities of a Wise Man—a sorcerer. My servants used to say: "It always gives me a turn to open the door for Mr. James. His eyes seem to look you through to the very back-bone."

His vitality was amazing. You might put it that he was very seldom still and almost never silent. Occasionally when he desired information and you were giving him what he wanted he would sit gazing at you with his head leaning back against his grandfather's chair. But almost immediately he would be off with comment and elucidation—or with more questions accompanied by gestures, raising of the eyebrows and the humorous twisting of his lips. His peculiarities were carefully thought out by himself. A distinguished man in the fifties must have peculiarities if he has a strong personality. His conversation used to contain a great many compliments to his interlocutor, male or female. They were the current coin of his conversation, learned in France and having no real significance but the fact that they were agreeable. Every woman from the Lady Maud Warrender on the hill to Meary Walker in the meshes was "dear lady"; every man, "my dear fellow." If you did or produced anything it was always admirable: "Your admirable verses, your admirable still lifes, tea-cakes, knowledge of stock-exchange operations, market gardening." It was agreeable when you were used to it but many people—and most Americans—it bewildered or repelled because of a supposed insincerity. Until you know a person well it is perhaps not ethically better to say to him or her: "Muy hermosa señora, beso las manos de usted," than to employ a universal "buddy" for social contacts. But it is not insincere.

On the other hand if he liked or were intimate with you his manner changed at once. You would not lack for censure, criticism or exhortations along with exactly calculated praise. He liked to live with people of leisure who were intellectually no wasters of time. On the other hand, at times he was unreasonably cruel to the point of vindictiveness when his nerves were set on edge. I remember him at a tea-party given by one of his most gentle and modest admirers. He was talking to the young man's equally gentle, modest, and adoring wife. The young man interrupted him by several times offering him sugar, tea-cakes, cigars. The things that he at last spat out to that young man I will not repeat. He indicted his manners, his hospitality, his dwelling, his work with a cold fury in voice and eyes.

I was once walking with him and Mr. John Galsworthy along the Rye Road to Winchelsea. His dachshund, Maximilian, ran sheep; so, not to curtail the animal's exercise the Master had provided it with a leash at least ten yards long. Mr. Galsworthy and I walked on each side of James listening obediently whilst he talked. In order to round off an immense sentence the great man halted, just under Winchelsea Hill, beneath the windows of acquaintances of us all. He

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planted his stick firmly into the ground and went on and on and on. Maximilian passed between our six legs again and again, threading his leash behind him. Mr. Galsworthy and I stood silent. In any case we must have resembled the "Laocoon," but when Maximilian had finished the resemblance must have been overwhelming. The master finished his reflections, attempted to hurry on, found that impossible. Then we liberated ourselves with difficulty. He turned on me, his eyes fairly blazing, lifting his cane on high and slamming it into the ground:

"H . . .," he exclaimed, "you are painfully young, but at no more than the age to which you have attained, the playing of such tricks is an imbecility! An im . . . be . . . cility!"

The politenesses of Conrad to James and of James to Conrad were of the most impressive kind. Even if they had been addressing each other from the tribune of the Academie Française they could not have been more elaborate or delivered more *ore rotundo*. James always addressed Conrad as *"Mon cher confrère."* Conrad almost bleated with the peculiar tone that the Marseillaises get into their compliments *"Mon cher Maître . . ."* every thirty seconds. When James spoke of me to Conrad he always said: "Votre ami, le jeune homme modeste." They always spoke French together, James using an admirably pronounced, correct, and rather stilted idiom such as prevailed in Paris of the 'seventies. Conrad spoke with extraordinary speed, fluency, and some incomprehensibility, a meridianal French with as strong a Southern accent as that of garlic in *aioli*. . . . I speak French with a strong British accent and much too correctly. When I was a boy my grandfather, who was French by birth and had a strong French tinge to his English, used to say to me: "Fordie, you must speak French with absolute correctness and without slang which would be an affection. But with the strongest possible English accent to show that you are an English gentleman." We talked in those days, with those distinctions of language, for many hours on end. Or rather, I listened whilst they talked.

Conrad had the most unbounded, the most generous and the most understanding admiration for the Master's work, but he did not much like James personally, I imagine because at bottom James was a New Englander *pur sang*, though he was actually born in the city where I am writing. James, on the other hand, liked neither Conrad nor his work very much, mostly, I imagine, because at bottom Conrad was a Pole, a Roman Catholic and Romantic and Slav pessimist. It was hardly to be expected that James should like say *"Lord Jim"* for, though that may less appear to-day, the technic of Conrad's work was then singularly revolutionary. James on the other hand never made fun of Conrad in private. Conrad was never for him "poor dear old Conrad" as were Flaubert, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Meredith, Hardy or Sir Edmund Gosse. He once expressed to me as regards Conrad something like an immense respect for his character and achievements. I cannot remember his exact words, but they were something to the effect that Conrad's works impressed him very disagreeably, but he could find no technical fault or awkwardness about them. So that since so many men whose judgment he affected regarded Conrad even then as a great master he must not be taken as uttering any literary censure. . . .

The Conrad of those days was Romance. He was dark, black-bearded, passionate in the extreme and at every minute; rather small but very broad-shouldered and long in the arm. Speaking English he had so strong a French

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accent that few who did not know him well could understand him at first. His gestures were profuse and continuous, his politenesses Oriental and at times almost servile. Like James he would address a Society lady, if he ever met one, or an old woman in the lane—or his own servants, or the 'ostler at an inn, or myself who was for many years little more than his cook, slut and butler in literary matters, or Sir Sidney Colvin, or Sir Edmund Gosse, all with the same profusion of endearing adjectives. On the other hand his furies would be sudden, violent, blasting, and incomprehensible to his victim. At one of my afternoon parties in London he once objurgated the unfortunate Charles Lewis Hind—a thin, slightly stuttering, nervous, dark fellow who was noted as a critic, mostly of paintings. Hind in a perfectly sincere mood had congratulated him because his name was on all the hoardings in London. Conrad's "Nostromo" was then being serialized in a journal that gave the fact unusual prominence in its advertisements.

Conrad on the other hand despised the journal and himself more for letting his work appear in it. His hatred of the publicity was as real as if it were an outrage on the honor of his family. From the windows of my house his name was visible on a hoarding that some housebreakers had erected—visible in letters three feet long. This had driven him nearly mad and he had really taken the congratulations of Mr. Hind as gloatings over his bitter poverty. Mr. Hind had a sardonic manner and spoke with a rictus; bitter and dreadfully harassing poverty alone had driven Conrad, mercilessly, to consent to that degradation of his art.

In the event, next day Conrad was very ill with mortification and I had to write the part of the serial that remained to make up the weekly instalment. Our life was like that. That manuscript of mine is in the hands of a collector in this city.

Otherwise he was the most marvellous raconteur in the world. There was no country he could not make you see when he talked, from Poland to the palms of Palembang. He suffered at that time and till towards the end of his life from agonies of poverty. He was terribly concerned for the material future of his family, to whom he was almost unbelievably attached. Crane and Hudson he really loved personally. His admiration for their works was unbounded. When their books came it was as if he bounded into them like a schoolboy running from the school door. I do not think he took much real stock in other writers of English. He would utter elaborate politenesses to them if he met them.

But you could always tell when he really admired work. It would manifest itself in two ways. You would be reading at one end of the room and he at the other. It would be a new book he was reading—or perhaps a Flaubert, a Turgenev or a Maupassant. He would begin to groan and roll about on the couch where he was extended. After a time he would say:

"What is the use? I ask you what is the use of writing? When this fellow can write like this. There's no room for us." He would go on groaning. Then he would, after a time, spring up, holding his book. "Listen to this!" he would exclaim in sheer joy; laughing with it as if with his whole body. "By God," he would cry out, "there was never anything like this." And he would read out a phrase of Crane's "The Waves Were Barbarous and Abrupt"; or a short passage of Hudson in which he shows you dandelion globes, when you are lying on your back on Lewes Downs, globes illuminated by the sun against the blue sky, in millions, for miles up into the

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blue. Or he would close a book by Henry James, sigh deeply and say: "I don't know how the Old Man does it. There's nothing he does not know; there's nothing he can't do. That's what it is when you have been privileged to go about with Turgenev."

Hudson immensely admired Conrad personally. He was very lean, *very* tall, big-boned, long-limbed, gray. He was slow in his motions. You have to be if you are a field naturalist. His head was smallish for his great frame, but as if chiselled by the wind as rocks are; his cheeks weather-beaten. His eyes were small and keen, usually a little closed as if he were looking up along a strong wind. His voice was very gentle, soft as a rule, sometimes a little high and reedy, his accent neither English nor American, but very scrupulous. He had a little, short, pointed, gray hidalgo's beard and a heavy gray moustache. He was all gentleness and infinite patience. I have been with him in circumstances of ill-natured companionship and querulousness in which his patience was unending. He would stroll along, swinging his shoulders, stooping a little, mostly silent, occasionally putting in a word of dissent. To show that he was paying attention. He suggested, the immensely long fellow, a man holding in his hand a frightened bird, but making his examination with such gentleness that the bird's little heart would soon cease to beat fast. If he stood against an old gray wall in a field he was so gray that he would be almost invisible from a few yards away unless you looked specially for him.

He knew on the surface little about books. He would say again and again, indignantly: "I am no writer. I am a naturalist." He looked at books from afar. It was perhaps long-sightedness but it gave the idea that he was mentally aloof. He would stand up, holding "Heart of Darkness," and say: "Yes, the river's all right. The trees are all right. Yes, not so bad. No doubt he's a master." James personally a little alarmed him. Hudson was used to high society, moving in aloof realms that are usually closed to imaginative writers but that were then open to almost all Americans, because they committed you to nothing socially. The Greys of Falloden loved Hudson because he loved birds. So he would look at James enigmatically, breathing rather uncertainly through his nose. James was a Society figure all right—but a little too flamboyant. Like an unusual species of a familiar genus. The early works of James in their first versions Hudson liked and he was ready to acknowledge that the Old Man was the Master of us all. Old Man means "captain" on a ship, a colonel in a regiment, a head foreman in a gang of stevedores, a master shepherd on a farm.

Crane was the most beautiful spirit I have ever known. He was small, frail, energetic, at times virulent. He was full of phantasies and fantasticisms. He would fly at and deny every statement before it was out of your mouth. He wore breeches, riding leggings, spurs, a cowboy's shirt and there was always a gun near him in the mediæval building that he inhabited seven miles from Winchelsea. In that ancient edifice he would swat flies with precision and satisfaction with the bead-sight of his gun. He proclaimed all day long that he had no use for corner lots nor battle-fields, but he died in a corner, on the most momentous of all battle-fields for Anglo-Saxons. Brede Manor saw the encampment of Harold before Hastings.

He was an American, pure-blooded, and of ostentatious manners when he wanted to be. He used to declare at one time that he was the son of an uptown New York bishop, at another, that he had been born in the Bowery and there

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dragged up. At one moment his voice would be harsh, like a raven's, uttering phrases like: "I'm a fly-guy that's wise to the all-night push," if he wanted to be taken for a Bowery tough; or "He was a mangy, sheep-stealing coyote" if he desired to be thought of cowboy ancestry. At other times he would talk rather low in very selected English. That was all boyishness.

But he was honorable, physically brave, infinitely hopeful, generous, charitable to excess, observant beyond belief, morally courageous, of unswerving loyalty, a beautiful poet—and of untiring industry. With his physical frailty, his idealism, his love of freedom and of truth he seemed to me to be like Shelley. His eyes with their long fringes of lashes were almost incredibly beautiful—and as if vengeful. Of his infinite industry he had need.

It was delightful to go to Brede Place because Steevie was there but nothing was more depressing than to drive down into the hollow. In the middle ages they built in bottoms to be near water and Brede, mostly an Elizabethan building, though in the form of an E out of compliment to Great Eliza, was twelfth century in site. The sunlight penetrated, pale, like a blight into that damp depression. The great house was haunted. It had stood empty for half a century, the rendezvous of smugglers. On the green banks played fatherless children—and numberless parasites. Crane never forgot a friend, even if it were merely a fellow who had passed a wet night with him under an arch. His wife was minded to be a mediæval chatelaine. A barrel of beer and a baron of beef stood waiting in the rear hall for every hobo that might pass that way. The house was a nightmare of misplaced hospitality, of lugubrious dissipation in which Crane himself had no part. Grub Street and Greenwich Village did.

The effect on James of poor Steevie was devastating. Crane rode about the countryside on one of two immense coach-horses that he possessed. On their rawboned carcases his frail figure looked infinitely tiny and forlorn. At times he would rein up before the Old Man's door and going in would tell the Master's titled guests that he was a fly-guy that was wise to all the all-night pushes of the world. The Master's titled guests liked it. It was, they thought, characteristic of Americans. If the movies had then existed they would have thought themselves confronted with some one from Hollywood. James winced and found it unbearable.

Steevie he stood and would have stood a great deal more from. The boy for him was always: "My young compatriot of genius." But he would explain his wincings to English people by: "It's as if . . . oh dear lady it's as if you should find in a staid drawing-room on Beacon Hill or Washington Square or an intimate reception at an Embassy at Washington a Cockney—oh, I admit of the greatest genius—but a Cockney, still, Costermonger from Whitechapel. And, oh heavens, received, surrounded, and adulated . . . by, ah, the choicest, the loveliest, the most ornamental and, ah, the most ornamented. . . ."

And the joke—or, for the Old Man the tragedy—was that Crane assumed his Bowery cloak for the sole purpose of teasing the master. In much the same way, taking me for a Pre-Raphaelite poet, at the beginning of our friendship, he would be forever harshly denouncing those who paid special prices for antiquities. To Conrad or to Hudson, on the other hand, he spoke and behaved as a reasoning and perceptive human being.

And indeed the native beauty of his nature penetrated sufficiently to the Old

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Man himself. I never heard James say anything intimately damaging of Crane, and I do not believe he ever said anything of that sort to other people. But what made the situation really excruciating to James were the raids made by Crane's parasites on Lamb House. No doors could keep them out, nor any butler. They made hideous the still levels of the garden with their cachinnations, they poked the Old Man in the ribs before his servants, caricatured his speeches before his guests, and extracted from him loans that were almost never refused. There were times when he would hang about in the country outside Rye Walls rather than make such an encounter.

The final tragedy did not find him wanting. For it was tragedy. The sunlight fell blighted into that hollow, the spectres waved their draped arms of mist, the parasites howled and belched on the banks at Brede. That was horrible. But much more horrible was the sight of Crane at his labors. They took place in a room in the centre bar of the E of the Place, over the arched entry. Here Crane would sit writing, hour after hour and day after day, racked with the anxiety that he would not be able to keep going with his pen alone all that fantastic crew. His writing was tiny: he used great sheets of paper. To see him begin at the top of the sheet with his tiny words was agonizing; to see him finish a page filled you with sighs, for it meant but the beginning of one more, and so till his death. Death came slowly but Brede was a sure death trap to the tuberculous.

Then James's agonies began. He suffered infinitely for that dying boy. I would walk with him for hours over the Marsh trying to divert his thoughts. But he would talk on and on. He was forever considering devices for Crane's comfort. Once he telegraphed to Wanamaker's for a whole collection of New England delicacies from pumpkin pie to apple sugar and sausage meat and clams and soft shell crabs and mince meat and . . . everything thinkable so that the poor lad should know once more and finally those fierce joys. Then new perplexities devastated him. Perhaps the taste of those far-off meats might cause Steevie to be homesick and so hasten his end. He wavered backwards and forwards between the alternatives beneath the gray walls of Rye Town. He was not himself for many days after Crane's death.

So the first of those four men to die was the youngest. Taken altogether they were, those four, all gods for me. They formed my sure hope in the eternity of good letters when I was a boy. They do still. The greatest pride of my life used to be that Crane once wrote of me to a friend; I had presumably upset him by some want of Oriental deference:

"You must not mind Hueffer, that is his way. He patronizes me, he patronizes Mr. Conrad, he patronizes Mr. James. When he goes to Heaven he will patronize God Almighty. But God Almighty will get used to it for Hueffer is all right."

And the words are my greatest pride after so many years.

They are now all dead, a fact which seems to me incredible still. For me they were the greatest influence on the literature that has followed after them that has yet been vouchsafed to that literature. Young writers from Seattle to the Golden Gate and from Maine to Jacksonville, Fla., write as they do because those four men once wrote—and so with old writers in old houses in Greenwich Village. The fourfold tradition that will not soon part. To that tradition I will one day return. For the moment I have been trying to make them live again in your eyes. . . . "It is above all to make you see."

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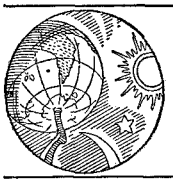
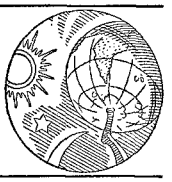


STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day



"Let's Riot"

By JACK CALLAHAN

WITHIN the last two years convicts have staged a series of savage rebellions in the prisons of New York, Missouri, Kansas, Ohio, Colorado, and Illinois which resulted in the death of three hundred and twenty-seven of their comrades, five prison officials, and the destruction, via the torch, of prison property valued at approximately five million dollars.

I predict that what has already occurred in your penal institutions is nothing compared with what will occur within the next year or two if society does not get down to business immediately and start treating desperate criminals as they should be treated.

I approach this discussion of prison riots, what causes them and how to prevent them, as an ex-convict who knows life behind the walls and as a student of theoretical penology and criminology on this side of the walls.

There is no foundation for the popular widespread belief that the rebellions at Auburn, Dannemora, Canon City, Jefferson City, Columbus, Leavenworth, and Joliet were caused by bad food and overcrowding. The absurdity of this bad-food and overcrowding theory, circulated by prison-reform workers and mollycoddling wardens, becomes apparent when one considers the background of the average convict. Who is he? Is he a product of the slums where bad food and overcrowding are common things or does he hail from the Park Avenue districts where beef stews, back alleys and congested tenements are unknown? Why should conditions with which he has been familiar since birth suddenly drive him to desperation? If the rub and stench of sweaty human bodies didn't drive him to desperation in the tenement districts where he was born and raised, why should such things drive him to desperation in the "big houses" where he is now staging riots?

I have been in prisons that were overcrowded and I have been in prisons that provided a cell for every prisoner and I can tell you that the convict loves the prison in which he can get together, in groups, with his comrades in the cell-house, in the cells and in the yards. He prefers a partner or two, or three, or as many as can be got in a cell, to solitary confinement. The "stir" in which they can congregate in the cell-houses, cells and yards is rated "a hell of a fine joint," while the "stir" which deprives them of these privileges is rated "a hell of a tough joint."

The prisons of to-day provide an incomparably superior menu to the prisons of ten or twenty years ago. I received no oatmeal and milk, prunes or stewed apples, fried potatoes or good coffee ten to twenty years ago. I received bread and molasses and the worst coffee, minus milk and cream, that ever trickled down the throat of mortal man.

I had no spring bed or comfortable mattress to rest on ten or twenty years back. I slept on a "shake down" on the floor with a hundred other law breakers, all of whom were chained together by the ankles. Did we riot? No, we never rioted! We were too tired to riot. We worked from sunup till sundown on railroads, in rock quarries and in foundries. But even if we had been disposed to stage a little rebellion there was *that* strap hanging in the warden's office to give us pause. Only the man who has had the strap can testify to its power as a deterrent. I have had several applications of it, so I ought to know. There never was a riot in a prison where the warden swung the strap!

But there are no straps in prisons to-day. Prison-reform workers said the strap was inhuman and that it degraded the whipper and the whipped. Well, I can't speak for the whipping bosses who gave me "the leather." I can speak only for myself. The strap did not degrade me. It had the opposite effect. It provoked meditation and strangled the ambition to become known as the hard guy of the "big house."

Prison-reform workers have bombarded the

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press and public with considerable nonsense about antiquated prisons.

Speaking as one who has done various bits in these "antiquated hell holes," I herewith declare that they didn't destroy me mentally, morally, and physically. I acquired an education in them. I learned self-discipline in them, and the hard, laborious toil to which the old rough-riding wardens subjected me has left me with the constitution of an ox. At forty-five I am as hard as nails and heir to none of the common ills of man.

Before the prison-reform workers became active a twenty-year term meant sixteen years and eight months, a ten-year term meant eight years and four months, and a five-year term four years and two months. Two months per year was the time allowance for good conduct. There were no life terms for fourth, fifth or sixth offenders, of whom there were many and are to-day. It frequently happened that a first or second offender was dealt with more severely than an old offender.

Then came the era of the new penology and criminology with prison-reform workers, parole boards, shorter sentences and more liberal allowances for good conduct. Under the régime of the reformers a twenty-year man got one month off the first year, two off the second, three off the third, four off the fourth year, and four off every year thereafter up to twenty, making a twenty-year term thirteen years and ten months. Later on the reformers succeeded in obtaining more liberal allowances. A twenty-year man, in some States, became eligible for parole at the expiration of ten years, a five-year man was eligible for parole at the expiration of two and one-half years, while a lifer could get out any time if he had money and friends.

Then courageous and far-seeing men, like Baumes of New York and Sadler of Illinois, got their heads together and worked out some mighty good laws. They said that all fourth offenders should be labelled habitual criminals and isolated for life. They said a twenty-year term should mean twenty times three hundred and sixty-five days, with no allowance for good conduct. They said that there should be fewer paroles for first, second, and third offenders.

I was, and still am, heartily in accord with Mr. Baumes and his associates. I always have believed that crime waves could only be stopped by putting away for all time the people who create crime waves. I always have believed that the crook who demands rewards for good behavior should learn how to behave himself outside where the rewards are infinitely more substantial. I have always believed that severe punishment is a deterrent because I have been deterred by severe punishment. I never robbed a bank in Delaware because the whipping-post always scared me.

But the prison-reform workers thought otherwise. They said the Baumes laws were cruel and unjust and that it was not right to treat criminals so severely.

"We can't maintain discipline in our prisons," said the reformers, "if we rob prisoners of all hope. We must modify these laws which will inevitably render men hopeless and desperate."

These protests laid the foundation for the riots in the prisons of New York, Ohio, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois. The convicts knew that they had the sympathy of the Golden Rule men and women and no small part of the American press, so they rioted. First came the Canon City rebellion with its torch and gats to spread death and conflagration, followed with the flare-ups at Auburn, Dannemora, Columbus, and Joliet. If Colorado hadn't hoisted the white flag there would have been no rebellions at Auburn and Dannemora. If New York hadn't hoisted the white flag with appropriations for new prisons, improvements in old ones and appropriations for better food, better clothes for discharged prisoners and more money for discharged prisoners and intimations that the Baumes laws would be modified, you can bet all the tea in China that there would have been no revolutions at Jefferson City, Columbus, and Joliet. Every time a State yielded to the demands of the rioters it paved the way for rebellions in other States.

As I write this, two weeks after the flare-up at Joliet, the boys at the Thomaston, Maine, State Prison are in revolt because the warden has restricted letter writing to two letters per week. Heretofore they've been sending out, some of them, as many as thirty and forty letters a week, sending them, mark you, to matrimonial advertising agencies. If the warden of the Maine prison surrenders to those "hoodlums" he is headed for all kinds of trouble. His surrender will create trouble for the wardens of other prisons. The inmates of other prisons reading about the success of the boys in Maine, and other States, will kick up a fuss of their own. Thus, like a forest fire, does the spirit of revolt spread from State to State, while sentimentalists preach the Golden Rule and rave about the good qualities of bandits, burglars, and assassins!

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The revolts against the Baumes laws, the Sadler laws and other pieces of legislation attest their potency. These laws have put the fear of God, and Justice, into the hearts of bandits, burglars, and assassins. I tell you that discipline could be maintained if every prison in the United States was jammed from cellar to garret with lifers and long-term convicts. And here's how it can be done:

First, dismiss every prison official who advocates the Golden Rule system. Why in the name of common sense should a crook who already has demonstrated his inability to govern himself be clothed with authority to govern other weaklings? I've been in prisons where this silly Golden Rule business has been tried. It breeds stool pigeons. It breeds dissension and petty jealousies. The cons love it because it makes prison life soft. The officials love it because it makes their jobs soft.

Next, close your prison gates against the sob sisters and sob brothers who already have converted your prisons into playhouses. Throw them out and keep them out. Isolate the lifers from the short-term men. Abolish the "trusty" system. "Trusties" have been known to bring guns, dynamite and dope into prisons. It is through the "trusty" that convicts make contacts with the world beyond the walls by the way of smuggled letters. Abolish all entertainment. Singing jail-birds never think. You can discourage singing and encourage thinking by the simple process of substituting hard labor for entertainment. You can't convince a hard-headed crook that crooking is a bad business if you entertain him with band concerts, baseball games, handball games, moving pictures, crap games, poker, casino, cooncan and faro-bank. I'm not trying to be facetious. I have played craps, poker, casino, cooncan and faro-bank in your prisons.

Restore the strap. Convicts fear the strap. It is not degrading. It did not degrade me. Babying a full-grown man is decidedly more degrading than strapping him. It makes him insignificant and mean. One admits his weakness when he gets into prison, doesn't he? Then why baby him when babying only increases his weakness? You can't maintain an efficient prison without rigid discipline. You can't maintain any sort of business without a rigid system of routine or discipline. Abolish discipline in a manufacturing plant and you have a drop in production and a rise in costs. Abolish it in a prison and you have a drop in the production of rehabilitated law-breakers with disorder and violence to follow.

I think a review of the evolution of penal conditions in Illinois will convince the impartial observer that this Golden Rule system of prison management will not do. Here is a prison, Joliet, which cost the taxpayers of Illinois approximately six million dollars. It has every modern convenience. The cells are eleven feet six inches long, by six feet six inches wide, by eight feet six inches high. There is hot and cold water in every cell, spring beds, comfortable mattresses and lavatories. The boys have a band, a baseball league, each cell-house playing against the other. They have boxing contests, handball courts, quoit-pitching fields. Once a week they have moving pictures. The food is excellent. I know that it is the best prison fare in the United States!

The warden did everything within his power to make life pleasant for his charges. He even provided a huge room wherein convicts and their friends and relatives could meet on visiting days and dine as they talked. And yet they rioted at Joliet. And why? Because of bad food and overcrowding and "the disgraceful conditions of an antiquated prison"? No, they rioted because a courageous parole board refused to release them as rapidly as they thought they should be released.

Now come with me through the old Joliet "stir" where I served a term for safe-cracking sixteen years back. The cells were seven feet long by four feet wide by seven feet high. We had no spring beds, comfortable mattresses, hot or cold running water. We had no band concerts, handball games, baseball games, quoit-pitching games or boxing contests. There were no luxuries of any kind in the old Joliet "stir." The silence system prevailed, therefore we could plan no riots. We wore stripes and marched the lock step. Hard labor was the word. We worked eight hours a day in the rock quarry and the foundry and when we "hit the hay" at night we slept the sleep of the just.

The first violation of the rules brought a reprimand. The second brought five days in the dungeon on a bread-and-water diet, a punishment which no hard-boiled fancy thinker feared. Any reasonably hard-headed crook can stand on his hard head for five days. I did it many times.

The third offense against the prison rules brought a "slugging." Third offenders were rare because all the cons feared the "sluggings," which were administered in various ways—by a big guard's fists, by a blackjack, by the strap and by the paddle. I got it all four ways. I got it for trying to carve up a

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keeper with a knife, for telling the warden what I thought of him, for trying to hop over the walls, and for refusing to work in the quarry.

But nobody ever punished me without cause. When I behaved myself I was treated decently but firmly. I have never met one of those sadistic prison wardens who delighted in breaking the heads of convicts and I have been in some tough "stirs" in my day. That sadistic prison-warden stuff has been worked to death by ex-convict lecturers and writers, the boys who never lose their "Oh, God; help me, for I have suffered neurosis."

I found a good library in the old Joliet "big house." I discovered Herbert Spencer there, Oscar Wilde, Carlyle, and Goethe. Joliet always had a fine library.

In 1911 prison-reform workers descended upon the prison to abolish the "degrading striped uniform" and the "humiliating lock step." I have never been able to understand just how the stripes and the lock step degraded and humiliated a convict. Personally, I was never very much concerned about what I wore in prison or how I walked, and I never met a convict that was. Why should we? Nobody ever saw us except an occasional visitor and the keepers.

In April, 1913, the first Golden Rule warden, Edmund H. Allen, a kindly gentleman, arrived at the prison to take charge of us. He was accompanied by his lovely and accomplished wife, who subsequently became known as "The Angel of Joliet." Mrs. Allen spent most of her days, and many of her nights, ministering to the wants of the convicts and spreading the gospel of hope and good cheer throughout the prison.

Warden Allen believed that the man inside was pretty much like his brother outside. He embraced the idea that the criminal was simply a good man gone wrong, a man who could be reclaimed with Golden Rule methods. Mr. Allen began his administration by abolishing the silence system and all forms of corporal punishment.

"These men are human beings," he said; "treat them as such and they will respond. The day of the blackjack and the strap has passed."

He organized a band and a monthly magazine, the Joliet *Post*. He instituted smoking privileges. He gave us moving-picture shows, yard privileges. He gave us baseballs and bats and gloves. He provided an optician to look after our eyes and prescribed glasses. He reorganized the hospital along scientific lines. He improved the food. In short he and "The Angel of Joliet" turned the ancient "big house" upside down. And then one lovely June morning, about two years after his arrival at the prison, "The Angel of Joliet" was found dead in her bed, murdered by a "trusty" whom she and her kindly husband had befriended!

And yet the mollycoddlers say: "There is so much everlasting decency among the boys at the prisons if they are treated decently." Boys among whom there is a shred of "everlasting decency" do not murder their benefactors, use the torch and cold-bloodedly shoot down keepers. Boys who do such things cannot be reclaimed with tracts, sermons, affectionate pats on their broad, burglarious backs, and entertainment. Such boys require the iron, deep and hot, the opinions of the mollycoddlers to the contrary notwithstanding. If you don't start giving them the iron right now I predict that what has already occurred in your prisons is infinitesimal compared with what will occur within the next year or two.

As I write this on May tenth, I predict riots in the following prisons: The Massachusetts Prison at Charlestown, the New Jersey Prison at Trenton, the Maryland Prison at Baltimore, the Rhode Island Prison at Cranston, the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, and the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh. The boys at Dannemora will kick up another fuss. The boys at Jefferson City will kick up another fuss. There will be another riot at Joliet if the mollycoddlers are not kicked out. There will never be any riots in the Southern prisons. Why? They use straps down there and work convicts on farms, railroads and State roads and chain-gangs. Tired convicts never riot. Only idle convicts riot. Idleness and entertainment breed more riots than bad food and overcrowding.

A complete short novel, together with "Life in the United States," true narratives of American people, "Straws in the Wind," a group of brief articles on significant aspects of modern life, and "As I Like It" by William Lyon Phelps appear in every number of SCRIBNER'S.

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A Young Man Gives Big Business Its Due

By EDMUND S. WHITMAN

THIS is open season on Big Business. Right now it is fashionable to cite the case of the young man who was voted by his class the most likely to succeed, who entered Big Business and was forthwith slapped into a drab clerical mold and squeezed dry of all the milk of promise and originality. It is smart to say that no youngster of decency and honor should soil his hands with Big Business, that the great American legend of starting from scratch and making good is so much sales talk and that the only sure way to arrive is to be the old man's son or his son-in-law.

There are many shortcomings to Big Business, as to any business. The power it gives to small-minded men who have won to positions of authority by the constant application of soft soap is an example. The ruthless and unconscionable deceits men will practise under the drive of personal ambition is another. The running to the executive office with stories aimed to hurt another's chances under the guise of company welfare. . . . All this sort of thing is very painful.

But viewed as a problem to be solved rather than as a personal issue, these conditions should serve to spur a man on rather than break him down. Big Business is largely in the hands of big men, men who bear with a youngster's unstudied criticisms and excursions into office politics with astonishing patience. And if poor old Most-Likely-To-Succeed ever learns that priceless lesson of keeping his mouth shut and takes his marketing as seriously as his squash he may still vindicate the judgment of the Class of '29.

That the benefits Big Business bestows upon young men far outweigh any contributions these young men make to Big Business is illustrated by my own ten years with a large corporation. And in speaking autobiographically, I include a host of other youngsters who have gone through the mill with me, no two of us having had precisely the same experiences but all of us having taken far more out of business than we have put into it.

My college career having lacked distinction, I was not one of the favored young men chosen by certain of the great corporations to take their training course. Rather I was one of the hardy band who made the rounds of the "adventure" corporations looking for jobs along civilization's rim—or beyond. Such jobs are vividly (and erroneously) discussed on every campus: Standard Oil (with mythical contracts calling for a brief apprenticeship in such locales as South America and the Far East, at a juicy salary, then the recall to New York, the glass-topped desk and the life of Riley); Bemis Bag (offering grand jobs said to involve a gay social life in Calcutta); United Fruit (with fine travelling accommodations and a life of red-blooded adventure on a banana frontier stretching across nine or ten countries); National City Company (they send you to Paris right away to learn banking punctilio as it is practised on the Continent); Firestone Rubber (with fascinating plantation propositions in Java and Sumatra). . . .

Several of us finally landed with an organization capitalized at a couple of hundred million, growing rapidly, almost rankly in a score of countries. We were all set to take this company for a ride, still half-believing in the American stencil of starting at the bottom and making good. There was plenty of room at the top (we were told that by a serious youth who was himself as far from it as we were) and meanwhile there was that association with Big Business, that feeling of power and superiority that only a couple of hundred million can give to a group of college men starting at the bottom at the princely salary of seventy-five dollars a month.

If anybody had said seventy-five dollars a month to us on the campus he would have been howled down. Foreign jobs just didn't pay that sort of chicken feed. . . .

But they did—and they do—and at that it was more than we were worth.

And if the personnel manager didn't come altogether clean with us about the foreign assignment we were undertaking, by the same token neither did we come clean with him about some of our own plans and unmarketable idiosyncrasies. We didn't inform him that we were out for all we could get, that we intended to joy-ride around the world at company expense, that we planned to gather material for our own uses, that we might not hesitate to transfer our affections to another company if we could command a better position.

So we went to work on one of the com-

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pany's many frontiers, in a foreign country where we were utterly dependent upon the company for our bread and board, for our social life, for medical attention. The company even had to translate our everyday needs until we mastered the language well enough to order our own beer.

Right away we were confronted with the necessity of getting along with our new associates. They were not at all the type we had known in our fraternity houses or at our fathers' clubs. They didn't give what they called "a good goddam" for college training or the writings of Theodore Dreiser. They were rough and ready. They liked their life in great, coarse gobs, served up on pasteboard plates. One of us was ostracized for weeks because in a drinking party he attempted to maintain comparative sobriety by easing a pony of whiskey under the table instead of matching drink for drink. We learned that it was bad form to buttonhole visiting vice-presidents and discuss such things as golf handicaps or economics, or to contribute clever pieces to the company's house magazine.

With each move, each promotion, new problems of adaptability presented themselves. In the production department, khaki clothing, chewing and three-day beards were in order. In the manager's office it was white linen, smooth jowls and the modulated voice. In the one job there was the association with "heart of gold" men; in the other the need of a pleasant telephone personality, a certain technic in handling local politicians, self-discipline imposed by long hours, harassing assignments, constant work under pressure. Thus were the rough edges knocked off, thus were we worn down or polished up, depending upon our relative resistance to the abrasive action of Big Business.

At the end of five years of foreign service most of us had been recalled to the United States. We were no longer neophytes. Others stepped into our shoes, we moved along to sales assignments, to advertising jobs, to marketing analyses, surveys, executive positions. We had been through the mill, had travelled scores of thousands of miles in many foreign countries, had run the gamut from student overseers to sales managers. During these years we have lived comfortably, we have seen our earnings steadily increase, we have married, we have made investments, purchased life insurance, joined clubs.

II

Salary and position are not the only prizes. Of adventures and travels there are plenty for any youth with enough courage to apply for the kind of jobs that promise excitement. Our delegation which went abroad ten years ago has travelled by air, by steamer, by dugout, and by the hurricane deck of camel and mule through countries that most people know only through stamp collections. We have spent nights shivering on wild, wind-swept plains, wrapped in coarse blankets with a pouch of company documents serving for a pillow, nights in flimsy shanties with mud floors and thatch roofs, nights spent restlessly in grass hammocks slung between the palm trees (we slung them too low the first time, and a razor-back hog with the scabies scratched himself persistently against us). Moonlight swims in spun-glass surf, orgies in God-forsaken seaports, excursions into native archæology, jungle explorations, engineering and agricultural experiments beyond the frontier of civilization —these are the adventures that gave us a bond, a camaraderie—the kind that comes through mutual participation in escapades mad and dangerous. Can we be expected to forget a giddy ride on the pilot of a rocking Russian locomotive, through wilderness that might at the very next curve give place to a herd of stampeding mountain cows or a disgruntled nomad with a shotgun and a yen to use it?

Twice I have written scripts and conducted moving-picture expeditions through many foreign lands in the preparation of educational films. Others in my own circle of company friends have made surveys throughout Europe, South and Central America, Africa, and the Orient. We have met celebrities: writers, scientists, actors, professional men, directors of industry. Such contacts would be out of the question for young men were it not for the large corporations whose scope and activities command the attention of the big names. And travels of international dimensions are certainly not available to young men who strike out as independents.

Less than thirty years ago the present chief executive of my company graduated, accepted a job at sixty-four dollars and fifty cents a month, went to work on the foreign firing line. He rose steadily, logically, through production, foreign relations, sales, finance, policy, to the president's post. Of the seven vice-presidents, five are career men who arrived from scratch, all from foreign assignments, all without the aid of outside influence or money, with no other impetus than their native ability plus the opportunities which an expanding business presented.

So much for the exceptional men. It is safe

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to say that ninety per cent of the department heads have also come up from the ranks. Fifteen years is a fair average of their length of service, seventy-five hundred dollars a conservative appraisal of their annual salaries. These men are constantly increasing their earnings as they master the various assignments Big Business sets before them.

There is also the field of external opportunity to consider. Unwittingly the large corporations train young college men only to lose many of them. Here for example are some random cases of men profiting externally from their association with my company:

A tropical railroad man developed a facile style in putting his experiences into words. He became a pulp magazine headliner.

A young marine engineer on a company steamer spent his time writing novels about the Mediterranean and the Spanish Main. He is to-day the leading writer of the sea in this country.

A young civil engineer demonstrated the use of dynamite in irrigating vast areas of equatorial marsh land. A big rubber company thereupon made him chief engineer at the age of thirty.

A clerk in the auditing department mastered corporation accounting, became a certified public accountant and to-day owns his own business setting up ideal systems for various companies.

A young field representative trained to adjust wholesalers' claims and improve their merchandising made a contact whereby he became sales manager for a national chain-store system.

A freight-traffic executive developed a personal charm in making his calls that led to such influential friendships that he was offered the vice-presidency in a railroad company.

One of his assistants, carefully trained in the technic of personal magnetism, was made passenger-traffic manager of an enormous steamship company.

Perhaps then this makes clear why I see no reason to criticise Big Business for not paying large starting salaries or awarding choice positions to young men joining its forces. The fact is that Big Business does more for them than they merit. The yearlings come into the game full of scepticism, full of raw ideas, arrogant, selfish, offering ability, to be sure, but untrained, unaware of special qualifications, dependent upon Big Business to discover the natural bent of each. Why should these college men expect special consideration simply because of a pleasing baritone or an ability to crack eighty? They wouldn't get it from Small Business—and if they should set up shop as independents the world would knock them into a pulp forthwith and unmercifully!

No More Funerals

By SAMUEL HARKNESS

I HAVE just come home from a funeral. For twenty-five years I have been the officiating clergyman, to use the newspaper designation, in sod houses and tiny churches on the Dakota prairies and in funeral parlors and cathedrals of cities. I have said "ashes to ashes" over princes of commerce and politics, harlots, suicides, paupers, and those undistinguished by the extremes of behavior and circumstance. And yet I have never been able to overcome a flutter of panic, a sense of being trapped, whenever I am asked to conduct a funeral service. It is not that I am unsympathetic or resent the drain upon vitality and loss of time that funerals involve. The whole custom is so encrusted with grotesque and nauseating detail that I have come to hate funerals. So I wish to suggest that we have no more funerals, at least, as they are now conducted. And this plea must not arise out of the æsthetic grievances of those who, by reason of personal intimacy or professional service, are present when the organist plays "The Death March" from "Saul." They can soon shake off the funereal mood and again catch step with a natural and well-mannered world.

The bereaved family cannot so easily succeed. Shocked by the death of their loved one,

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they have become jaded and hysterical during the ensuing days. Every one has tried to exploit them. As soon as the mourning-wreath appeared on the front door the telephone began to jangle with the messages of salesmen of cemetery lots—"with good drainage," designers of "Gates Ajar," and dealers in crêpe veiling and black-edged stationery. These attentions were not welcome, but they were found to be the inevitable concomitants of woe. When the shaken little group came back from the cemetery they were in all probability met by some sensation-monger who exercised the privilege of intimacy to recapitulate the obsequies and departed at last with the benedictory injunction: "Now you must remember to be cheerful, my dears." Difficult advice to follow.

The drama which had been woven around their sorrow during the last hour and a half is still too vivid. The minister had read from the Scriptures the usual brave words. With no thought of the circumstances in which they were first spoken, he had blotted out their beauty and adventure with a fog of tonal mannerisms so that they were as dull and pontifical as himself. Then with an unctuosity reserved for the phrase, he had invited the assemblage to prayer. Mediæval theology and modern vulgarity had blended in the songs. And the liberties taken so cocksurely with the august mystery of death in the minister's address had added to the sense of unreality. But the climax of imbecility, from which the thoughts of the family most wished to recoil, had to do with the parade by the opened casket.

It is no wonder that those facing such a slow distillation of agony invariably say to ministers: "Please make your service as brief and impersonal as possible." But the lure of an audience with many strange faces in it is difficult to resist. Even though eulogies are passing out of funeral procedure, lengthy extracts of poetry and Scripture still obtain. And many ministers have simply transferred their panegyric gifts to a written prayer which they read with subdued gusto. I listened to such an invocation recently which blew like sweetened wind for twenty minutes through the gloomy nave of a crowded church.

Frequently, two or more ministers are called into the service. Then the endless streams of talk, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. One gentleman of the cloth made this declaration in a service in which I participated: "I will now speak a few tender, voluminous words." It was a threat, for he spoke for forty-five minutes and gave the deathless portion of every great sermon he had ever preached. When the time came for me to speak, I offered a two-sentence prayer. The undertaker, with another funeral in the offing, took us to the cemetery in record time. But my fellow prophet did not notice. He was telling me of the opportunity I had missed to say a few words to the unconverted.

An angry and humiliated woman told me of the funeral service held for a relative who had disgraced his family over a long period. Death came to him from the gun of a man whom he had fleeced in a card game. Members of the underworld and some newspaper reporters were present. The minister, feeling the undertow of melodrama and ignoring the embarrassment of the family, forgot his instructions to make the service strictly ritualistic and drew a vivid picture of the yellow gust that blew the gambler into eternity. The reward of the wicked was detailed while the children of perdition sneered and the reporters wrote furiously. The minister's thirst for publicity was quenched in the evening editions.

The president of a great theological seminary said to me: "Liberal leaders in religion are too academic to deal with personal problems. They are clever in philosophical generalities, but unconvincing at any fixed point in human experience." Perhaps this explains the refined hollowness of a certain type of funeral service. It is not sufficient to strip crudity away. Ministers who no longer believe in "streets of gold" must learn how to face death with a tranquil courage rather than to regard its mystery with a pathetic wistfulness. The shift from a robust literalism to an anæmic mysticism does not reveal the wings of eternity flashing above the hearse. Even Henley's "Invictus" has a certain virile dignity that is oppressively absent when the intelligentsia gather to mourn their dead.

The only accurate and adequate funeral sermon of recent years did not fall from the lips of a clergyman, but was the utterance of a producer of drama. He said: "Why fear death? It is life's most beautiful adventure." But those who throng the funeral parlors do not have Charles Frohman's philosophy. If my impressions are not false, the great majority of people do not believe in immortality. They are accustomed to push death away from their minds. But soon or late it is pushed on them in bereavement. Then they want assurances that cannot be given in honesty. When one tries to peer into the minds of funeral audi-

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ences, he sees conjecture as stark and as unanswerable as that of the Greek tragedies. The minister cannot escape being caught on the horns of the dilemma: he can leave the mourners in a state of panic, their usual reaction to death, or comfort them by using his imagination. His only justification for reading "a title clear to mansions in the skies" is one with the hypodermic needle shot home by the surgeon to soothe the mind and ease the pain of the patient.

Of course, many of the older folk in the churches still regard death as a manifestation of God's will, exercised specifically, and they bow in bitter resignation. Some years ago, I found a little hymn book in a country church from which I copied these lines:

"Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to Hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

Religion is a strange brew that curdles in the cup of adversity.

The students of Browning's Grammarian may go singing up the heights with their master's coffin upon their shoulders. O'Neill, in his play, "Lazarus Laughed," may make Tiberius cry: "Quick, Lazarus! Speak! in the name of man's solitude—his agony of farewell —what is beyond there, Lazarus?" And Lazarus answers: "Life! Eternity! Stars and dust! God's Eternal Laughter!" But such gallant gestures are pagan bravado to the philosopher of the golf links and the theologian of the commuter's train. They prefer to have a minister map "The State of Eternal Bliss" with all the familiar landmarks of the Apocalypse.

So it is that funeral songs and sermons reflect the common aversion to the thought of death as an adventure with their patter of security. And death, the insoluble mystery, is the thunderous silence that rebukes the patter. Frohman was right: it is the most beautiful of adventures, and in his case one on which the shadow of the undertaker did not fall. The sea was grim, but it was not cheap. So he escaped the fripperies which undertakers justify as "softening the blow."

Having known many undertakers, I except perhaps half a dozen from an irritating suavity of manner. Though pride of profession has made them "morticians," the damp of cemeteries is in their hands. Their gestures are Delsarte. They have overdressed the funeral until it has become an extravaganza of grief. The embalmer has become a Thespian. He is the sleek impresario of tragedy. Behind the scenes, however, he is quite matter of fact. He handles coffins as though they were bales of cotton and pursues his trade of embalming with nonchalance. One, long years ago in Dakota, would weep at every funeral, but he was always mildly inebriated. Another, in a Nebraska town, was lacking in the finesse which characterizes the craft generally. He watched the local newspaper and interrogated the doctors in order that he might spend the evening at the telephone inquiring for the sick. A subtler method, and urban, is to write the minister with whom he has had a funeral recently, thanking him for suggesting him to the bereaved family and hoping always to merit such favorable consideration. I have had scores of such billets-doux, although I have yet to recommend an undertaker. But I do know one minister of a large church who receives a check from a mortician every Christmas for services rendered.

Even the expression of sympathy through flowers, at first thought beautiful, is often garish and extravagant. It is not uncommon to hear this observation: "These flowers make me think of a funeral." Can it be that the florists are saying it too loudly? And who has not stood in the driving rain, listening, perforce, to the recital of a lodge ritual by a gentleman with a Mark Anthony complex, with a brief line tossed occasionally to the unofficial brothers, and chorused raggedly? Silver caskets are now regarded as the deathright of gangsters, but the desire of those who have the most modest of incomes to show affection for their beloved dead is seized upon by the undertaking profession for its own gain.

The purchase of a cemetery lot cannot guard the sacred dust. The burial ground that seems to be safely in the country to-day may be hemmed in by the city in a few years. Then soot blackens the marble angels, up-pointing fingers and broken columns. The roar and vibration of traffic will invade God's acre, and by night it will be the rendezvous of those who do not come to pray. Tombstone and flower merchants perch their displays at the gate of every urban cemetery as "catch-penny" candy shops border the playgrounds of public schools. And rural graveyards are ordinarily so bleak that one thinks involuntarily of Gray's line, "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid . . ." for the names have been nearly obliterated by the mocking blizzards, and the "perhaps" is in point. Last summer, I was fishing in the Colorado Rockies with a scientist. We had been talking of a recent funeral where poverty briefly wore the costly mask of ostenta-

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tion. My companion looked at the peaks pricking the sky and then at the crisp flowers at our feet. Then he said: "I would like to give my ashes to fertilize these gentians."

Epictetus wrote: "Beware how you resist the custom." It is a strange fact that any outcry against the desire of a bereaved family for simplicity and privacy in funeral arrangements comes from those who have known the decedent but slightly. The broadcasting of funeral services with such detail as can be picked up in description of floral tributes and the churchward movement of the procession opens a new breach in the walls of personal privacy, and is a new satisfaction of morbid curiosity. But the escape from the barbaric custom and relief from the toll of anguish is worth the effort.

Is it beyond reason to ask that funerals be no longer open to the public, but restricted to such relatives and friends as may be desired? That music of saccharine flavor and unsound speculation be barred? That flowers be sent to hospitals—better, milk and toys to day nurseries—in memoriam, with a note to the family that it has been done? That ministers omit fulsome eulogies and sublime guesses and confine themselves to the reading of an appropriate Scripture or poem and prayer? That cremation become the method whereby the body is reidentified with the earth? And that undertakers be restricted to the care of the body and have no part in the service? Revolutionary? Yes. And civilized. The experiences of a bereaved family ought not to deepen the wound of their sorrow.

Art and Religion

By ALBERT GUERARD

Beauty and Religion, long estranged on our shores, are again on the best possible terms. On every height some great cathedral is arising: it seems as though the earth were clothing itself anew with a white mantle of churches. On that one point Modernists and Fundamentalists are in full accord: both Reverend H. E. Fosdick and his doughty opponent Reverend C. E. Macartney are preaching under magnificent Gothic naves. Of all heresies, that of the Iconoclasts is the deadest; and the worst sin charged against our national scapegoat Puritanism is that it wrapped religion in rags of ugliness. Without proclaiming outright the Holiness of Beauty, Doctor Fosdick declares that its absence is a sin. "Nothing in human life," he says, "least of all religion, is ever right until it is beautiful." The revival of beauty, far from endangering our traditional religion, is thus expected to refresh and to intensify its appeal. The æsthetic path leads to the throne of grace.

The apostles of an æsthetic religion can boast of a glorious line of descent. For centuries poets and divines have discovered God in the beauty of Nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." "My soul," said Michelangelo, "can find no stair to mount to heaven, save earth's loveliness." When Rousseau wanted to expound his religious system, he spread before his disciple the splendid spectacle of the Italian plain: "Nature displayed before our eyes her utmost magnificence, offering it as a text for our discourse." For Ruskin, God was a conscious craftsman, a glorified William Morris, who "has Himself prepared for us, nearly every morning and evening, windows painted with divine art." Anatole France never came so close to orthodoxy as when he averred that the God who fashioned the Tuscan hills must have been an artist.

No one will deny the inspiring potency of such an argument; whether it is fully convincing is a different question. There might be an "æsthetic fallacy" no less insidious than the "pathetic fallacy." If Beauty points heavenward, what shall we do with Ugliness? Ugliness is a fact, as inevitably attached to its contrary Beauty as Wrong is to Right: for all human terms are relative. Charles Lamb chal-

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lenged in this wise the popular saying *Handsome is that handsome does:* "Those who use this proverb can never have seen Mrs. Conrady." In the same manner, those who discover the handiwork of God in Nature's loveliness can never have seen the dismal wastes of Atacama or the mudscapes of Texas. Ruskin himself confessed that God favors us with the wonders of His skill "*nearly* every morning and evening." So there are times when the Supreme Artist takes a holiday, and turns over His sunsets and dawns to the prentice hand of some callow Seraphim. Shall we then admire the hand of God in *some* of His works only, and pronounce with Ruskinian authority that yesterday's sunset was not one of His happiest efforts? Such connoisseurship verges on sacrilege! Or should we not admit a Spirit of Ugliness, a Cosmic Botcher and Pervert, a Transcendental Philistine, by the side of the God of unblemished beauty? Why not? Every great religion must have a dramatic, a dualistic, a Manichean element. Religion is not ecstatic quietude, but a combat: and the good fight has to be fought on the æsthetic plane also. There are some aspects of Nature that must be as abhorrent to the Creator as Sin itself: for we cannot conceive of an all-wise Deity that were devoid of good taste.

If we refused to discriminate, if we affirmed that everything in Nature is wholly admirable and lovable, since everything was created by the Almighty, is hallowed by His presence and instinct with His spirit, our plight might be even worse. For we should be led, not to Christianity, but to the abyss of Pantheism, wherein there is no Right, because there is no Wrong; no Beauty, since there is no Ugliness: every particle of the Universe being equally divine. The beauty of Nature therefore conveys a religious message which is sublime, no doubt, but equivocal, not to say bewildering. For it points indifferently to Monotheism, to Dualism, to Pantheism, according to man's fancy; and it is not inconceivable that it points to nothing at all.

But the reconciliation between Religion and Beauty has a second and more definite meaning. The *forms* of religious worship have a conscious artistic appeal: if your soul is properly attuned you will find High Mass in a cathedral a masterpiece transcending the utmost efforts of Wagner. The sacred beauty of ritual is usually connected in our minds with the Roman Catholic tradition. Yet it has never been better expressed than by the ultra-Protestant poet Milton. The familiar lines in "Il Penseroso" hold condensed, like an elixir, all the sensuous and sentimental religiosity of Romanticism:

> But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale,
> And love the high embowèd roof,
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.
> There let the pealing organ blow
> To the full-voiced quire below,
> In service high and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

Far more intimately than in the externals of worship, Beauty and Religion are fused in the profound charm of myth, legend, and symbol. We know not the date of Christ's birth: the contemners of Beauty, rationalists and Puritans alike, used to scoff at Christmas as superstitious or pagan: but the tender light of Bethlehem still holds us enthralled. Lyell and Darwin cannot match the sublimity of *Genesis,* already acknowledged by Pagan Longinus. *Credo quia pulchrum.*

Of this poetic gospel, the most powerful evangelist is not Reverend H. E. Fosdick, but one far more orthodox than he, and better versed in the secrets of Beauty—the Very Reverend James Branch Cabell: for it is said in "The Cream of the Jest": "Kennaston seemed to glimpse an Artist-God, with a commendable sense of form—Kennaston's fellow craftsman—the earth as that corner of the studio wherein the God was working just now, and all life as a romance the God was inditing. That the plot of this romance began with Eden and reached its climax at Calvary, Kennaston was persuaded, solely and ardently, because of the surpassing beauty of the Christ-legend. No other myth compared with it from an æsthetic standpoint."

The Psalmist, Michelangelo, Milton, Ruskin, Anatole France, Cabell, Fosdick: an impressive array of witnesses, yet only a few picked almost at random from a great multitude. With their main contention—the close kinship between the religious sense and the sense of beauty—we are in complete agreement. Kinship, not identity: religion is not an art, neither should art be turned into a religion. But Art, Religion, and we might add Love as well, in all essentials stand together in a sphere of their own, far removed from all other human concerns. All three are beyond

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common sense, normalcy, sanity. To the worldly-wise, they are a stumbling-block, to the utilitarian a scandal, to the scientist foolishness. All three scorn material standards of value: paradoxically they raise the last to be the first: they place the fisherman above the tetrarch, the vagabond poet above the faultless academician, the beggar maid on the throne. They ignore the law of the herd, as preserved by scribes and pharisees, judges and pedagogues. All three are raptures, ecstasies: the mystic in his contemplation, the artist in his inspiration, the lover in his passion, discover reasons that Reason cannot fathom.

Does our Puritan, hater of beauty, stand condemned? But he also is heir to no mean tradition. The anti-artistic strain has never been absent from all earnest religion. The Jews were no æsthetes compared with the Greeks: but they gave us our God, whilst Olympus is but a delightful fable. The early Christians were not such artists as Nero, with whom *Art for Art's Sake* wore the purple. Throughout the Middle Ages, the monks eschewed beauty, which, like wealth, pursued and overtook them in spite of all their efforts. When Cluny fell under the scourge of magnificence, Citeaux sought to restore simplicity, poverty, the uncompromising bareness of the ascetic ideal. The chiselled and jewelled cathedrals were the product of civic pride rather than simple faith. Luther was a Philistine by the side of Leo X: his soul abhorred the splendor of Papal Rome. Calvin waged ruthless war on beauty. The most earnest among the Catholics, the Jansenists of Port-Royal, hated all ornaments as profane. The Covenanters dreaded the taint of sensual pleasure to such a degree that they proscribed the use of instrumental music altogether. To be sure, they forgot that the 150th Psalm is an exhortation to praise God "with the trumpet, the psaltery, the harp, the timbrel and the dance, stringed instruments and organs, and loud cymbals." Many times, in gilded temples filled with operatic music, I have felt that the Covenanters were fundamentally right. I remember High Mass in the great Barocco Hofkirche in Dresden: the whole atmosphere was reeking with conscious beauty: but the true religious experience was not there. It was rather to be found in the austere chapel of some obscure convent, in a humble village church, in a sober, commonplace meeting-house, or even at a street corner, in the rough, halting, vulgar ranting of a revivalist.

Art is such a peril to religion—a far greater peril than Science—just because the two are so much alike. Beauty is the Tempter's most cunning snare: *janua diaboli*. Christianity is not humanitarianism, but a supernatural religion, mystic, other-worldly: Art glorifies Nature, *this* world, *this* life. For the Christian soul the flesh is the enemy: every art is a caress and a tribute to the flesh. The "garden of delight" sought by Santayana, "where gentle music were accounted prayer," is the exact antimony of Christianity's "vale of tears." The æsthetic path may lead to the most refined Epicureanism—the gospel according to Walter Pater: but never to Christianity in all its rigor. The devotees of Art serve the Prince of this World.

Indeed, it may be plainly demonstrated that the cult of beauty leads straight to the Devil. Surely it is significant that the æsthetic argument in favor of Christianity has been advanced chiefly by such as Chateaubriand, Baudelaire, J. K. Huysmans, Oscar Wilde, J. B. Cabell, in whom there is an unmistakable aura of decadent perversity. Earnest believers love the Law because it is *good:* the only beauty they recognize is the beauty of holiness, not that of material luxury or dramatic effectiveness. They would call it blasphemous to consider Christianity as a well-made play. If you toy too long with the "beauties" of religion you will weary of the eternal hymn of praise on harps of gold. Angels with their everlasting Yea offer scant resources to the æsthetic emotions. The "tremendous situation," to borrow Cabell's phrase, which makes Christianity supremely beautiful would not exist if Sin had not come into this world. Satan is the villain, but also the most impressive character, in the cosmogonic tragedy.

Romantic religion is an art—the art of extracting the utmost relish from that cleverest of æsthetic devices, Sin. To the mere moralist and the sober rationalist, wrong-doing is simply a miscalculation: it may be regretted, but it brings no particular thrill. To the artist in belief, Sin lends to human transgression an exquisite and lurid glamour. The soul becomes a battle-field between cosmic powers: what a glorious escape from our insignificance! The Romanticist will eagerly abandon the dull safety of plain good conduct for the lure of spiritual combat. In the fight, he will be inclined to elect the side of pride, rebellion, defiance. Satan was the first who craved to live "in beauty," dangerously, spurning the tameness of eternal acquiescence. He raised the dark flag of the indomitable Ego, and thus became the secret or confessed hero of all æstheticists. It is his gigantic figure that makes "Paradise Lost" formidable and supreme, whilst

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"Paradise Regained" survives only in a chill and dusty twilight. The Byronic pose is frankly Satanic, and Byron was the idol of two romantic generations. Chateaubriand, a modern Father of the Church, who claimed that he (clumsily seconded by Bonaparte) had restored Catholic altars in France, played with Sin with matchless virtuosity. There is no tragic situation that cannot be enhanced by a touch of sacrilege. Baudelaire plucked his rankest Flowers of Evil from inverted orthodoxy. The career of Gilles de Rais and the "Salome" of Oscar Wilde offer the same pungent blend of lust, sadism, and religiosity. "Yes, religion is an art!": but what shall we answer to the dilettanti who prefer Black Masses to Gospel Meetings in Little Bethel, and "The Litanies of Satan" to the hymns of Moody and Sankey?

Obviously, no true believer, if he were in his senses, would bet on the Devil: but the æstheticist is not, *cannot be,* a true believer. Religious faith in its integrity offers itself as absolute truth: and æsthetic enjoyment implies an element of conscious poetry, that is to say, of fiction.

The naked truth is not beautiful, and spurns beauty. A true piece of news that genuinely concerns us does not immediately call for any æsthetic response. An accident, a murder, of which you are a witness, will not impress you at first as a stirring drama. The poet whose first thought, on hearing of a catastrophe, would be, "What a magnificent epic!" would be less than a man. The painter who could watch with professional appreciation the tortured features of a dying child would be a monster. Victor Hugo wrote in all sincerity of his grief for his daughter's death: but at first he was stunned, then almost demented, and did not reach for years the haven of æsthetic consolation. The artistic element comes in with *conscious enjoyment.* It implies therefore that you no longer abandon yourself to your grief or joy, but that you are wilfully reviving, prolonging, reorganizing, those feelings which have already lost their starkness.

Absolute faith likewise is not "beautiful": at least not to the believer. Had the prayer of Villon's mother to the Virgin been transmitted to us we should in all likelihood have found it tame or conventional. The old lady mostly mumbled Latin words that she did not understand. When she spoke for herself she was on such familiar terms with the Queen of the Angels that she probably asked her to watch over her cabbage soup. Holy simplicity is drab. Translated by Villon, *who no longer was a believer,* that prayer glows with marvellous mystic effulgence.

Art, therefore, is self-conscious faith and qualified faith: make-believe, not pure belief. No truer definition has been offered of poetry, and of art in general, than Coleridge's: *willing suspension of disbelief.* Buttonhole me if you like, and spin your yarn of "The Ancient Mariner": you know it is not true, and I know it is not true, and we shall both enjoy it all the more. Art is not contrary to truth: it plays freely round the truth, an elusive shimmering light.

There is no clearer case of æsthetic religiosity than the legends which cluster round Christmas. The nativity of Christ, an astronomical festival, good old Bishop Nicholas of Myra, who so oddly became Santa Claus, and a jolly, ruddy Northern sleigh-driver who looks like the late Andrew Carnegie: a hopeless jumble, if ever there was one. Yet, young and old, we find inspiration, joy, and comfort in the spirit of Yuletide; we bolster it with our mightiest will to believe—and to make-believe; we tell children wondrous tales of the Three Wise Men from the East and of Santa's reindeer; the Nordic fir tree is laden with oranges, and bears at the top the Star of Bethlehem.

Renan—himself a master of æstheticism in religion—tells the story of a priest who gave such an effective sermon on the Passion that all his parishioners burst into tears. The kindly old soul took pity on their grief. "My little children," he said, "do not weep so hard. All this happened a very long time ago; and perhaps it is not quite true." At a single stroke, religion became an art: the tragic story could be enjoyed, purged from excessive bitterness. *But did it remain religion?*

Not the religion of earnest Christians, at any rate. The faith of Kennaston, deservedly popular in sophisticated New York, gives æsthetic pre-eminence to the Christ-myth. As a myth, not as a fact; pre-eminence, but no exclusive claim. Cabellian Christianity is true because it is beautiful: so is Prometheus; so is Faust; and, on a slightly different scale, so is Jurgen. Art's temple is a Pantheon. All great myths, legends, stories, characters, have their altar, or at least their niche, therein. Odin nods to Zeus across the nave; Samson proposes a wrestling-match to Hercules; Vergil and Dante compare notes. Victor Hugo congratulates Saint John: "Superb, your 'Apocalypse'! I couldn't have done it better myself. But you should see my 'End of Satan'!" But a Pantheon is the necropolis of faith. Christianity was persecuted, and Christianity tri-

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umphed, because it refused to enter the Roman Pantheon.

That Art can offer a substitute for traditional religion, we are ready to admit. Even to sketch such an æsthetic gospel, however, would take us far beyond the limits of the present essay. But this new religion will be an ever-changing procession of symbols: to historical or dogmatic truth it will advance no claim. It may borrow many a wise saying and winged phrase, many a character or episode, many a "myth" or "tremendous situation" from Christianity: it will not be Christianity. For Christianity, if it is to retain the reverence of believers and the respect even of its foes, must deal with absolute truth; Art plays with pleasing fictions. For the sake of intellectual integrity and spiritual earnestness, it is indispensable that the line between belief and make-believe should be sharply drawn.

A Dream

By Allen Tate

At nine years a sickly boy lay down
At bedtime on a cot by mother's bed
And as the two darks merged the room became
So strange it left that boy half-dead:
The boy-man on the Ox Road walked along,
The man he was to be and yet another,
It seemed, the grandfather of his mother
In knee breeches silver-buckled like a song,
His hair long and a cocked hat on his head,
A straight back and slow dignity for stride;
The road, red clay sun-cracked and baked,
Led fearlessly through scrub pines on each side
Hour after hour—the old road cracked and burned,
The trees countless and his thirst unslaked;
Yet steadily with discipline like fate
Without memory, too ancient to be learned,
The man walked on, and as if 'twere yesterday
Came easily to a two-barred gate,
And stopped, and peering over a little way
He saw a dog-run country store, fallen in,
Deserted, but he said, "Who's there?"
And then a tall fat man with stringy hair
And a manner that was innocent of sin,
His galluses greasy, his eyes coldly gray,
Appeared, and with a gravely learned air
Spoke from the deep coherence of hell—
The pines thundered, the sky blacked away,
The man in breeches, all knowledge in his stare,
A moment shuddered as the world fell.

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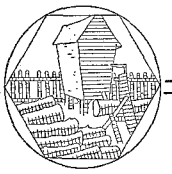

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

SELECTIONS FROM 4200 MANUSCRIPTS IN SCRIBNER'S PRIZE CONTEST FOR TRUE NARRATIVES OF AMERICAN LIFE

Fragments from Alluvia

By E. P. O'DONNELL

Life on the lower Mississippi, in the country below New Orleans where few writers have ever penetrated.

Some six hours below New Orleans by "freightin'-boat" the River enters the *big* prairie. Few tales or ballads have noted this region. The early French, seeking the land described in John Law's fabulous pamphlets, passed here, impatiently dismissed it as a sodden desert crawling with alligators, snakes, and other poisonous creatures, and sailed on. They were right about the poisonous creatures, but had they remained long enough to try some roasted muskrat legs or soft-shell crabs, their record might have been more complete.

Below Pointe-à-la-Hache the famous levees begin to vanish, getting lower and lower. Plantations and plantation lore—columned mansions nestling among magnolias—black banjo players sitting on cotton bales—duelling oaks and lacy wrought iron—these are left behind. They have never been heard of. At Baptiste Colette, the water's beaten bronze surface is barely higher than the adjoining alluvial flats. Spurning the cities at last, sensing the nearness of the sea, the River moves in brown whispers, shouldering the banks apart. It is a land of unrelieved horizontals, in which the eye seldom finds occasion to stray upward, except, perchance, to note the approach of one of those sudden squalls that frequently lurch in from the moody Gulf. So low is the levee that the 'Cajin oysterman, paddling homeward from the settlement in his cypress *pirogue*—if he has not indulged too freely in orange wine—can look across the River and discern his palmetto-thatched camp perched on four willow stilts far beyond the opposite shore.

The Jesuits brought citrus fruits to Louisiana. New Orleans dwellings were once fenced in with growing orange trees. Venerable orange trees now crowd against the west bank of the Lower River in a dense hedge almost thirty miles long, orchard joined to orchard. Behind the groves, on a strip of land built by prehistoric floods, vegetables are grown. "Pre-early" cabbage and onions, raised by the women while the men are away trapping or trawling, are shipped to New Orleans on itinerant packet boats that will stop at any landing on which a white rag has been tied. Brown hands as sinewy as any man's

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tend the vegetables with care, plying a delicate hoe, pinching off cut-worms with dexterous fingers, sprinkling water on the tender plantlets before sunrise on frosty mornings to prevent freezing.

Unique social and climatic conditions result from the curious arrangement of land and water. The low levee is not a mere barrier, as it is elsewhere. It forms the sole avenue of human movement. There is no other road or path. To go anywhere, you must walk atop the levee, rambling past orange groves fragrant with citrus oils. If you meet any one, you meet him on the levee. It is impossible to go anywhere without being perceived by all.

On one side the levee is the River with its small boats and luggers painted purple, or green, or blue, or yellow; and its peddlar packets bringing accurate news of the price of fish and fur; and its great, disdainful ships that never stop, but hurry past, heavy with cargo from every mart on the globe. On the opposite side are the oranges and multicolored truck patches; beyond these the lush grasses of the marsh, alive with fur-bearing animals; then, still farther out, the Gulf, abundant with fish, shrimp, and oysters.

Icy River, warm Gulf, humid marshes, variable winds—all combine to achieve an ever-changing meteorological panorama. Near its mouth, the Mississippi grows broad and briny, flowing in transitory grandeur. Frequently, a single afternoon sees it change from a serene sweep of unruffled bronze to a raging, serpentine sea snatching at the driftwood in spiteful hisses, then back to a placid sheet of yellow faintly streaked with blue from the salty Gulf.

"CULLUD"

About half the inhabitants of the Lower River are colored. Their complexion ranges from a white that is paler than most pure Caucasians to that astounding shade of black which the Negroes, among themselves, call "blue-skin." They are dubious of the rewards of strenuous labor. Unlike their fellow Negro peasants of the South, they own their piece of ground, and are therefore independent of every one save the commission merchant to whom they ship their oranges.

The simple task of mowing the yearly crop of wild fern and flowers from under his few orange trees accomplished, he is free to seek innocuous experiences of a varied nature until the late fall, when the picking season arrives. Now and then during the summer he will dig a ditch for some white man or hit his wife's melon patch a lick with the stallion-hoe. Sometimes, spying a fruit steamer coming up the River, he will don one of his wife's sunbonnets and a dress, and paddle out, waiting perilously near the oncoming ship, to wail in a cracked, falsetto voice, "Plea', sah, captain, give de po' ole lady bunch banana!" But even this sly sport savors of work. So he spends most of his time visiting his friends, or rummaging about the country.

It is not uncommon to see a *pirogue* drifting down the middle of the River, apparently empty but in reality bearing the slumbering form of its owner returning from the oyster beds with his stomach full. Once I saw a big ship nearly run down one of these sleeping boatmen. The frantic blowing of the whistle awakened him just in time. As the big steel hull swept past his *pirogue,* he rose to his feet, balancing the frail craft among the swells as only a Lower River man can, sleepily blinked his eyes and shouted, "Plea', sah, throw me a pack cigarettes!"

The colored man, be he pure Negro or merely "dipped," prefers to remain

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near home. Despite its rich rewards, the life of a trapper has little appeal for him. The big prairie is a lonely place. After dusk it is filled with those nameless terrors that only vast empty spaces can conceal. Cotton-mouth moccasins are numerous. The Negro shows his superstitious respect for this reptile by calling it the "Congo-snake."

He dislikes the notion of leaving his woman alone. He remembers that she is weak. In a community where life's tempo is so tranquil and the custom of paying long, informal visits is so widespread, it is not a good idea for the husband of a handsome and generous Negress to leave her alone for several weeks. It is not fair to the woman.

There is a tale of a pretty mulatto whose husband essayed the life of a muskrat trapper and left her alone in their shack by the levee. Po' Boy, as he was called, trapped many rats that season, earning almost three thousand dollars.

One morning he walked out of his camp to make a round of his traps, and found that during the night some one had laid a pair of deer horns on the doorstep. In accordance with the custom, this symbol constituted a warning from some anonymous friend that Po' Boy's wife back home was enjoying the society of another admirer. They were "putting the horns on" Po' Boy, in the old Creole custom. Po' Boy gathered his traps and hurried home.

Arriving at his place, he sneaked through the canebrakes and peered into the window. His wife was seated near the kitchen table skinning frogs for supper. There were only two frogs, or an individual portion. On the table, in the handwriting of Mother Magnolia, the local priestess, was a scrawled petition to Saint Apollonia, the patron saint for toothache.

"How's mah sweet papa toothache?" she asked at once, eagerly embracing Po' Boy. "Ah bin pray for your toothache since you gone away, yes."

Po' Boy's doubts vanished. Back home with his woman, freed from debt forever, he was not one to borrow misery. There were many ways in which one could account for the incident of the deer horns—rival trappers often do these things for competitive reasons; spiteful enemies frequently play such tricks.

Po' Boy and his wife lived in peace. That is, for some months. Then the birth of their first child approached. Po' Boy grew silent and irritable. Losing interest in his orchard, he haunted the levee alone. On the day of his wife's confinement he drank heavily. Boisterously he paced the porch, swearing to kill his wife if the child should be born without a certain mark which he, himself, bore on his right foot. After the birth, Mother Magnolia chased Po' Boy away, assuring him that the child was properly marked. He staggered down the levee proclaiming the birth of a son that looked exactly like himself. However, later in the evening the neighbors, hearing screams coming from Po' Boy's dwelling, rushed into the house. They found Po' Boy threatening his wife with an oyster rake. Weeping bitterly, he told them the truth. The child was marked on the wrong foot.

COCO'S COFFIN

Old Coco, the ferryman, lived alone on a barge. His house, which he had spent some fifteen years in furnishing with goods mainly salvaged from the River, stood in the centre of the empty hull of the barge, the sides of the barge rising about him in an unbroken wall of thick timbers.

In the good old days, coal barges, once unloaded at New Orleans, were considered worthless, there being no economi-

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cal means of returning them to the Upper River coal towns. Lumber was plentiful, and the barges were not worth salvaging, so they were set adrift. Today, generations later, a few of these hulks are still making the tortuous journey to their graves in the sea. Others, cast ashore by storm or flood, lie partly embedded in the sand, overgrown with willows.

Finding the barge snagged among the trees, Coco had moored it to a willow. Later a big flood had miraculously sent a house floating down to Coco. Apparently this house had served as the dwelling of some Arkansas or Tennessee hardwood logger years before, when oak timbers and planks were cheap. It was as solid as a fort, built with no regard for economy. Dismantling the structure, Coco had carried it piece by piece and practically reconstructed it entirely, inside the barge.

Coco, a little penguin of a man with stubby legs, short arms, and an inconceivably elongated torso, spent his time catching catfish, tending his vegetable patch ashore with the aid of an aged milk cow hitched to a "bull-tongue" or wooden plow, and paddling an occasional passenger across the River in his *pirogue,* which he asserted had been built by his great-grandfather. On the west bank, a conch shell was concealed in a hollow log. About once in three or four weeks a chance wayfarer would stop and blow into this shell. Hearing this mellow note, Coco would hasten to give the answering signal by pounding vigorously with a stick on an iron oil drum, then he would get into his *pirogue* and paddle frantically with his short, thick arms, sending the boat gliding through the waves in great lunges.

But Coco's most enjoyable occupation was paddling out after interesting objects he spied floating in the River. When the stream was in flood, particularly if the villages upstream had been washed out, he would sit for hours on an improvised observation platform on his roof, knitting crawfish nets and scanning the River's surface for signs of treasure.

Many were the strange objects he had collected in this way. His two pet alligators were imprisoned in a battered wicker bird cage. In his kitchen was an old what-not, now used as a repository for flour, coffee, and other canned culinary supplies. Nailed to his bedroom wall was a bespattered artist's palette which the River had brought. Once he showed me a clever French trick table inlaid with various beautifully grained woods. Its top, painted to represent a checkerboard, when lifted brought into view a receptacle intended to hold a liqueur set. In a large shed at one end of the barge, he kept that part of his collection for which he had no immediate need. Hundreds of oddly shaped bottles and jugs lay mixed with small furniture of all descriptions. Other articles in his stock, I remember, were a stringless guitar, a large thermos bottle, a baseball catcher's breast protector, several automobile cushions, a stenographer's stationery cabinet, a horse collar, an incubator, and a hydrometer.

One afternoon as we sat eating one of Coco's savory marsh-hen stews, we heard three faint gun reports.

"Dat's for somebody dead," said Coco, crossing himself, "somebody dead across the River."

When death occurs on the Lower River three shots, one each for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are fired over the water. Another object of this rite, which must be performed by some one not related to the deceased, is to notify all within hearing—fishermen in the bayous, trappers or hunters in the prairie —that death has just passed by and a prayer should be said immediately.

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"Me, Ah tink Big Grandmere Poirer, dem three shot was for," said Coco. "Three year she been trying to die. Ninety-one year old she was last Ash Wednesday, same lak my father." He further explained that she was called *Big* Grandmere to distinguish her from *Lil* Grandmere Poirer, aged seventy, who lived with *her* grandchildren and their children farther down the River.

Later, a skiff, bearing two figures, came across the River. Two of the Poirer boys, light yellow Negroes, had come—on a strange mission. They wanted to buy the coffin. Coco had a coffin in his loft. He had found it floating past many years before.

Speaking in 'Cajin French, the boys bargained with Coco. What? Sell the coffin? Absolutely not! The boys lingered, raising their offer. Coco went to the window and stood stubbornly gazing out, his hands clasped firmly behind him. The boys dropped the subject and we all took a drink of blackberry cordial. The boys left, but soon returned and stood in the doorway. Suddenly one of them spoke, doubling their last price. The other boy mentioned that they hadn't a decent plank at home to build a coffin with. Then without awaiting a reply, they both mounted the loft-ladder, opened the trap-door and lowered the casket. Coco had sanded it smooth and repainted it. Its color was brown, like an autumn leaf. There was a copper plate on the lid, with words engraved on it, and a strange insignia. Probably the casket had been intended for a member of some fraternal order. Coco watched the lowering of the casket, without protest. The boys paid Coco and we had another drink. Then the boys, smilingly inviting us to attend the wake and funeral, rowed away with the coffin balanced crosswise in the prow of their skiff. Coco stood outside watching the skiff until it touched the opposite shore.

"Six dollar, I left it go for," Coco told me. "That coffing he is worth big money, like you see him. I don't know . . . Lak I say, maybe I am glad to get that thing from out of my house. *Mais* Big Grandmere was friend for all my family ever since I can't remember. What could I do?"

That evening Coco fed his work cow and we went to the wake.

There was a large crowd in the cabin, mostly women. The corpse lay in a corner of the large room that served as kitchen and dining-room, under the ladder—an old ship's gangway—which ran obliquely to the sleeping-quarters in the loft. Two candles held by empty wine bottles lighted Big Grandmere's face, nestling deep in a soft pillow, stern and uncompromising in death, and not troubled by the mosquitoes which swarmed about the faces of the living occupants of the room. From feet to breast the body was buried beneath a dense and fragrant coverlet of orange blossoms. Across the room, seated near a kerosene stove that bore the boiling whiskey still, Lil Grandmere smiled at us over her copy of the New Orleans French newspaper. She looked about fifty years old.

A group of giggling boys and girls of various colors were gathered around the kitchen table eating from a large pan of boiled crawfish and a bowl of salad made from hearts of thistle. Friends and relatives seated on a row of chairs encircling the room were chatting, and now and then one of them chuckled softly. Every one had forgotten the corpse—or perhaps it was because death had long been expected. Mother Magnolia, the black priestess, sat at the foot of the coffin reading from a French hymn-book, uttering aloud the most impressive phrases. In one corner sat a beautiful young woman of mixed blood, her features made vague and sad by the dim light. Beside her sat

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a dark man with his hand on her thigh. He was dozing. His head nodded. The girl gazed around the room without moving her head, only shifting her great black eyes alertly back and forth. A very black Negro wearing a coat that reached his knees walked into the room holding in his hand a *pirogue* paddle, crossed over and stood beside the coffin for a long time. All the faces in the room turned and watched him, as if they expected him to utter some comment. Coco walked up to the new arrival and fell to discussing the coffin, carefully relating its history, and the manner in which he had achieved its present lustre.

Coco and I spent the night drinking orange wine. In a rear shed among the orange trees were several barrels of this liquor. It was potent stuff. The shed was crowded with men, mostly white trappers who had come out of the marshes to attend the wake.

"Meet my friends," said Coco. "Drink up. All these is my friend. Plenty wine, they got."

"Delighted to meet you," I said, over and over. "Any one who is Coco's friend is my friend." The wine was good. The Lower River trapper is a fine fellow. These people are not as hardy as the trappers of the North, but they are probably more congenial, as a class. Most of them are of Latin blood, with a sprinkling of Dalmatian, fond of succulent and piquant things. Their work is not too arduous; they eat and drink well; the season is short and the profits usually handsome. They like wakes, weddings, christenings.

We talked and drank. Our number was occasionally increased by newcomers, hunters, fishermen, sportsmen's guides who had travelled far to get a last look at Grandmere Poirer and drink to her safe departure. Coco, grown jovial and forgetting his unwise transaction of the afternoon, exhibited the coffin lid to each new arrival, requesting him to pass his hand over its surface and feel the finish.

In the morning there was a bounteous breakfast the women had spent hours in preparing. Bowls of hot coffee were passed, followed by a rabbit stew, with bay leaves floating in it, and raw oysters in olive oil. Coco, free from the effect of the wine, was again morose about the coffin, but he ate his share of the breakfast in silence.

It had been decided not to "pass through church" the body of Big Grandmere. It was too far from the nearest town. Coco read the house service, then supervised the closing of the casket. Amid the wails of the now anguished family, Coco stood closely watching the screwing on of the lid.

"But that's a pretty brown, yes," he whispered to me.

The sun was coming out of the River when they bore the coffin over the grassy rise of the levee. About thirty boats were tied to the rickety landing. The family had again forgotten its sorrow. Many of them chatted with neighbors, or offered suggestions as to the order in which the funeral boats should be placed.

Led by a large gasoline launch containing the remains and the immediate family, the long procession of skiffs, duck-boats, *pirogues,* and one flat-bottomed scow bearing four small boys who quarrelled for possession of the oars moved slowly across the River.

They dug a grave and gave Big Grandmere to the blue clay. The grave service was read by a tall, swarthy trapper wearing hip boots. Above the mourners he stood grave and purposeful, his black boots gleaming with dew. Vicious mosquitoes settled on his face and neck and remained there. He continued chanting the Lord's Prayer in French, while his eyes, looking upward,

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followed the flight of a remote flock of wild geese crossing the heavens.

Before the work of refilling the grave began, each member of the family, taking a clod of mud, threw it down on the coffin. The copper plate on the lid of the coffin shone, and the words engraved there were visible:

GOD HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL

Coco, fanning mosquitoes away with his hand, watched the falling clay cover the last area of gleaming wood. I know he mourned the loss of that casket for many a day. For there is little doubt in my mind that he had really been saving it for himself.

MADAME SOUCON

MULATTO girls in Alluvia begin to primp at a tender age—along about ten or eleven—powdering their faces as far back as the jawbones, and learning to call the nickname of a packet-boat's boss roustabout from the sound of the boat's whistle.

"A vuhjin," says Sam, the old levee mender, "is any female underneath ten years old."

This is exaggerated, but there are few prolonged courtships or complex preludes to matrimony. The tiresome complications are usually postponed until after the ceremony. A man must first take a wife, legal or natural.

Movies or drugstores do not exist. Wooing may be done either in the girl's kitchen or on the high crown of the public levee, where all may see. There are no deserted lanes or sequestered nooks. The levee is the only road, and it is flanked on the land side by an interminable row of gaily painted houses, peering through the trees with those vigilant eyes that houses have.

So shortly after emerging from his 'teens, after he has taken his first twelve-foot alligator single-handed and learned simultaneously to pluck a Canvasback duck and sail his *pirogue,* the Lower River youth selects some attractive child who is about to sprout breasts, and keeps an eye on her for a year or two.

One evening at Bible, or a christening, or dance, she finds him standing by her side. It has taken him a goodly part of the evening to manœuvre into this position, but after reaching the goal, he holds it like an ominous guard, standing immovable and gazing neither right nor left, until self-consciousness departs, permitting him to grin slyly at his less daring contemporaries. Before the evening has passed, the potential marriage of these two is being discussed by all. To monopolize a girl publicly for an entire evening can mean but one thing: the man wants that girl.

Early marriage and the tendency of certain women to keep right on bearing children after their children have borne children frequently result in grotesque relationships. I once saw a boy soundly spanked by his nephew, a grown man ten or more years older than himself.

Madame Soucon, as we will call her, was an old woman who lived some years ago down near the Passes.

One day during a stiff southeast gale, the pilot of a large passenger vessel was hailed by a woman pulling a rowboat. It was Madame Soucon. In the boat with her was a small boy. Madame Soucon was signalling the ship to stop. This is quite irregular, but the pilot, sensing something wrong, obeyed.

Sturdily bearing the child in her arms, grunting lustily and puffing on her pipe, Madame mounted the lowered gangway and approached the group of curious passengers on the deck, asking whether there was a doctor aboard. The child had been bitten by a moccasin while gathering wild iris, and was in a semi-conscious state.

The child was removed to the doctor's

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room, and worked over for an hour or so, until a marked improvement was observed. But the doctor advised that the boy be taken on to New Orleans for placing in a hospital to recover from the shock.

"*Sacre!*" exclaimed Madame Soucon. "You say if I want you to take Rene to the hospital in city? *Merci!* But you have cure him back again for me. Look him smile at you. What for we want to cook our cabbage twice, us? *Merci,* but you stop your ship, I pull him back home, me. To-morrow I'm go' see can I find that snake. I cut his head off and mash up dat head, and put it on the bite for draw out the rest of dat poison, me."

"But we are at least twelve miles from the place where you came aboard," said the doctor.

"*Mais* sho', if I can't pull skiff twelve mile *with* the current, like you see me, I must be getting old, yes. What that boy's great-grandmere say if we don't come back home to-day, I can't tell you with all those lady standing here, yes."

"Isn't his mother living?" Madame was asked.

"*Mais non,* po' child, it's a long time she was dead, her. Only his great-grandmere and me, he's got left."

"And you are—his aunt?"

"Me? *Sacre nom de 'tit chien!* His great-grandmere she is my *girl!* I am his great-great-grandmere!

ONE QUIET MORNING

Mother Magnolia gave her Sunday-school pupils a Pound Party.

This unobtrusive, emaciated little Negress, whom the white people glimpsed only when she passed by, walking the winding levee with a tall basket of crabs or blackberries balanced on her head, was a dominant figure in non-Catholic Negro circles. In addition to her preaching and Sunday-school work, she engaged in many other activities for her people. She purveyed a private brand of "strain-salve" for women in labor, prepared miscellaneous charms, healed the sick and the snake-bitten, and operated a kind of secret clinic for wayward colored girls.

Announcing that contributions had lately been so meagre that she was on the point of eating seagull meat—and that as all smart children knew, seagulls is nothing but duck-foot buzzards—Mother told her students that the price of admission to the Party would be One Pound of Something Good to Eat.

There would be songs, preaching, spiritual work, and a horoscope reading for each child, but no child would be admitted without its parents. Guests might bring anything in the way of fish, game, groceries, vegetables—a pound of rice, or a head of broccoli, or a few discs of trappers' bread, or a couple of eels. In the case of a very large alligator tail, such a delicacy would admit two or even three persons. But they were to be sure to bring their parents. If they couldn't bring their fathers and mothers, then they might use cousins, or aunts and uncles. The object of this rigid condition, of course, was to get the grownups to church at a pleasant social gathering, and thereby rejuvenate the tottering custom of going to meeting.

It was foggy the next Sunday morning, and still. I followed the levee road toward the cabin of Mother Magnolia. The mist isolated me in opaque space, and I could hear nothing but an occasional ship's whistle or an unseen propeller ploughing hoarsely. But drawing near to the cabin I could distinguish ahead a cluster of voices, rich, sad Negro phrases coming from behind the thick folds of fog. There were two towering cypresses growing by Mother's cabin. They loomed in the blurred sky, a soft smudge of archaic trees.

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The little orange grove behind Mother Magnolia's cabin was thronged with people; little groups gathered around a large group; couples standing apart; indolent youths lying prone in the dew; trappers squatting on their haunches, a position assumed by the men of the marshes to rest their legs after many days of plodding through the rank prairie grasses.

Assorted provisions were stacked mountain-high around the trunk of a large grapefruit tree—burlap sacks and bottles; bulging meal-bags; hampers of fresh wild-greens; strings of garlic; frogs tied into pairs by their hind legs, each trying to hop in a different direction; fierce snapping-turtles with sticks tied like bits in their open jaws; a gory portion of deer-meat hanging in the tree among the creamy blossoms.

They were boiling shrimp. Mother Magnolia herself was sprinkling red peppers into the washtub that held the food. A fire burned under the tub. Small boys staggered over the levee in the fog bearing armfuls of sodden faggots.

After the fire was started, Mother Magnolia preached, standing on the doorstep with a flaming red *tignon* wound about her head. She spoke of lust and charity, using the two words with equal relish; of old-time virtues and new-fangled vices; of forthcoming plagues of yellow fever, and fiddler crabs that would eat holes clean through the levee; of mothers waiting on the levee for prodigal sons gone to haul Baccardi rum from Havana. While speaking, she snapped her fingers and beat a rhythm with her feet. She turned her back on her hearers and spoke familiarly to the invisible Great Goddlemighty behind her. She waved her arms in parallel lines and circles. Her voice would rise to a chill yelp, then sink into a vibrant, quavering croon. It sounded portentous in the fog. All the while, the congregation hummed an undercurrent of rhythm.

During the sermon, Mother Magnolia's mate sat below her on an empty vegetable hamper, facing the assembly. He was picking his teeth with a heron feather and watching the children who sat in the first two rows, rebuking the restless ones with his large, expressive eyes. He was a huge Negro with polished black skin. His neck resembled a thick column driven into his trunk until it had forced his shoulders too far apart. It was said of him that once, being hired to demolish a shanty, he had taken the structure down with his bare hands, and arriving home had found a shingle clinging to his bare foot by a nail, which he had unknowingly stepped on while at work. His face was scarred and stamped with brutality, but the eyes, intent on the children, could change abruptly from sternness to amusement.

Mother Magnolia suddenly stopped talking and shivered.

"Now we go' change de service!" she exclaimed, wiping her perspiring face on her apron. "Ah go' get a messidge from de spiritual world."

The people began to chant, all kinds of voices following the one refrain:

Got a messidge!
Got a messidge!
Got a messidge from de spiritual world!

While Mother Magnolia stood with clenched hands and closed eyes, all heads were bowed, in a silence broken only by a faint, elusive, hollow dripping on the shingled roof—the sound of old brown cypresses uttering liquid vowels. A man and a woman in the last row sat very close together, with their cheeks touching.

"Heah come *Uncle!*" Mother Magnolia's voice bellowed. Then the people rose from their seats in unison, chanting with lowered faces:

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Uncle!
Uncle!
Uncle from de spiritual world!
Good mawnin Uncle Willay!
Good mawnin Uncle Willay!
Good mawnin from de spiritual world!

Uncle Willie was a Negro preacher who had died years before, an aged creature, brown and withered and toothless, who used to sit at the River's edge "dunking" ginger-cakes, dipping them into the water to soften them before eating, and preaching impromptu sermons to whomever chanced to pass. It is said Uncle Willie prophesied the disastrous hurricane that swept the Gulf in 1915.

Uncle Willie was now talking, through the twitching lips of Mother Magnolia, who spoke from the depths of her diaphragm:

"Two womans here wants to know who de father of their baby!"

Not a face moved. All heads were bowed toward the grass. Then, again the chanting:

Tank you kind spirit!
Tank you kind spirit!
Tank you from de spiritual world!

"Uncle Willay say: *two womans!* Uncle Willay say they got reason to hunt the father. It's a long time them baby is born, and look lak dem womans crossed up in some kind of trouble, maybe sickness. Look lak maybe got to have money. Two womans here, my friends!"

Tank you kind spirit . . .

"Uncle Willay say: tell dem womans pray on they knees in de night. Be caffle you pray in de night, and Uncle Willay say after two-three week, he reckon he go' show dem womans de correck man."

Tank you kind spirit!
Tank you kind spirit!
Tank you from de spiritual world!

The horoscopes were read, each child rising and telling its birthday. Mother Magnolia in each case consulted her book and translated the information into words they could understand.

A song was sung by three small children standing in a row on the doorstep, thudding feet beating time on the wood:

Little Sallie Wacker,
She sattin in de sun.
She longin, she longin,
Fo' some one to come.
So rise up Sallie Wacker,
An' wap yo' tears away.
A seal-brown man in a Guinea-blue shirt
Will shell yo' shrimps to-day.

After which Mother Magnolia again mounted the doorstep, holding an accordion, and called the hymn. There was the subdued sound of concerted throat-clearing, and the silken swish of wood-bees working in the fog. Then there came a sudden clatter from the side yard as a fiery Creole pony dashed in from the levee road, dragging a small wooden sled such as orange growers use to haul fruit from the orchards.

On this bumping, swaying conveyance was a fibreboard shipping case containing two whimpering Negro babies. Behind the box, perched precariously on the very edge of the sled, was a Negro boy about eleven years old, gripping the reins and cursing the pony. In his lap was a wriggling drumfish almost as large as the boy—admission fee for three persons.

The boy, checking his nervous steed, staggered up to Mother Magnolia holding the fish, which slowly revolved on a string, uttering its deep, drumming sound and flapping its tail. Standing before Mother Magnolia, the boy hung his head bashfully and mumbled that, as he had been unable to get any one else to attend the Pound Party with him, he had brought the babies. They were his aunt and uncle.

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Hills of Home

By MARY HESSE HARTWICK

I was born in northern Pennsylvania in 1887, but later my parents migrated to Missouri. There I was raised and at the age of sixteen was sent out as an evangelistic teacher. For thirteen years I taught wherever I was sent.

Returning from the Philippines to recover from a malarial fever, I went to Alaska to teach. While there, I married a Danish printer from San Francisco.

For a summer we explored the Alaska Peninsula and the islands about Kodiak, with the idea of a fur farm. Then, wearied with the vastness of all we had seen, and homesick, we heard of an opening of land in northern Montana.

Coming to Missoula, Montana, I waited there while Bob made the trip into the Flathead National Forest, a hundred miles northward. The first fifty miles were made by stages, the last fifty afoot.

He returned to Missoula very much elated with what he had seen. A vast hinterland, a wooded paradise; an unfenced glory of lakes, streams, forest, and two ranges of mountains, the Mission and the Kootenai hemming in this valley where the land was open for homesteading. Then he told me that the land was all taken.

Dejectedly we hung about the land office. One day the agent called us in and said that there was one isolated homestead away up on the eastern slope of the valley. We filed on it. He closed his book with a sigh of relief. As we clattered down the wooden stairs we laughed, thinking that the agent had given us the place to get rid of us.

We decided to wait until spring. So, through a teachers' agency, I went to Colorado to teach. Bob went back to the Swan Valley and with the help of a settler put up a tiny cabin and packed in some bedding and emergency rations. Then he returned to Missoula and went to St. Regis to work with the lumberjacks in the woods. We both made good money that winter, as wages were good.

Then the next year, May, 1918, we were again in Missoula and leaving with a new team, wagon, and a load of things for the homestead. Grub was high; the outfit stood us in seven hundred dollars. We paid four dollars for ten pounds of lard, six dollars for a box of prunes, and twelve dollars for a slab of bacon. We were allowed a little sugar and a lot of flour substitutes. The substitutes were mostly glucose and of a doubtful color. We were so excited about getting started that we thought little about anything else and turned deaf ears to all warnings about the mountain road.

After two days of wagon travel we came to Potomac. There we put the tired horses in the barn and went to the hotel. In the morning we were told that we had too big a load. We looked things over and could part with nothing but three hens and a rooster that we were taking in a box. We gave them to the hotel man and started up the road. In two hours we were well mired down in the mud and had to come back afoot for help. Derricked out with poles and much advice, we went back to the town and went about the business of sorting out and storing half of our load.

Reluctantly the next morning we checked out, and with the lighter load detoured and camped that night at the junction of the Blackfoot and Clearwater rivers. Blanketing the horses from the cruel wind, we made our bed on the ground and turned in.

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Two more days brought us to the edge of the snow. Entering the narrows of a long chain of lakes, we were in big timber and working through deep snow over a trail which the mountains were forever trying to crowd into the lakes.

After the fourth long lake, we came to a little cupped-in flat where a lone homesteader had already put up a cabin and a barn and was clearing the land. We asked him if we might stay for the night. "Sure, why not?" He put our horses into his little barn, turning his own team out into the lot. This man was a carpenter and had made nice furniture and cabinets out of the forest, and he was getting ready to get married. He showed us the picture of his future wife, whom he had not yet seen. She was coming from the East and he was to meet her in Missoula.

In the morning we left the wagon with the homesteader and packed baled hay and grub on the horses, and with packs on our own backs we went on up the road. All that day and until dusk we struggled along, hopping over the holes into which the horses often sank. Toward night the horses became uneasy, neighing and looking hopefully ahead for the sight of some human habitation and the familiar smell of a barn. Bob kept talking to the horse he was leading, giving her biscuits from his pockets and fixing her load. My horse was older and was used to packing and went stolidly along all day, but he, too, became wearied by night and doubtful, and would stop to nibble at the bushes.

Under a friendly spruce where the ground was dry we camped that night, blanketing and feeding the horses under other trees. Repacking in the morning we went on, carrying our own loads and leading the horses. By noon we left the narrows and went through rising timber where the snow lay deep and the going was hard. Then over a ridge and down to the edge of a vast meadow of swirling water and clumps of willows. Now it was gathering dusk, and far across the flooded area we saw the flicker of a light, the light of Red Davis's homestead, the only settled place in a thirty-mile stretch. Like a beacon the light twinkled through the fog. Numb and water-soaked and light-headed, I clung to my horse's mane and waded the meadow. Bob wanted me to ride the already heavily loaded horse, but I thought I would keep my footing if possible.

"Good God, a woman!" Red stood in the light of his door, his shock of hair illuminated by the big fireplace. "Come in, for God's sake, come in!"

He threw more wood on the fire and put a shovelful of coals into his cookstove. Through the window I saw him rubbing the ice from the horses' bellies, and the two men took the horses to the barn. I fell asleep while Bob and Red were getting supper, and when I tried to rise to go to the table my legs had gone dead. Bob brought my supper to the side of my chair. Wrapped in Red's bath-robe and in a luxury of fatigue I sat and ate and realized that I was famished and half frozen.

We stayed a week with Red. "Let the snow-waters run off—you are in no hurry." Red said that he was lonesome and glad of company. And tired of his own cooking. So I cooked, roast elk meat and dried-huckleberry pie, fish and venison, and I made light bread. The two men ate and talked and played cards or sawed firewood and did Red's chores.

At the end of a week the road—a crude trail—was still flooded. We left our horses with Red, and taking packs on our backs went up over the hill and detoured back to the road at Summit Lake. From there we mushed wearily down over ridges, through sloughs, find-

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ing our way at dusk to the Gordon Ranch, fifteen miles beyond Red's.

The next morning, stiff and sore, we shouldered once more our packs and went back the road a mile and struck due east, following blazes on the trees. The country was heavily timbered and snow still lay in the spruce bottoms. But over gradually rising ridges we came up into a sunny park-like place, the tall trees letting in the sunshine and the almost bare ground already green with bear-grass and kinnikinic and princess pine.

The sunlight fell through the tall tops of the spruce and tamarack and we were coming upon an open radiance that made us forget all our hardships. There were tracks of elk and deer and bear about, and a great noise of squirrels and magpies and blue jays. The park sloped down and came suddenly out on the edge of a wild high basin, the bottom of a glacial lake. There was a growth following the stream through the meadow, and here and there were clumps of willows and jackpines, but for the most part the land lay open, as of an ancient farm. We sat down on a log to rest and look.

Across this eighty-acre meadow, on the rising ledge of the Kootenais, stood the little cabin that Bob had built the previous fall. Snow-waters were rushing across the land, swelling the creek and roaring on to pour through a choked gorge in the forest northward. Swirling bunches of snow and dead grasses were floating away, releasing the clumps of willows. The pale-green catkins were already on the willows.

There was a great sound of returning migratory birds and the sounds of the hurrying waters. We skirted the edge of the wet meadow and came around to the ledge and on up to the cabin. Standing on the ledge we could look across the meadow and across a vast green rise to the long line of the Missions, running northward against the western sky. It was noon. The sun was shining and the vast expanse of sky clear, we could see over the whole valley before us. Back of the cabin the bare peaks of the Kootenais rose abruptly and seemed to lean out over our basin. "It is not going to seem shut-in here or lonely, it is a lookout," said Bob. "Don't it seem like a home already—like some old farm?"

Inside, the cabin was clean and dry, the tarp-bound roll of blankets hung from the ridge-pole, and the emergency rations were in tins on a shelf in the gable. We soon had coffee and were eating the enormous sandwiches of elk meat that the two bachelors at the Gordon Ranch had given us. And our wet clothing was hung on the wall behind the tin stove.

We had started from Missoula with seven hundred dollars' worth of things, and now we were at our cabin with what we could carry in our packs and in our pockets. We disgorged: one pound of tobacco, one yeast-cake, one slab of bacon, ten pounds of beans, ten pounds of Hooverized flour, two cans of milk, three hundred and seventy prunes, some chewing-gum, garden seeds, fishing-tackle, ammunition and candles, one copy of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, one book of poems, no sugar, no fat, no soap.

I rationed out the prunes later—six a day. I did not count the beans. We read the magazine, and the poems, and the labels on the milk-cans, over and over, later.

In a week the snow-water, rushing so violently down from the abrupt canyons of the Kootenai peaks east of our meadow, had drained out through the gorge. The land was drying out and we could grub out the small stuff along the creek and make garden soil. We had brought a few packages of garden seeds in our pockets, and hurrried to plant them.

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Four days after we had planted peas and lettuce and carrots, they were sprouting from the ground. The sun was hot in the basin, and the soil was a loose black loam, already cured out by the growth of wild grasses. Things planted sprang up like magic.

True to his word, Red Davis soon appeared on the rim of the basin, leading the two horses. He had taken a plough apart and tied it on their backs, together with harness and field seeds.

"I never cussed so much in all my born days," he exploded as soon as we were within hailing. His face was scratched and bloody, his hat gone and his glowing hair all tousled. "I thought this was the damn place—I was in here once and helped to take out a dead Indian. I went down to Bob Thompson's after your seeds and some things I thought you might need." I asked him if he had brought any reading matter. "Hell, no!"

We turned the horses loose and rested that day and looked over some mail that Red had brought. Then the next day the two men reconstructed the plough with what few nails and bolts Red had brought. He thought we had a gall, trying to farm in that hole.

They made a brush harrow and dragged it over the ploughed ground. It was not so easy to plough the deep sod, and the horses had to rest or to work on the harrow. It took both men to plough, but when Red harrowed or the horses rested Bob grubbed continually, and when I was not cooking, I came out and carried away the roots and rubbish, stacking them to be burned. I tried not to hear the swearing when the plough clogged up with kinnikinic or struck a root. Once when Red came past me he yelled, "I've been breaking up homesteads all my damn life. Soon as I get a place fixed up, I come away and leave it to the other fellow." Then again when he went past he yelled, "Job's turkey!" In time I gathered from his disconnected remarks that he wasn't very optimistic about homesteading.

They sowed by hand the timothy and red clover and oats. Red said that we could cut the oats this year and have them to feed the horses next spring when we ploughed. And the timothy and clover would make a crop the second year.

After the five acres were in seed and the harrow dragged again across the ground to cover the seed, Red rested a day and then went home, taking the horses with him, as we had no fenced pasture for them. When he had gone, a great silence settled back and we were lonely. But we had made arrangement to go to Red's to help cut hay, and we were consoled with the thought of seeing him then.

We worked hard through the long days. I made more garden and hoed and irrigated what was growing. Now we had a few tiny carrots and beets, and lettuce and onions. There was wild garlic on the slopes and wild strawberries were beginning to ripen. If the prunes met the strawberries, and the strawberries met the huckle and sarvice berries, I could see where we were going to make out.

The fishing was getting good, now that the waters were quiet, and on Sundays, if we knew when Sunday came, we went fishing in Clearwater Lake, five miles along the foot-hills south. We made a raft and poled about the lake, hooking big salmon-trout and steelheads, native trout and squawfish. We cooked fish on the shore, and because fat was so scarce, the fish were mostly boiled. Out of the flour substitutes I could not make any bread for sandwiches. The bread had to be cut with the hatchet.

The basin seemingly had been a bird

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sanctuary. The birds were coming in migratory flocks, crossbills, grosbeak, evening-grosbeak, wild canaries, humming-birds—with beautifully stained colors. The purple martin and bluebirds nested in houses I put up. Robins made their nests under the eaves of the low cabin and on the crude fence we had put up around the garden. At five in the mornings the robins and the white-throated sparrows heralded the dawn, and the mating-song of birds sounded all day across the meadow. Toward evening there came from some far-away pot-hole in the woods the cry of the mourning-dove. Back in Missouri, my mother had called them turtle-doves. And at the very end of the day, there came the threnody of the hermit-thrush.

Little cubs came into the open during our early days on the homestead. They would go about playfully swatting at logs or rooting for bugs and ants. We sometimes heard the mothers grunting to them, and would catch a glimpse of the mother in the edge of the forest. It was mostly after sundown that the wild things came out into the open meadow. Elk and deer and bear and porcupine. As the tame hay matured, does came with their fawns and nibbled on the oats and clover. Better to us than any harvest was the sight of the fawns, the innocents of the forest, playing leap-frog or chasing about the mothers. In the gathering grayness they blended so perfectly into the landscape.

When the moon was full in July we went to help Red Davis cut hay. We stayed three weeks, making a holiday of it. There were lots of wild berries about his place which I canned and dried for him and to take home. He had a boat on Rainy Lake, the fishing was good, and then we could ride about on the horses—to Corlett and to Montour and into the Ovando country.

Evenings we sat against Red's cabin and looked up to the barren peaks above timber-line. Often we could see goats going up to sleep on some high ledge. From the Missions back of us there came the level rays of the sinking sun, lighting up the contours of the Kootenais. We told Red how tired we were of the substitutes. "Oh, well, the Germans are eating bark," he said.

Red brought us back in a wagon to where our trail turned off and there we packed the horses and led them in to the basin. Red stayed overnight, tying the horses up, to keep them out of our grain. He was surprised to see the tall oats heading out. He would send us a scythe—a Johnny Armstrong—to cut them with. When he left this time he admonished us about working too hard. "Take it easy; don't work yourselves to death. These homesteads can kill a person; the more you work the more you see to do."

On the 1st of September we came home to cut the oats. After one day of cutting with the scythe, Bob went to the Gordon Ranch and borrowed a horse to draw the oats up to a stack. There was a heavy crop, tall and well-headed, and we were cutting it somewhat green, and curing it for feed. Bob made a travois of poles and canvas, and the horse drew the heavy bunches of oats to a high mound, and we thought there would be no end to the work. "We will have to get a road and a mowing machine and rake before we farm any more in here," Bob said, sweating and swinging the scythe and looking to see how much remained. Five acres was a lot of hay to put up with a scythe, one pitchfork and a horse—a one-eyed horse with a bumble-foot, and him trying to eat all the time.

But we got the yellow stack up and covered with our wagon tarp and tent. It looked good. After we had taken the horse home and had rested a few days,

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the stack looked wonderful and we forgot the ridiculous hardship of harvesting.

On the 12th of September Bob and Red and the men at the Gordon Ranch, in fact about every able-bodied man we knew, went to register for service. There was no chance, that any of us knew, of an end to the war. Every one expected it to go on. Red said it would go on until everybody but the Chinamen were dead.

We put away our carrots and turnips and began to fix to go out, if Bob were called. We kept working on the place, waiting. Then Red came in to say that if Bob would come and help him cut his winter wood, he would let us have traps and help us set them out.

So the men went away together and I was two weeks on the place alone. It was Indian summer; a great stillness seemed to have fallen over the forest. I worked in the clearing or sat in front of the cabin in the yellowing sunlight. There was fresh snow on the glaciers and peaks of the Mission range and on the high peaks back of the cabin. But the days were still warm. The basin was filled with gathering flocks of birds; they had come down from the higher hills and were getting ready to migrate. The frosty nights were bringing out the vivid colors of autumn. By sitting quietly at evening I could see the animals come out of the forest, and at times the bear came uncomfortably close and I sneaked into the cabin and fastened the door and laid out the rifle and shells.

When Bob and Red returned, it was great to see them and to hear the sound of human voices. I was fed up on coyotes and hoot-owls. The two men went to the south of the basin and over the divide into Grizzly Basin, and put up a shelter and left a tin stove and some dry grub and blankets. Bob would run a trap-line into that country.

Now there was a great lowering of the skies; we hardly ever saw the sun. The ground was frozen, the creeks and lakes were beginning to freeze over. The dry aspen leaves below the cabin rattled, the yellow needles of the tall tamaracks were floating down and lay thickly over the trail and field, simulating sunshine. When the clouds lifted from the peaks, there were great weights of fresh snow.

Bob and Red had taken out hunting licenses, and they went with horses around Holland Lake, which lay a mile north of our place, and from the shore of the lake they went up the Gordon Trail and into the South Fork country, returning with two elk. These were skinned and cut up and hung to freeze. Then they killed two bucks and dressed them. Red packed his meat home and we hung ours up under the shed we had built onto the cabin. It seemed wonderful to look at—a whole winter's meat, and so many persons starving.

Bob and Red had set out traps about the basin and around Holland Lake. They had burned hay over the coyote traps to take off the human scent and had dragged bloody rabbits to hang up in the lynx sets. The mink traps along the creek were baited with fish-heads. We now went the rounds of the traps, our hobnails making a clinking sound on the frozen ground. We would take off our mittens to reset traps, blowing on our freezing fingers. Right away we had two big lynx, one of them a blue one, worth at least seventy-five dollars. And we had trapped and poisoned four coyotes and had caught several fine mink.

Then when the soft snow came and buried the traps we were not so lucky. After the first snow there was a spell of sunshine, though the nights were getting bitterly cold. The wild geese went over our cabin and their V-shaped for-

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mations could be seen for many days. The sobbing in their throats came down to us in the night, a gasping, spent sound of weariness and homeless terror. Their southward flight brought to us the realization that winter, too, was coming out of the North.

Now it was November, and great winds whipping the forest. The snow on the meadow was blown into powder and stacked in voluted ridges against the southward forest wall. One windy day Bob had gone to the Gordon Ranch for mail and news. He was gone so long that I was watching through the gathering dusk the spot where he would come out into the clearing. When I saw him I went to meet him, seeing how he was hurrying. I went slowly, thinking that I knew what I would hear. But, no. He came on with that peculiar rocking motion of the shoulders so familiar, and he was calling something that was lost on the wind. Then I understood. The war was over, "finished, ended, done"—he searched for finalities. The Armistice was signed, it was ended.

So we went on trapping, and getting more wood for the winter. There were days of blustering snows that kept us in the cabin. Then in the pale sunshine we would go on the trap-line. Toward the last of November the sky cleared, and there was a crust over the snow, so that we could get about easily with snow-shoes. The clear sunshine and bitterly cold nights would glaze over the deep snow; sometimes in the early morning we could run about easily in moccasins or rubber shoes over the open meadows and lake surface, and in the timber the going was good, as most of the down-logs were covered.

We prepared for a trip over the mountains into Grizzly Basin, and one bitterly cold morning when the air quivered with frost we put on our packs and tucked our snow-shoes under our arms, and went down across the creek and entered a dark spruce bottom. Following the bank of the creek, we went up the rising shoulder of a mountain, and coming out at timber-line worked along the ledges southward to drop down on the surface of Clearwater, a high long lake. On the shore of this lake we had patched up an old cabin and had left some cooking things and canned grub. We were to stay at this cabin the first night out so as to get an early start over the divide into Grizzly Basin.

In the morning we hurried over the crusty snow on the lake, our snow-shoes making a swishing sound in the frosty air. Rounding a ledge, we climbed up through a rugged gorge and came out on the apex of a snow-covered rock-slide. Digging in with alpine sticks and a hatchet, and carrying our snow-shoes, we rounded the slide. Coming into the sunshine the snow was soft, and we drove through it with snow-shoes. When we stopped to rest, the sweat froze on our eyelashes and the glare of the sun was blinding.

Coming abruptly into the pass, we were on a floor of old dirty glacial ice, between two walls of rock. There was a space between the ice and the granite. Looking down I could see that the glacier must be about twenty feet thick. We sat down in the pass to rest a bit and to look through to the waves of mountain peaks and walls against the thin blue sky. Clear to Glacier Park and the Canadian boundary the Continental Divide ran, and here and there storms were whipping the white peaks. Great banners of snow rose and thrashed about; the wind must have been terrific. It was a place for ethereal spirits, not for puny creatures of warm flesh and blood. A world of hammered snow. Of dazzling whiteness and of black shadows.

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On the east side of this narrow pass we worked down over firm snow to timber-line and crossed a ravine which was filled with a great depth of packed snow. Crossing this we worked up over a terraced mountain and down again, into Grizzly Basin. The basin was a walled-in park, high and wild, and there was a depth of about six feet of packed snow on the ground. Dusk filled the basin, and it was getting quite dark when we came to the tiny cabin, jammed into a cliff-side and half buried in snow.

Bob had already made two trips to this cabin. He had left dry rations and wood, so that there was enough to eat for a week in emergency. The cabin had no window or floor, it was cold and damp, but with a fire in the tin stove and a candle burning, the place seemed a miraculous haven of rest in the wild white mountains.

Supper over, I fell into the narrow bunk and slept. After eight hours Bob roused me to take my turn tending the fire. I drank the hot tea he had made for me, and put on my wool trousers and socks that he had dried out. It was bitterly cold and I sat crouched over the stove and drank more tea and ate dry biscuits. "If you go to sleep," Bob had cautioned me, "we will both freeze to death."

In the after-watch of the night, I wanted to light a candle. But we were to save the candles for emergency, for frozen feet or the immediate need of fire. So I left the stove door open sometimes when the stove was drawing good, and I could pull the fire out a little onto the dirt floor. I had brought in my hip-pocket a thin black book that my father had given to me when I was very young. The title is "Selbst-Tödtung" (self-annihilation). In the beginning of it he had written: "Gott, mein Schöpfer, der Lobgesange giebt in der Nacht" (God, my Creator, who giveth me song in the night).

In the morning it was blue-cold. Layers of frost hung in the air of the basin. Going the rounds of the traps, we made good time. The great depth of snow had covered most of the down timber and underbrush and the intense cold made a good crust. Snow rasped on our shoes like gravel. Frost-covered twigs snapped off like chalk, sending powdery snow into the air. The day was short and overcast and there was an increasing roar overhead around the mountain tops. Toward night, the wind, reaching down, whirled and sucked through the deep basin. Driven snow cut our faces like hot steel-filings. At dark we reached shelter exhausted. Bob got some more wood and then hung a canvas over the hole that we called the door. We sat on the wood-pile, eating from one tin plate. My ankles were galled from the straps of the snow-shoes. Left strictly alone I could contain myself. I thought of the furs. We had three coyotes, a cross-fox, a bobcat, several marten and weasels. The cross-fox was a rare catch. Now we must thaw and skin these animals; they could not be carried over the Divide. It would take two days to slowly thaw them.

That night the wind increased, tearing at our shelter, ripping the snow off, then piling it back on again. White dust sizzled on the hot stove and over our clothing and bunk. After sleeping my turn, I gave up the miserable bed and sat drinking miserable tea. My hands encircled the hot cup, and as I watched the tiny spiral of steam losing itself in the immediate frost, I marvelled that we, with this little fire, could withstand the will of the blizzard.

After hours of tending the fire I brushed the frost off the face of the watch and saw that the time was nine

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o'clock in the morning. Getting Bob up and giving him black coffee and hot food, I told him I thought we were buried in snow, it was getting so close in the cabin. Bursting inward the door, we dug out into a world of driving snow. It was almost impossible to face it for a moment and breathe.

During the noontime lull Bob worked his way out and cut down dead trees, some so buried that we could only get at the tops. I carried the wood in and stacked it under the bunk and around the wall. Resting for breath, I would flounder out and get another load.

With our backs to the wall we fought that blizzard for three days. The blasts of snow-laden wind had a terrific whipping strength. We lengthened the stovepipe by the addition of tin cans and fastened it all with guy-wires. Luckily we had brought bailing-wire for the traps. So we worked to keep the stove going and to get wood to feed it with. We expressed no fear, but I saw that Bob only slept in short snatches and missed no chance to get more wood and that he was eating sparingly and looking over the supply of grub. I thought of how no one would look for us, and how we might not be able to recross the mountain. We could eat all those frozen animals—we could cook them in snow-water.

On the fourth day there was a lull. Then the quiet spells grew longer. At midnight we went out into an utterly calm world. With the going of the wind there was no more storm. It was still bitterly cold, but the stars were out—our friendly familiar stars. Realizing that we had won out against the blizzard, we began to run around on the hard-packed snow and up on the ridges packed against the southern cliff-wall—dancing and shouting like lunatics, celebrating our escape from the close quarters of the cabin and our release from fighting the blizzard.

We had to stay two more nights thawing out the frozen animals. Then, with the furs safely packed and emergency grub and pitch and candles and matches, we took our alpine sticks and snowshoes and started back the way we had come. We were carrying a week's rations, and were prepared to take things easy. But the storm had not made the going worse, rather it had packed the snow more dependably tight, so that with patience and digging we made it over and down through the same rough gorge to drop on the open space of Clearwater Lake. Mercifully, the going was easy over the long surface of the white lake, it was moonlight, and we made it to the old cabin, where I gave up and would not even make an effort to get my frozen clothes off.

There in the cabin we sat before the fire, wrapped in dry blankets, and drank tea and ate hot boiled rice. Our clothes hung up to dry and the furs were safe. As the trip stood we had about three hundred dollars' worth of fur. And there was still the line about Clearwater Lake and meadows, and there were traps to visit on the way home.

Now that we were back in our cabin on the homestead, we knew, by contrast, the luxury of a shining oil-lamp, a clean table, chairs, light clothing, and dry slippers. A sizzling elk steak on a white plate, knives and forks and cups. Rest, a sweet-smelling and warm cabin, and a dry clean bed.

The thongs of my moccasins had cut into my insteps, my feet were seared with frost, my back galled and lame from the pack-sack, my nose was swollen, my face burned. I would be crippled for days. I wondered if I should ever go again.

And even then I knew I would go again. And again.

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We stayed in a great deal of the time, having brought in most of our traps. It was all Bob could do to make his way to the Gordon Ranch, where we might get our magazines and Missoula paper and our letters from home-folks. There was no regular mail service—if any one happened to go out to Corlett, he would bring in the mail. Mostly our magazines were worn from much packing and reading before we got them.

In February the skies lifted and the sunshine returned. The warm days and cold nights made a good crust on the deep snow, so that all things of the forest walked. Hungry lynx followed the snow-shoe rabbits. We followed the lynx. In February we got five lynx, averaging forty dollars apiece. The coyotes were gutted on deer that could easily be pulled down—the deer were weak and they broke through the crust, and so we could not trap the coyotes. We shot two on the frozen lakes. In March we brought in all the rest of our traps; the season was over.

We then began to work on our road, and Red Davis came with horses and helped us. He helped us later to put in ten acres more of hay and grain, and hauled fence-posts for us. He kept the horses through the second year, and he and Bob exchanged farming and farming implements. At the end of the second year we had a good stack of hay and wintered our own team and bought a Guernsey cow. From the rich clover and timothy the cow gave milk for our use and for butter.

And in the third and fourth years we completed our road through the forest, and when we had proved up on the homestead the county gave us help on the road, on bridges and culverts, and gave us stumping powder.

Now in 1931, as I write, I sit in a two-story log cabin, finished in milled lumber. There are full-sized windows, and I have a sewing-machine, a desk, bookcases and books, we have a cream check, a twice-a-week mail service, and have been able to subscribe for the magazines we craved for so long.

But in this vast wilderness, we have, with all our activity, so little disturbed the great silence, that when I sit quietly, the droning of a bumblebee on my window, or the zoom of the humming-bird in the wild honeysuckles outside the window, sounds like the throbbing of an approaching engine. Silence falls so easily back. The spirit of the wild still dominates, the forest waits patiently to close in on our little clearing. Wild things spring up and try to choke the tame grasses and shrubs.

In the great stillness of winter nights I can stand outside my cabin and in the clear moonlight of this high altitude see the outline of the farthest mountain. Mysterious purple and black, wave after rising wave, the sleeping forest stretches, and beyond the forest the white hills. When the full moon stands above the Mission Range, the contours of peak after peak and lighted canyons show up, a world of moonlit silence, a world of snow.

Next month—the real story of a miracle of American newspaper writing. Will Irwin tells for the first time his experience in reporting the San Francisco earthquake and how he wrote "The City That Was" which has become a newspaper classic. An unusual personal document. "Life in the United States" will also have two entries from competitors for the $1,500 *prizes: "Diving for Abalones" (California), and "You Can Do It, Too," the story of an ambitious family in a New York tenement.*

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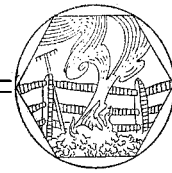

An Affair of the Senses

By GRACE FLANDRAU

The author of "One Way of Love," one of the most popular selections in the First $5,000 Prize Contest for complete short novels, again writes of the Africa she knows so well. This time the principal character is a woman, Madame André de Villiers, conventional, well-bred wife of a serious-minded young colonial official. The sensuous effect of a tropical voyage upon the character of a "correct" woman is a dramatic story of love and hate.

THERE was the blazing heat and along with the heat the wet feeling of the river, cool, in some way, and the smells of the trampled mud about the boat-landing. Other impressions, too, at this same moment—oblique, slanting across each other as impressions do that are not important—the wide, blue-shining of the Congo, the tin shacks, the grass huts, two chalk-white bungalows, the graceful, drooping, lacy impenetrability of the forest. And more smells, the smell of rotting hippopotamus meat in the hold, of native food cooking, even of the stewards who passed behind her along the deck, legs bare and bare feet shuffling.

Yes, there were these awarenesses scarcely noticed and kaleidoscoped on each other as she leaned over the railing and gazed intently at the levee. Tin trunks were piled there and wicker trunks and duffle bags. Bearers kept coming, lifting loads from their heads, their hard muscles taut. Seal-brown bodies with tapering ankles and wrists and the backs and shoulders of athletes. Often little white men kicked them or hit them with sticks.

Still she watched. She had a fair skin, prominent hazel eyes—girlish eyes—and a mouth peacefully folded. It was a mouth that was at once voluptuous and inexperienced. Now some white women came aboard, none well dressed and elegant, like herself. Céleste, without seeming to, saw their shoes, all wrong, and the bad cut and style of their clothes. It had been like that all down the West Coast and up the interminable length of the Congo. People not at all of the class to which she belonged—except one or two properly bureaucratic little officials, uninteresting, thinking of the black mistresses they were going back to. But mostly there were commercial men with their wives, Belgian, Greek, Portuguese merchants, and some mechanicians going out to run the new machines in the mines and palm-oil factories.

Pale blue all around except on the land side, the decks walled in blue sky and water and a floating, aerial feeling. River travel was pleasant. On the door

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of the cabin de luxe her name was neatly printed—Madame André de Villiers. It was the best room. André was only a minor official, but well connected and with a future. And she, of course, was niece of the Minister of Colonies.

"That," André had written her to Brussels, "is what reassures me when I think of your taking this long journey alone. You will get the best of care everywhere." He himself would have gone down to the coast to meet her had it not been for the illness and consequent absence from the district of his two superiors—Van Praet and Morel. "So you see, my darling, duty compels me to remain. And, as you know, I have always considered duty a sacred thing. Moreover, just at this time, when promotions may be pending, assiduity is particularly advisable."

There had been, on the whole, a great fuss about Céleste's travelling alone. She had never before done anything alone. Her parents were old-fashioned people and Céleste had been brought up the way girls were brought up before the War. As a result of all the to-do she had been pleasantly excited, even a little scared. What adventures might not be expected of a journey alone into the very heart of Africa! But the voyage, at least up to the present time, had been no more adventurous alone than when she had made it with André. Her chief experience had been loneliness. To pass the time she read André's letters over and over, planned what she would wear to please him when she got to Kundulu, gazed often at his photograph. Out of his leather frame André looked back at her rather anxiously—he had at all times an intense and troubled expression. He was a smallish man who made up for his lack of stature by standing very straight. His head was large for his thin neck, his nose and chin were pointed, and he had handsome brown eyes.

"My son is ambitious," his mother often said with pride. Indeed, Céleste sometimes wondered whether any one but herself knew how ambitious André really was. And she shared the general opinion that this quality was an admirable one. The only trouble was that André was timid as well as ambitious—attributes, she vaguely surmised, not made to go together.

She was not thinking of André now. She kept watching the shore. They had left Stanleyville that morning and a portage railroad had taken them around the long stretch of rapids. Now they were being transferred to the steamboat again. She stood very still, abstracted and intent. Then one of the ship's officers, a sweating white man with an apologetic face, spoke to her. He was not sure all her baggage had come aboard. Did she know?

No, but she would go ashore herself and see. He protested, saying he would send a boy, but she went off, eagerly, to look for herself. And as she passed among the little mountains of tin trunks she came face to face with a very tall man, lounging, while his baggage was being assembled. Yes, there he was. She had known she would see him, and yet when she did she almost turned back and went the other way. But her feet carried her forward and she walked past him quickly, saying to herself, half aloud, "They must have left that trunk in Stanleyville." She searched for some time in a vague way, often looking twice in the same place, then came upon the trunk under some other boxes. As she started up the gang-plank she met this man coming down.

She had not seen him so close before. His features were blocked in with rugged uneven lines, but it was of his eyes she was chiefly aware. They were heavy-lidded eyes, set far apart and of a cloudy blue color. The gang-plank was

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narrow and she had to pass close to him, and as she did so she felt the blood rush up into her face.

Sometimes they steamed far out in mid-stream and sometimes followed the current close along shore, almost brushing the forest. When rapids blocked the way a little train puffed through the jungle taking them to navigable waters above. All day it was brandy, beer, champagne, dancing, gaiety. Faces were wet and pale with heat, fans swayed.

Some of these people she knew slightly. There was Madame Louvois, wife of a Forminière superintendent in André's district. She had a gay reputation and André and Céleste had never approved of her. With her was a Russian woman, Madame Walewska, with shingled hair, long, three-cornered eyes, and a look of suffering gaiety. She drank champagne every afternoon and offered it to her friends, although her husband, Céleste knew, was a poorly paid engineer building roads in the Kivu. There were others, too, known to Céleste.

But of all this boisterous crowd she was scarcely aware, except to disapprove of them. It particularly annoyed her to see *him* with any of them. The women were always asking him to dance or to drink champagne. He did not dance and she could not see why he should drink with such people, such women. His manner toward them was casual, assured, cajoling. It seemed to suggest an indifferent belief in his own superiority. She was at least glad if he felt that way. She had learned his name. It was Vermeersch.

In the opal white morning, when the forest was still indistinct in the mist, she would see him in the bar drinking an absinthe alone at a little table. Often, too, he stood a long time leaning over the rail looking at the forest; or he played cards or talked, waving his long arms, and the sound of his voice and laugh, peculiarly musical and deep, came to her. When she heard it she frowned and sighed and, although she felt restless, she did not move. When he was not there, his heavy eyes and strangely pleasant voice remained, in some way, with her. It was not that she really thought about him. On the contrary, she scarcely realized the fact of this intent and exhausting awareness. If you had asked her what she thought of this man she would have been startled and answered quickly, "Nothing," or "He is a very ugly man."

Then, one afternoon, he spoke to her. It was the hour of the sundowner and the passengers had gone back to the bar. Their voices and the squealing of the phonograph had become pleasantly remote. The long rays of the setting sun went deep into the forest, each tree trunk, branch and leaf stood out sharply distinct. Everything began to be painted with a red glow. An island crept into view very black against the red sky. Back of it the lagoon gleamed blood-red and from it a mist rose that smudged with blue the forest beyond. There was a clarity, a kind of sumptuous quiet that seemed in some way audible, like the music of a triumphal chant. But all this beauty made her feel sad. She could not help thinking, "What has it got to do with me?"

She had not noticed Vermeersch standing by the rail, and when he spoke to her she was startled. She could not believe that rough, warm voice was directed to her alone. She was so confused she had difficulty hearing what he said, let alone replying to it as she would have liked. And that night, when she went to bed, she worried for a long time and could not sleep, fearing he had found her stupid. But the next afternoon, about the same time, he approached her again. She felt more mistress of herself to-day.

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He leaned with his back against the rail, his elbows on it, looking down at her.

They talked about several things, about Africa, and his post at Joinville. He had been transferred for a while to the Uele country, he told her, but he didn't care for the Uele—except that the Mangbetu women were pretty. He liked it better here. He felt at home here.

"I have never felt at home in Africa," she said.

"And why should that be?"

"I don't know. I've never—I mean I've always wondered what was really going on. The blacks, for instance." She paused. He made no comment, looking down at her with his air of polite indifferent attentiveness.

"The blacks," she repeated; "one can't know them. Or the whites either."

"Well, what is it you'd like to know?"

"What the blacks are really like." Then, to her surprise, she heard herself add, "And what the lives of white men who have no wives are like. Whether they love their black mistresses and why." She had had no intention of speaking about black mistresses.

He laughed. "It's not interesting, all that. The blacks are much like us, you know, and as to the women—it is an affair of the senses, that's all."

Then he was capable of realizing more delicate relations between man and woman than those of the senses. The idea was piquant in such a rough giant of a man. She had always associated outward with inward refinements. She would never expect delicacy of feeling in a man in overalls and wooden shoes, for instance. Not that Vermeersch came into that category. In seeking to explain him to herself she lighted on the word frontiersman. That was the impression he gave. Yes, he belonged to the Africa that was past, the time of fighting tribes, of Arabs and festering slave-camps, the dangerous times before the tame flood of officialdom overran the land.

"Over there," he was saying, pointing to the mouth of a small river, "I got big ivory once. It was——"

Just then the noises in the bar spilled out onto the deck and they heard a man shouting: "Yes, we must have him, we must have Vermeersch." And a woman's voice: "I'll go this way, you look below." A moment later Madame Walewska appeared around the corner of the saloon arm in arm with a fat man. She had the man's red necktie bound around her forehead and her short hair had a frizzled look standing up above it. The vermilion paint on her thin lips was startling bright.

"Vermeersch, Vermeersch," she was shouting, and then catching sight of him, she smiled up with all her white teeth: "They're all asking for you. We've got a bet——"

The fat man who clung to her arm was drunk. He had a babyish face and his round bright eyes stared eagerly as if he were afraid he would miss seeing something that would make him laugh. He was called by the ladies on board *p'tit sauvage*. Then Madame Walewska became aware of Céleste. "Pardon, madame, but won't you come too? They are bringing the champagne now."

Céleste was annoyed by this interruption. Her feeling of dislike for Madame Walewska was intensified. In spite of herself she let her eyes take in coldly the festive bandeau, the bright painted lips and all of the Russian woman from head to foot. The latter was wearing a cotton frock of white covered over with round red spots. It was faded and much shrunk, so that it was absurdly short for her full, womanly figure. The pink stockings on her sturdy legs were of poor quality, her brown kid slippers rubbed and down at the heel.

"More champagne, is it?" remarked

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Vermeersch, laughing. Then he asked Céleste, "You want some champagne?"

"No, indeed, thank you." She was aware of the coldness of her own eyes looking with distaste at Madame Walewska. She tried to soften them but could not. Well, she did not like women like that—who drank and carried on with men. And yet at the same time there was something about the other's appearance, her shabbiness, that made Céleste ashamed, made her say to herself: She is poor, she has had trouble, she is doing the best she can.

The Russian met Céleste's look with her sad, hard eyes and then turned to her companion: "Ca ne va pas, mon petit. Allons."

The little savage, apparently still convinced that Céleste was on the point of doing something surprising, reluctantly withdrew his gaze, whirled around like a marionette, and clinging unsteadily to his companion, disappeared down the deck.

Vermeersch lounged back against the rail and went on with his elephant story. But Céleste could not get the Russian woman out of her mind and this annoyed her. Common and fast, too. Céleste's soft, fresh mouth was set. Such people. No wonder Vermeersch, who, in spite of his uncouthness, had something of the grand gentleman, had picked her out. The others pursued him. She had done nothing and here he was, speaking to her intimately, as in some secret chamber of her consciousness she had always known he would.

She had books with her but she did not read. She had work but she did not sew. She did not look at André's photograph. She felt preoccupied but without thought. When she dressed herself in the morning she remembered to put on a costume Vermeersch had not yet seen; when she sat on deck she was rigid with a kind of unreflecting expectancy. But when he was with her that tenseness gave way to the something careless and vital, the large, indifferent security in which he seemed to live.

Sometimes he was silent, often he talked, and she found his ideas amusing. He hated books. Céleste once said she found people in books more real and comprehensible than people in life.

"Well, that's it. If they're comprehensible, they're not real. Who do you understand in life?"

She was surprised by the question. She had always supposed she understood everybody—when she wanted to.

His passion was for hunting. He wanted to know if she hunted: "There is a place called Wanga, south of Joinville. If you hunt buffalo, I certainly advise you to go there."

Hunt buffalo! How surprised André and her parents would be that any one should think she could shoot big game. They could never get over treating her like a *jeune fille*. Of course her father and mother could only be what they were—indeed, she would not have had them different, she loved them too much. But André had no business to be the way he was, he should be of his own generation.

"An Englishwoman and her husband came through my post," Vermeersch was saying. "She was as cool as anything and got a fine bull the first time we went out."

She felt an intense dislike for this Englishwoman. She may have been a good shot but she must be lacking in feminine charm. Englishwomen were more like men than like women, anyway.

The heat was very great and the passengers crowded on the foredeck to enjoy the slight breeze made by the motion of the boat. A district commissioner from the Lomami was talking about

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signal drums. He was a formal, proper little man with a perfect official manner —just such a district commissioner as André would make some day, except that André would never have such genuine scientific knowledge. André was more interested in theories than in facts.

Nor was Céleste attentive to facts today. Vermeersch had come along and seated himself some distance down the deck with his back to them, looking toward the shore. She at once became oblivious of the sweating people, the pale river, the droning, polite voice of the official. She wished she knew what Vermeersch was thinking about. What was the meaning of that peace in which he seemed to repose? Why was he happy? Why should a lonely man like that be happy? Besides, he was not a success. He was far too old to be merely administrator at Joinville. Had he no ambition? She felt sure he could not really be happy. He must be disappointed and lonely or he would not drink so much. Suddenly she saw him ill, dying, in a thatched bungalow with no one by his side but a black woman with filed teeth and green tattooing down her breast. This seemed to Céleste a sad and terrible thing. Romantic too, like a theme one could pick out for a play or story.

By and by he went off without looking at her. He had not spoken to her all day. But he was an incalculable person, and that evening when they were having a chat before dinner he suddenly bent over her and exclaimed: "Hide your eyes, madame, hide your eyes."

The voice in which he uttered these surprising words was ardent and at the same time detached, even bantering. It had the quality of careless domination that characterized everything he did.

Hide your eyes—were they so beautiful? She looked at them a long time when she went to her cabin and indeed they seemed very clear and starlike. What would happen now? Of course he would come to her after dinner and make some apology—one didn't blurt things out like that without any preliminaries. And she must show a little displeasure, just at first, anyhow. And then? Nothing—nothing. She did not know.

Her cheeks were burning as she sat in her place at the table sending away the dishes untasted. Everything about her stood out sharply, like a picture or a piece on the stage. It was as if she had never before seen the handsome black face of the boy who served her. Crosses were cut in his cheeks and his brilliant eyes were bloodshot where the whites showed. As in a picture too were the half-emptied bottles of red and white wine strung along the table, a fly drowned in a glass of beer by the plate of the man next to her, and the electric blue of the badly made dress worn by the Russian woman.

She soon left the table and went on deck. One by one the passengers appeared. Then Vermeersch. He did not approach her but went at once to the bar and began drinking brandy. Presently he played cards. In the saloon the strangulated squealing of the phonograph began, and fat, hot ladies circled round and round in the arms of men in mussed white suits. A profound depression crept from her heart and stole through her veins, making her heavy as lead. She felt heavy and empty, she felt that she loved nothing, that she herself was nothing and that no one would ever care for her again.

From where she sat she could see Vermeersch. As the evening wore away there began to grow in her a feeling of hatred for him. He was an ugly and extremely common man. Why had she ever felt interested in such a person? Well, you couldn't call it interest, it was curiosity about anything so strange.

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Now her curiosity was satisfied. She had discovered he was just a rough, loose-mannered man and practically a drunkard. André was right in fearing she would be subjected to unwelcome advances in travelling alone and she would be careful to avoid him in the future.

And yet she sat on deck a long time, carefully apart from the other passengers, and kept wondering too if he knew she was there alone. Why she continued to sit there she did not ask herself. At last she saw him throw down his cards, yawn, rise and go away, probably to his cabin. Then she too went below.

It was not supposed there was so much talent on board. Madame Louvois sang, the Lomami commissioner read poetry to the piano accompaniment of the Russian woman, the little savage did sleight-of-hand tricks. The final dress rehearsal for the concert was taking place that evening in the dining-saloon, which was parlor and ballroom as well.

Céleste was not interested in these proceedings. She felt restless and excited. She had met Vermeersch just as she was coming out of her cabin. She was wearing a black evening dress which suited her, and he had paid her several compliments. When she entered the dining-room she saw that he looked about till he found her and let his eyes rest on her again, admiringly, she thought.

When dinner was over she could neither read nor sit still nor would she join the rowdy group in the saloon. To-morrow the boat touched at Kundulu and for her the journey would be over. To-morrow she would see André standing on the levee waiting for her. Now that the moment had arrived to which, a while back, she had looked forward so eagerly, all her pleasure was one. She hated to arrive at Kundulu, she had no desire to see André waiting for her.

She walked nervously around the deck, feeling driven and at the same time balked. The night was very black and the sky overcast. The ship was a wood burner and from time to time a cloud of blazing cinders weirdly illuminated the inky dark. The air became a black sea filled with fiery minnows darting. No, they were more like a burning snow-storm, the ardent flakes swirling and rushing, or slowly drifting down. And when they fell at last on the water they lay there some time without going out, casting a little glow on the metallic surface. The shore was entirely swallowed up in blackness, only occasionally there was a blur of red in the distance, and she could hear drums and imagine the natives dancing about their fires.

Then she saw Vermeersch in his favorite attitude by the rail looking toward shore. She sat down, wondering if he would notice her. But he remained indifferent or unaware. She was so impatient for him to join her she could hardly keep from shouting his name. She would have liked to scream and stamp her feet as a child does who sees something it must have. Suddenly she rose and went to him:

"Mr. Vermeersch!" Standing by his side she did not reach his shoulder. He turned and looked at her in surprise, she thought. "Mr. Vermeersch, I don't know why, but I feel lonely to-night."

"Come, come," he exclaimed, amiably bullying, "one must not feel like that."

"Aren't you ever lonely?"

"Well, I don't know. But you should not be so now—we arrive to-morrow at Kundulu."

"I know that," she pouted.

He stared at her a moment and then laughed. His laughter, his manner as of a grown person to a child, routed the feeling of strain and depression she had had all day. She felt suddenly gay and

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irresponsible: "Let's sit over there together," she exclaimed, "on those two steamer-chairs."

He pulled the chairs round facing the river where the red sparks lay smouldering. She went back to what they had been saying: "When you say you don't know if you're lonely, what do you mean? Why don't you know?"

He shrugged his shoulders as if dismissing the subject. But after a moment's silence he said unexpectedly: "You know I have been married. Yes, once I had a wife. But I never brought her out here. She wanted to come but I would not let her."

She didn't like this. Was his wife, then, of so much finer stuff than all the other wives who did come out? Besides, that was no marriage if he only saw her a few months every three years. Along with these thoughts of her own she was attentive to what he was saying:

"I was caught out here in the War, and when it was over I was—very anxious to see my wife. I had to stay a day or two in England before going home, so I asked her to meet me there. When the boat pulled in she wasn't on the dock. I looked and looked and couldn't see her. She was not at the hotel. I went everywhere, searching. It lasted five days and then I found out she had died in a hospital, alone, of flu."

She murmured something. It was not easy to know just what to say. And she saw he expected nothing. Moreover, she felt—well, she did not like the idea of Vermeersch having had a wife. She was glad she was dead. But she was glad too he had told her about it, it seemed to bring them a certain intimacy. Then he added: "Out here, in Africa, it's different."

She was not quite sure what he meant.

"You love Africa, Mr. Vermeersch?"

"Oh, as to that—" He said no more. He never, she reflected, used phrases like that—loving Africa. And the thought came to her that she would love it immeasurably with a man like Vermeersch. She felt at the same time abused, forlorn. Fate had treated her, she thought, badly.

"Your husband's chief, Van Praet, is no better, I hear."

"I'm afraid not."

"He's a good man, Van Praet."

"I don't know him."

"You would like him."

"Is he handsome?" But she was not thinking of Van Praet or of what she said.

"One need not be handsome to please."

His reply surprised her. Then he thought of such things as pleasing and not pleasing, did he—for all his indifferent manner? Hide your eyes, madame—why did he not return to that tone?

"You know how to please, Mr. Vermeersch," she blurted out.

"Oh, now—" he laughed.

"Yes. You see yourself all these women on the boat are pursuing you."

"Now, now, what are you telling me?"

"Do you like them? I don't see how you can like them; they——"

"They what?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't see how you can like them."

"Why not? They are nice, these ladies. They are kind. One sees many like them."

"That's just it."

"They have a hard time of it, too, some of them."

But she was not interested in these women. She felt rising in her a kind of runaway feeling, as if suddenly against her will she would begin to say foolish things, like the things a man says to a woman, not a woman to a man. Instead she murmured confusedly:

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"You should not live out here in this country all alone. What if you were ill? What if you were to die with no one, no family?" The scene she had imagined returned to her—the lonely hut, the black woman.

"Well, why not? That end is as good as any other."

"Surely you can't say one end is as good as another?"

"Why not—since it is the end?"

"I don't like to think there is an end."

"What we like or don't like—my dear madame—" he shrugged.

"But life—what do you think of it? What's it for?"

He laughed. "What I think? But I don't know anything about it. One lives," he paused and after a moment added, "and that is very pleasant."

She resented this. Why should he think life was pleasant—a mere administrator living in a wretched river town in the Congo—at his age? At his age André, she knew, expected to be in Brussels, in the Colonial office, powerful, having made money. "Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied? Who is? But why not me as much as any one?" He smiled. "Perhaps more. I like it here. I've been here a long time."

She could not very well say, That's just it—and what have you accomplished? But she would have liked to. A queer nagging mood was on her. And she would have liked to ask more questions, to find out something, she did not know just what. A violent wishfulness came to her. She wanted to understand him as she had never understood any person before. She wanted to burrow into his inmost thoughts and she wanted him to know her, to explain her to herself. She felt he had some secret she'd always wanted to possess, something that had never belonged to her point of view or André's. It was like a door opening on a new vista but not wide enough for her to see.

The sky was clearing. There were torn clouds shaped like crocodile's jaws, black outside and showing silver around the edges. A very white, lop-sided moon hurried in and out among them and its light fell brightly on Céleste. Vermeersch leaned forward and looked at her. She could see he was admiring her again in her black dress.

"Well," he said after a moment, "will you be glad to get to Kundulu to-morrow?"

She did not answer. Suddenly, without any thought, she put her hand out to him. She had been conscious for some time of his large, well-shaped hand clasped on the chair arm, and looking naked in the moonlight. With a rush of pleasure and of fright she felt it close over hers, then brusquely felt herself drawn to him, his arms around her, his mouth on hers. A violent ecstasy such as she had never experienced ran through her like fire.

In the saloon the rehearsal went forward noisily. There was the twanging of the worn-out piano, the overtremoloed tones of the Louvois' unmusical voice. But she no longer heard these sounds, nor did she hear the light step of Madame Walewska, who had come down to the bar to order champagne for the artists. But the Russian woman saw Céleste. She stopped, stared a moment, then went quickly away.

At last Vermeersch took her arms from around his neck and pushed her from him. He put his hands on either side of her face and turned it toward the moonlight. His own was sombre, something taut and violent creeping into his look. "People will be coming out," he whispered, "go to your room."

Herself—that was the lovely person she saw in the glass, alight and full of radiance. Herself. Oh, how she loved

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herself, her hair, her eyes, the whole world. Yes, she loved this boat, that glass bottle of water on the stand—its beautiful shape. She put her hand on it, a beautiful bottle. She loved everything, even André. All of life was nothing but love. She wanted to make movements before the glass like a person dancing.

She did not know how much later it was she heard footsteps carefully approaching along the deck. Terror, faintness and a feeling of irrevocability seized her. Through the latticed door she saw his figure bulking large—a huge and grotesque shadow. Had she expected this? The door-knob turned cautiously but at that moment there was a clatter of heels on the iron staircase that came down from the top deck just by her room. She heard a woman laugh, the shadow turned away and the footsteps receded.

She did not notice how curiously Madame Walewska and the wife of the Forminière superintendent looked at her next morning, or the whispering that went on among the young officials with whom these women were standing, or the burst of laughter that followed her when she went down the deck. She was looking for André in the group that waited on the muddy shore. She felt tired and preoccupied. Vermeersch was nowhere to be seen. All night she had dreamed and wakened, dreamed and wakened. Some of the dreams were delicious, filled her with a sense of mysterious rapture, others so dark she was frightened for a long time after she awakened from them. And she rose as unrefreshed as if she had not slept at all.

Then she discovered André. He stood apart from the rest, smartly buttoned into his white uniform, shoes and helmet freshly pipe-clayed. He held himself very straight, heels together, hand resting on a small cane, and he was frowning slightly with the look of self-consciousness he always had on such occasions. The boat swung in toward shore. He caught sight of her and raised his hat formally, and then, as she waved back, his face broke into a boyish, irrepressible grin—his delight at having her back triumphing over his usual stiffness of demeanor.

As soon as the planks were thrown from boat to shore he came aboard. They went into her cabin. He kissed her with a certain shyness and looked about, loverlike, at the room and at all the objects by which she had been surrounded. Then, of a sudden, he burst into a long explanation. Van Praet had resigned, Morel ought to get Van Praet's job, and then he, André, would be made commissioner of the Babwe district, with headquarters at Kundulu. He was sitting on her bed and his fingers tapped nervously on the footboard while he talked. He was thin, she noticed, and the heat and quinine had already begun to have their usual effect on his nerves.

Céleste was the only person landing at Kundulu, and as soon as her boxes were off, the boat pulled out. From where she stood on shore she looked for Vermeersch. She would have liked just to see him, to wave him farewell, but at the same time she thought it more delicate of him not to appear. As the boat swung into mid-channel she was surprised to see Madame Louvois and the Russian woman rush to the railing and scream something to André, waving their arms and laughing uproariously.

This incident made an unfortunate impression on André. In spite of his pleasure at seeing her he did not fail to reprove her for having permitted that type of woman to become intimate with herself. It did no good to assure him they had not been intimate. He could not

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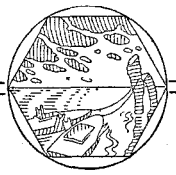

The Gale of August Twentieth

By JOHN HERRMANN

FOR SALE.—Auxiliary gaff-rigged cruising ketch, Golden Bantam. Length over all 34 feet, beam 9 feet 5 inches, draft 5 feet. A real little ship. Weathered gale of August 20th crossing Lake Michigan. Fully found. Sails and rigging like new. Built last year of finest materials. Sleeps four. Two spring berths in main cabin, double stateroom. Galley, Shipmate stove, ice chest, electric lights. Fully equipped for cruise and in the water. Cost $8,000. No reasonable offer refused. Can be seen at Pentwater Harbor. Roger Martin, Benton, Mich.

A LIGHT southerly breeze allowed an easy reach out of Pentwater Harbor. Roger Martin hoisted all three sails on his ketch, the *Golden Bantam,* cast off from the mooring, rushed back to the tiller, and waited tensely for the craft to pay off and the sails to fill. A light puff from over the city to the eastward swung her head around and she began to make way.

If the wind had been from a less favorable quarter Martin would have gone out of the harbor under power. He did not want to take the boat single-handed out through the narrow breakwaters under any but favorable conditions.

With a beam wind now blowing steadily it was a cinch going out through the breakwaters, and it certainly was a pleasure to feel the *Bantam* take the long easy swells in the harbor mouth, surging ahead steadily and noiselessly.

He looked aloft to see that everything was right, and trimmed the mainsail in just slightly. He felt a little additional speed and a just perceptibly stronger lug on the tiller. He settled back against the weather combing and raised his long left leg up on the seat. His right foot was braced against the lee side of the small self-bailing cockpit.

Passing the life-saving station he looked up at the group of people watching him from the breakwater. He kept his face straight but couldn't help allowing himself a glow of pride. One of the coast guards, who knew him, waved. Martin waved back at him, leaning lower under the mizzen-boom.

"Good luck," the fellow called.

"You bet," Martin said.

He leaned back again and the mizzen-boom shut the crowd from his view. He had to smile. It was great, starting out alone for two weeks of it. He was going to cross the lake, sail up to Mackinac Island, into the Cheneaux Islands, stop off at Harbor Point, and then come down the lake on the Michigan side. And the idea was to take his time, do some fishing and swimming, cook his own food, read some good books, and get a lot of healthy sunshine.

That summer Martin had come near asking Katherine Lowie to marry him, but now he was glad he had put it off. She couldn't look at water without getting seasick, and it would have put a crimp in any chance for him to get out alone on the *Bantam.* And he felt that he was young yet and had plenty of time.

The cross swell at the mouth of the breakwaters was just noticeable and in

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it Martin felt that he was really starting out on his cruise. He held out about one hundred feet and then took his course from the light on the end of the southern breakwater. He trimmed the jib, main and mizzen sheets to a light beam breeze and then picked up the chart and glanced at it to reassure himself that west a quarter south was correct.

He watched the compass carefully, let go the tiller and noted a tendency to come up into the wind. Martin then trimmed in the jib sheet slightly and eased off the mizzen just a trifle. The *Golden Bantam* held her course.

He stood up and stretched, walked forward, and then hurried aft and again looked at the compass. The *Golden Bantam* was steering herself. This was swell. If the breeze held she would steer herself until she bumped bottom somewhere in the vicinity of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Martin was glad he had chosen a ketch-rigged craft and was glad she had a long underbody. He felt pretty sure that the boat he had was about as good a boat as there was. Maybe she wasn't as big as some or as fancy but she was seaworthy and fast for her size, and she made a pretty picture sailing along with all sail set, heeled over slightly to leeward. Her black hull, white trunk cabin, and sails glistened in the sun.

The day was just about perfect except that Martin would have liked a little more breeze, enough to bring the rail down to about three inches above the water. Then the *Bantam* sailed like a seagull. He looked to the southward to see if there was any wind in the sky. The sky was clear and the weather might hold fair forever from the looks of things.

The *Bantam* was doing a good five miles and Martin had it figured out as fifty-four and a half miles across the lake from Pentwater to Sheboygan. He went below and looked at the ship's clock on the forward cabin bulkhead. It was four-thirty, and that meant he would sight the Wisconsin shore very early in the morning if the wind held. It was going to be great sailing along at night and there would be a moon after one o'clock.

Below decks in the snug cabin Martin felt with pleasure the slight steady motion and heard the water swish up forward. He thought of the remote possibility of being run down while he was below, and stuck his head out of the hatch. There were no vessels in sight.

He started to go over the supplies in the cabin and make sure everything was snugly stowed away. If it came on to blow he wouldn't have time to be down below. He fixed the guard rail on the bookshelf. There were about twenty books, all of them about small-boat sailing, cruises in small boats, etc. They were his favorite reading matter.

He pulled himself up on the weather berth and sat with his chin in his hands looking around him. The galley was neat as a pin, and in fact the whole below decks looked shipshape and orderly. He decided to keep it that way the whole cruise. He thought of reading, but decided against it and went above. The little ship was still sailing herself and had not varied a quarter point. He looked around him again with pride. He could feel the easy swell.

Martin opened the chart and looked at it again. The land astern had almost disappeared and only a standpipe and a tall building still showed. Looking at the chart he remembered he had not allowed anything for leeway. To correct this he trimmed in the mizzen just a trifle and saw the ship edge almost a quarter point higher into the wind. He thought this was plenty to allow.

Sitting on the weather deck with his

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feet on the cockpit seat and arms folded across his knees he started in thinking about how bad business was and wondering if his affairs could possibly pick up. It seemed almost dead sure that his small air-cooled-engine plant in Benton was headed for bankruptcy. He got up and tried to forget that. His whole idea in going on the cruise was to get that out of his mind and try to get over the nervousness and mental depression he had been going through the past four or five months. He wasn't going to let his business get the best of him.

Martin went below again and brought up his copy of "The Venturesome Voyages of Captain Voss." On the strength of this book he had had the sailmaker make him a sea anchor on the Voss specifications. He never expected to use it on Lake Michigan, but there was no telling, and it was a matter of pride with Martin to have the *Bantam* equipped for any emergency. Allowing a drift of from one and a half to three miles an hour in a gale with sea anchor out you would need quite a bit of sea room.

Roger Martin started reading the book at the beginning, but as he had already read it through five times he skipped pages and only read a line and a paragraph here and there. Then he took the book back. He didn't feel like reading and it was good just watching the little ship sail along.

The breeze held steady and the sky looked clear. Around the horizon in every direction Martin noted a slight haze. He looked at the clock. It was six-fifteen. There were no vessels in sight. Then he went below and lighted his small primus stove and made coffee. He opened a can of beans, got butter out of the ice chest, and thought of eggs. He put the butter and a few pieces of pilot bread on a cloth on the starboard berth.

He took a look around on deck and thought he saw smoke to the southward. It could have been a car ferry or one of the passenger vessels out of Chicago bound for northern Michigan ports.

Below he set out his plate, knife, fork, spoon, and coffee cup, punched holes in a can of evaporated milk and laid it beside his plate. The table was set. He took a look at the coffee. It was just starting to boil. He set it off the stove, put two eggs in the pan, throwing the shells in the coffee. When the eggs were fairly hard he turned them over and swished some melted butter on them. After he had them on his plate the beans went in for a warming.

When he sat down to eat he was hungry and his supper tasted fine. He always liked canned beans and wished his mother served them at home once in a while. The coffee was good and the pilot-bread a real treat. He got a little jam out of the ice chest. Before he had finished he stuck his head up out of the hatch and it seemed that the smoke from the steamer was already nearer. It would pass him well astern he figured.

Martin ate every scrap of his supper and felt fine. Up forward in the chain locker he had a few bottles of brandy. He opened one and mixed a big shot with white rock and went on deck. He left the dirty dishes stacked in the galley sink.

It had grown appreciably darker and the faint haze he had noticed earlier around the horizon had risen higher and looked dark and slightly ominous. The sun by this time had become pale and white and was sinking into the haze to the westward. It seemed to Martin that things had taken a decidedly sudden change from the time he was last on deck and maybe he was in for some nasty weather. The breeze was holding steady and the *Bantam* was holding her course as well as if he had been at the tiller.

Martin drank off the drink hurried-

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ly and felt a little nervous. He knew he had a good little ship that would take about anything in the way of weather, but the idea of being out alone in a gale of wind dampened his spirits considerably. The sun was obscured by the bank of haze that was beginning to take cloud form. There was no glow in the sky and it was getting dark rapidly.

The breeze just petered out with the sun and the sea became very dark and oily-looking and smooth. The swell was small and short and the sails started slatting viciously. Martin wondered from which direction it was going to come, for he felt certain now that he was in for it.

He hurried below and looked at the barometer but there was no change in it yet. He thought it couldn't be much of an instrument, but it had worked other times. The slatting increased his nervousness and he thought for a minute he might get seasick. A calm was surely a real test. He poured himself out another stiff drink, mixed it and drank it.

The slatting sounded bad enough to tear his sails. He decided to use his engine, though he had wanted to make the crossing under sail alone. He lowered the mainsail and stopped it. It was getting dark fast. Then he took in the mizzen and stopped it. Then the jib.

He couldn't get the engine started on deck and went below. The motion down below was pretty bad and the engine room was stuffy. He figured he might get sick if he stayed down there very long. He tried hurriedly to start the motor. He couldn't get a kick out of it. It was no time to work on the engine and he wanted to be outside where he could see what was going on.

Martin decided to forget the engine and depend on his sails. In a storm, sail was steadier than power and he would sooner trust the *Bantam* under sail than plowing into it under power. He went on deck and secured the hatch. If a storm was coming he was too far from either shore to run for shelter and he knew it was a good thing to have plenty of sea room.

He got to figuring what he would do if a sudden squall hit him. He double-reefed the mainsail and mizzen, stopped them and lashed the booms down. The sky to the eastward was much darker than in any other quarter. The *Bantam* was lying to under no sail.

Martin lit the running lights and binnacle light and again went below to look at the barometer. The air was heavy and uncomfortable. The barometer had dropped considerably since he last looked at it and he wondered if he had been mistaken in thinking it had not shown a drop that time.

To the southward the lights of a steamer and her green light showed up. She would pass the *Bantam* well astern. Although it was already pretty dark he could see a faint trace of yellow in the sky to the westward and it looked dirty. There was nothing to do but sit tight and wait for something to happen.

The swell increased and now seemed to be coming from the north. Martin saw a streak of lightning on the southwestern horizon. He wondered if the storm would come from that quarter or the opposite, as it more often did on the Lakes. He was glad he was aboard the *Golden Bantam* and not the old twenty-foot catboat he had been sailing for the past ten summers. Katherine Lowie had not even cared to sail around the harbor in that. There was one thing sure about it, if he and Katherine were married her father could be depended on to help get the business back on a sound financial basis.

It would have been wiser not to sink eight thousand dollars in the *Bantam*. Instead, he should have kept it in re-

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serve, married and settled down. That would have been businesslike. But Martin's mother did not altogether like Katherine and she had urged Roger to get the boat and wait until he was a little older and more settled.

When he ordered the *Bantam,* things were going good at the plant and eight thousand dollars seemed very little to lay out on something with all the possibilities for enjoyment he saw in the little craft.

If a storm hit him Katherine would be worried sick, he thought. She had practically told him he was taking his life in his hands crossing the lake alone. He wasn't superstitious, but he felt very uneasy on account of the way she had talked.

The lights of the steamer were much nearer. She seemed to have altered her course slightly to come up closer to the *Bantam.* Martin watched her anxiously and for a moment thought she might be coming up to speak him. She passed astern about a quarter mile off. The lights in the cabins were all burning and she looked gay against the dark sky. He heard faintly the jazz band playing for dinner. He thought of the *Titanic* with the band playing as it went down and wondered if the passengers aboard the lake steamer had any idea that a bad storm was coming.

He saw lightning astern of the vessel in the east, then in the northeast. There was still no air and the *Golden Bantam* was rolling to the swell.

Night had definitely settled down. The lights of the steamer rapidly receded and it was lonesome out there. Martin felt a breath of air from the north. It was very cool. The lightning was becoming insistent. To the northeast flash followed flash.

He hurriedly unstopped the two-reefed mainsail and hoisted it. He felt the *Bantam* begin to make way. He trimmed the sail to a quartering breeze and sailed on his course toward Sheboygan. He decided not to hoist the mizzen and jib until he saw what was going to happen.

He held the tiller nervously and lit a cigarette. He wasn't much of a smoker, but now a cigarette tasted good. The lights of the steamer were well down on the horizon.

The breeze increased slowly at first and then came in puffs. He felt them tug at the sail and felt the whole ship respond. Finally one puff larger than the others sent the lee rail down to the water. He felt the strong tug on the tiller and instinctively looked over his shoulder to windward. The lightning was coming fast and he heard the rumble of thunder faintly in the distance.

Martin knew he was in for something. If it came on to blow hard he would still try to make Sheboygan harbor. With only the two-reefed main he was afraid the *Bantam* would just lie hove to and only possibly eat into it a little. But he dared not put on more sail and began to feel it would have been better to take three reefs in the main and just ride it out in as much comfort as possible.

Short choppy seas were slapping the side of the ship. Another puff hit him, the *Bantam* heeled over and the boom end dragged in the water. She came right up and was going at a good clip. He heard the water churn and swish up forward.

The next puff might come harder yet and the canvas, which was ten-ounce stuff, might not take it. The seams were cut from luff to leach and though it made a fine setting sail it might not stand a good hard puff socking it all of a sudden the way the last one had. He eased the little vessel up into the wind, trimmed in the sail and lay practically hove to, eating into it just slightly. He

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let go the tiller and saw that she would hold her course.

The seas were increasing in size and the wind began to blow in earnest. There was lots of thunder and lightning but no rain yet. Martin decided to take another reef in the mainsail and just ride it out all night. He had lots of sea room and figured he was about thirty miles from the Wisconsin shore.

He went forward cautiously, holding the grab rail on top of the cabin. It would be a hell of a job reefing that sail in all that wind and alone at that. If there was some one at the tiller it wouldn't be so bad. He loosed the throat and peak halyards, braced himself against the mast with a foot against the starboard rail and, crouching, let the sail fall.

The wind was now blowing half a gale and shook the canvas and bellied it out. Still holding to the halyards with his right hand he attempted to muzzle the sail with his left arm and body. The *Bantam,* with no sail to steady her, came broadside to a sea, rolled, and Martin turned a somersault over the boom. His head hit the lee deck an awful crack and his legs came right over after. The sock on the head nearly knocked him out, but he had a good hold on the halyards which he didn't loosen. He came down heels over head, waist-deep in the water over the lee rail and swung around.

The little ship rolled abruptly to windward. The pull on the halyards raised the gaff slightly, the port lazyjack parted, and the sail ballooned out, clapping and flapping with a great noise. Martin grabbed at the port shrouds and held on. The *Bantam* again rolled to leeward, and he hauled himself up on the deck out of the way of the swinging gaff, which could have given him a dirty blow. He could see the mess he had made of it in the bright flashes of lightning.

He got hold of the mast and then, puffing pretty hard, secured the gaff to the boom. The rain was coming at him hard now. He had stops for the sail in his left pants pocket and got it muzzled and in stops. The *Bantam* was rolling unmercifully and Martin knew he would have to get sail on her, because it was all he could do to hang on. And his head hurt badly.

He remembered Katherine Lowie telling him he would end up at the bottom, and it looked as if there was something in it if the damn wind was going to keep on blowing stronger all the time. He wished he could try it under power. Then he thought: "To hell with the power, I'll get those reefs in her."

He worked away tying the reef points, and finally when he was about all tuckered out he tied the last one. The wind was roaring and cold and the water was feather white all around him. The shrouds whistled and the rigging made a loud tattoo. The waves splashed and sloshed and threw spray over the whole of the little ship. Martin was soaked through from his fall overboard, the rain, and the seas which washed over. A big sea hit the craft and he felt her tremble and quiver, roll down and then quickly come up to be slammed by another one bigger than the last.

He loosed the stops and the sail blew out again. He hauled on the halyards and felt them give. The gaff moved up a little. He got a better hold, hauled. The gaff had swung outboard and the *Bantam* was making way in the trough of the seas. Martin lugged on the halyards and got the sail on her. She pointed up fairly well into the wind. He set the peak and made the halyards fast.

With sail on her the *Bantam* took the seas more easily and the motion was comparatively so steady that Martin felt fairly secure and sat on the cabin top for a minute to rest before working his

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way aft to the cockpit. He held on to the mast and drew a few breaths of real relief. Then he started aft.

The seas were increasing in size and it was pretty wet forward. In the cockpit it was not so bad. He took the tiller and eased the little ship into the seas. She was practically hove to and was pointing about northwest, with the wind now in the north. He let go the tiller and the *Bantam* held herself under the short canvas, but his nerve was pretty well shot and he sat right there, afraid to leave the tiller. He carefully watched a couple of long broken seas go under him and saw that she would take care of herself for a short time at least.

He hurried below. The dishes were scattered on the floor of the cabin, some of them broken. He got the brandy bottle, oilskin coat, and mackinaw coat and went above. The motion down below seemed worse than ever. Outside the wind had increased and the rain came at him horizontally. The seas were longer and were breaking. A wave coming down on the *Bantam* seemed enough to bury her. But she took them nicely and the water was flying across at Martin in sheets. It was now blowing about full-gale strength. The little vessel quivered and shook with the blows of the big breaking seas but held on.

Martin got into his mackinaw and oilskin coat. The wind was very cold and the water, as it drove at him, felt warm in comparison. He took a pull at the bottle. It was a godsend. The sail shook and he was sorry he hadn't brought a storm trysail, because it looked to him as if the sail would blow itself to pieces.

He crouched low as possible and watched the big ones, easing the ship into them. Suddenly the wind increased in force, he didn't think the *Bantam* could possibly live through it. He wished he had the sea anchor ready for use. But he didn't dare leave the tiller. He thought now was the time for praying and he tried it. He wasn't a churchgoer and didn't think the prayer would help much.

Martin wished he had stayed at home and tended to business. If things were going bad, there was all the more reason for him to be on the job. He thought Katherine Lowie would have made a wonderful wife for him. It didn't look as if he would ever see land again.

Off to the southward, when he was on top of a big wave, he thought he saw a light. He waited until he had climbed the next one and he saw very distinctly a rocket shoot into the sky and flare. A cold shiver shot up his spine. He saw another rocket and then another. When the *Bantam* had climbed the next wave he strained his eyes, and in a flare of lightning saw plainly the black hull and white superstructure of a vessel to the southward and he knew it was one of the big railroad-car ferries. Another rocket went up.

The *Bantam* slid down another long wave. The wind was howling and all the rigging straining. He raised himself, let go the tiller, and held on to the mizzen-boom, and when the *Bantam* was on top of the sea he strained his eyes to the southward. The lightning was very bright and he heard an exceptionally loud crack of thunder, but he could not see the vessel and there were no more rockets. A terrible fear and depression came over him. The vessel must have gone down and he wondered how it could have happened so quickly. She must have broken in two to sink so quickly. All hands would be lost. They couldn't launch a boat in that sea. He wondered if there was any way he could get there and possibly pick up somebody. He didn't dare try it; it was all his little ship could do to hold her own hove to.

Martin was cold with fear and the cut-

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ting wind and hung on to the mizzen-boom while his craft rode up on another huge sea. The top of the sea, breaking, threw the *Bantam* broadside to it and she was knocked down on her beam ends. Martin felt sure that it was all over. Now he was going to get his and he felt desperately calm about it and waited for the end. He held very tight to the mizzen-boom.

The ballast and heavy lead shoe brought the *Bantam* up quickly and he was surprised to feel himself violently lifted as the craft righted herself. The mainsail had filled with water in the knockdown and split from leach to luff as the *Bantam* came up. Martin did not feel safe and was afraid the praying was no use. The split mainsail was flapping, cracking and tearing in the wind.

He pulled himself together quickly and thought the ship must have taken in quite a lot of water. With the sail off of her she was rolling very badly. He worked himself to the cabin hatchway, slid back the hatch cover, turned on the lights. There was a mess down below.

He braced himself in the hatchway and turned the centrifugal bilge pump. She had taken in quite a bit of water. He turned the pump handle, the *Bantam* rolled and the seas kept washing over her. More water was getting in the hatch than he was pumping. He closed the hatch tightly and pumped away. He was very frightened at being inside with the *Bantam* rolling and the hatch closed and was afraid any moment he would start for the bottom in his thirty-four-foot coffin.

Martin heard and felt the main gaff strike against the shrouds with each roll to leeward. Then he had to work his way up forward and lower the gaff. He made it fast and then laboriously crawled back to the pump again.

While pumping, he said out loud: "If I ever set foot on land I'll never go on the water again as long as I live." It relieved him a little, so said again: "I'll never go out on the water again if God lets me get ashore."

And he kept on pumping steadily. There was quite a lot of water in her. Pumping away he began to get accustomed to the rolling motion of the ship and minded it less. He finally made air on the pump. He was dead tired and afraid to go above and still in terror down there below decks. The bedding and mattresses were on the cabin floor soaking wet.

He climbed over the stuff and wondered how it had all found its way to the floor after he had stowed it so carefully. He got himself another bottle of brandy from the chain locker, found a corkscrew, and feeling very dizzy from the motion, the strain and excitement, took a good long drink. He looked at himself in the mirror and saw how white and strained his face looked. He took another drink. He began to think there was a chance for him to save himself.

He wont forward and got the sea anchor. He had a hundred and fifty feet of one-inch rope which he made fast to the sea anchor. The ring was weighted and the cork float was rigged to it. He had to struggle to get the line and anchor out on deck in the violent rolling.

Once on deck he saw that it was lighter and he could see the white water on all sides of the *Bantam*. The roll and jerk and the water coming on board with each sea brought back his terror. He was afraid she might roll her masts out and he might not be able to get the sea anchor and gear forward.

He closed up the hatch. Then he waited for a sea to pass under the *Bantam* and hurried forward along the weather deck. He came up against the mainmast when the next sea hit the ship and got a good soaking.

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He made the free end of the line fast to the mainmast, took a turn around the bitts and slipped it into the weather-bow chock. All this was done rapidly and in constant fear of being thrown overboard by the roll or washed over by a sea. He waited his chance and threw the sea anchor out to windward, payed out the line and felt it draw taut. He braced himself well and watched to see if she would head into it. For a couple of minutes it looked as if the sea anchor was just a joke and would not do a bit of good. But then the *Bantam* slowly started to point up into the gale.

Martin went aft and crouched down in the cockpit. The *Bantam* lay three or four points off the wind and rode it better and with much less water coming aboard. She swung farther off again. If he had the mizzen on her she would hold up into it better but he was afraid he might lose that sail too.

He repeated to himself that if he ever made shore it was his last time on the water. And he wished again he had asked Katherine to marry him. It seemed simple out there in the storm. Even his business didn't seem to be in the mess he had thought it was in. He felt sure everything would turn out all right if he could only get his feet on land. He was ready to sell the *Bantam*.

It grew lighter and Martin knew the wind was abating. He felt freezing cold. He went below and changed his clothes but didn't try to straighten up the mess in the cabin. He took another drink and a handful of pilot-bread and went outside and crouched in the cockpit. The rain had let up.

He figured he had drifted at least fifteen miles south of his position when the storm began, possibly more. In the early dawn light the seas looked bigger and more vicious than before and they were long and black. The *Bantam* slid down them and then came up rapidly, cut the broken water on top and the sea fell off astern, white and cold. He ate his pilot-bread and took a few more swigs at the bottle. When it let up a little he was going to have another look at the engine.

The wind abated more and more. Martin sat up on the seat and watched it. He finally decided he could safely sail her under jib and two-reefed mizzen. He would head back to Pentwater, sell the *Bantam,* go back to his business and see what could be done about raising some money. By five-thirty he was ready to take in the sea anchor. He saw he had forgotten to attach the trip line and he had to cut it loose.

Martin hoisted the jib and mizzen and set his course northeast by east. He thought Pentwater lay in that direction. With the wind in the north, still blowing fresh and the seas running high but minus their dangerous tops, he started on a long reach for Pentwater. The *Bantam* performed splendidly and sailed herself. Martin went into the engine compartment and in a couple of minutes located the trouble, a loose wire from the distributor.

On deck once more, he started the motor. He shoved in the clutch with the engine running slowly and the *Bantam* took the extra speed with very little fuss. The wind died off steadily and Martin increased the engine speed. The seas began to smooth themselves down. When the sun rose the wind backed into the northwest. He eased off the jib and mizzen sheets and opened the engine a little more. He left the two reefs in the mizzen. The sea was choppy from the shift in the wind but the *Golden Bantam* took it nicely and held her course toward Pentwater.

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As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Two words that are constantly being associated, compared, and contrasted, are Science and Religion. Among the large number of new books dealing with each and both, I particularly recommend "Science and Religion. A Symposium," with a Foreword by Michael Pupin. This handy volume of 175 pages contains twelve essays written by scientists and by clergymen; the discussion is candid and sincere. It is a fair field, not a free fight.

In fact, the courtesy shown by the leaders on both sides brings a note of admonition from Dean Inge, who, in the second paragraph of his contribution, says:

> The danger now is that both sides may be a little too polite. "There is no longer," we are told, "any conflict between religion and science." If by religion we mean theology, and if by science we mean naturalism, this is not true. Theology and naturalism are both theories about ultimate reality. They are both inveterate poachers; theology cannot be content with religion, nor naturalism with science; and when they meet on each other's ground, or on no-man's-land, they are likely to fight.

These twelve essays are twelve radio talks given in Great Britain in the autumn of 1930. The object is "to determine . . . to what degree the conclusions of modern science affect religious dogma and the fundamental tenets of Christian belief."

To thoughtful men and women, this subject is more important than disarmament, reparations, or even prohibition. I do not see, considering the necessity of presenting clearly various points of view, and by men whose standing commands respect, how a better jury of twelve could have been empanelled.

They speak in this order:

Julian Huxley, professor of zoology.
Sir J. Arthur Thomson, biologist.
J. S. Haldane (*not* J. B. S.), mining engineer, physiologist, philosopher.
Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, Church of England Modernist.
B. Malinowski, professor of anthropology.
Dean Sheppard of Canterbury, fairly orthodox Christian minister.
Canon B. H. Streeter, Christian philosopher.
Reverend C. W. O'Hara, Catholic: professor of mathematics and astronomy.
Sir Arthur Eddington, professor of astronomy.
S. Alexander, professor of philosophy.
Dean Inge, dean of St. Paul's.
L. P. Jacks, editor of *The Hibbert Journal.*

There is naturally less of what the Christian means by religion in the first paper, by Julian Huxley, than in any of the others. But from the scientific point of view, Doctor Huxley, though not religious, is devout. His religion is the pursuit of truth, that is, truth as demonstrable and verifiable. "If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing), then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit." The first of these two sentences will of course never be accepted by Catholics.

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Sir J. Arthur Thomson says: "At the present climax of Science there is Reason triumphant; what then in the beginning? Here our straining at the limit of our intellectual endeavour brings us back perhaps to the wisdom of the old words:

In the beginning was Mind,
and that Mind was with God,
and the Mind was God.
All things were made by it;
and without it was not anything made that was made.
In it was life
and the life was the light of men."

Later, he asks: "May science be helped by religion? Most of my scientific colleagues would answer with a thunderingly emphatic negative . . . as spur and as reins, religion may help science toward the amelioration of life. . . . What we are surest about is that we need *more* science and *more* religion—ever so much more."

Professor Haldane addresses his remarks to those religious people who have modified their faith in the light of science. He is emphatically against the materialistic or mechanical view of the universe. Here he is in opposition to Julian Huxley. He believes in God "within and around us as Personality of personalities." This scientific man is almost mystical; but his point of view will never be taken by Christian believers; for he says, "freedom and immortality remain: it is only individual freedom and immortality that have disappeared." This seems to me like assuring the unemployed that they should be comforted, because, although they individually have no money, there is plenty of money in the world. I dislike to restate so crudely a position that seems to Professor Haldane elevated and even inspiring; but I see no more in it.

Those who have regarded the Bishop of Birmingham as Antichrist will modify their views on reading his contribution. To be sure, he has no use for Fundamentalists. But the Bishop of Birmingham is a Christian. "Now, I, personally, believe that the Creator and Lord of the Universe is God, as Christ revealed Him. In Him are beauty and truth: He is the source of righteousness and peace. His kingdom is the realm where all these qualities exist in perfection. Further, I hold that, as Christ taught, man was created that, by struggle and service to God, he might enter the Kingdom of Heaven." It seems certain that the Master would have gladly accepted this man among His followers; it ought not to be more difficult to enter the Christian Church to-day than it was to enter the original company of disciples. The Bishop's creed is "I have found God, and I will try to follow Christ." It is an error to regard such a man as an enemy of the Christian religion.

Professor Malinowski is interesting and enlightening in what he says of primitive religions. Furthermore, although I admire the spirit in which all these essays are written and the men who wrote them, I find in this particular one an ideal honesty and candor. Professor Malinowski knows exactly what religion is, and he wishes with all his heart he had it. He cannot be satisfied with vague phrases. He *knows* that God and immortality are essential to religious faith. No statement could be clearer than his:

> The two main sources of religious inspiration are the desire for immortality and a craving for the communion with God. In affirming this I find myself in opposition to most current theories. Professor Huxley, who gave such a masterly summary of current views, specifically told us that God and immortality play no part in primitive religion. But I find that these are the twin needs which we all feel, which man has felt from the beginning, whenever he has been unable to face his destiny. In

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all this, religious belief is not a mere emotional effervescence, still less an intellectual interpretation. Religion promises immortality for man, and it reveals to him his God or his gods. It is this active or creative side of religion which seems to me to be the most important, and on which I have placed the greatest emphasis. . . . Religion makes man do the biggest things he is capable of, and it does for man what nothing else can do; it gives him peace and happiness, harmony and a sense of purpose; and it gives all this in an absolute form.

You will never find a more honest or a more devout agnostic, or one who realizes more fully what he has lost. He says:

Personally, I am an agnostic. I am not able, that is, to deny the existence of God: nor would I be inclined to do so, still less to maintain that such a belief is not necessary. I also fervently hope that there is a survival after death, and I deeply desire to obtain some certainty on this matter. But with all that I am unable to accept any positive religion—Christian or otherwise. I cannot positively believe in Providence in any sense of the word, and I have no conviction of personal immortality. . . . The proud answer of a confident atheist . . . does not ring true to the humble agnostic. . . . I should say that God is a reality and not a hypothesis, and a reality of which I am in the greatest need, though this need I cannot satisfy or fulfil. . . . Is science responsible for my agnosticism and for that of others who think like me? I believe it is, and therefore I do not love science, though I have to remain its loyal servant. . . . Because, through it all and above all, though I am unable to worship any Divinity, I have almost come to worship, certainly to revere religion.

This man is not far from the Kingdom of God.

Next comes the Dean of Canterbury, one of the most beloved men in England; his opening sentences are disarming.

I represent nothing higher than the untutored intelligence of the average man. . . . Science is not the primary interest of my life. My main interest is the Christian religion; by which I mean, Jesus Christ, His views about God, and His Sermon on the Mount. . . .

But not all the blame for the conflict between Religion and Science rests upon those who profess and call themselves Christians . . . for some years now, it has seemed that the leading minds in the religious world have appreciated the scientist's point of view a good deal better than the scientists have appreciated theirs. . . .

My first business, it seems to me, as a learner, a student and a teacher of the Christian religion, is to continue seeking more and more earnestly to know, and to interpret to others, the mind of Christ. . . .

Surely we need not less religion or less science, but more religion and more science—and, above all, better religion and better science. . . . If, for instance, the leaders of science and religion came together before the nations of the world to proclaim that to use scientific discoveries for the purposes of the destruction of human life is at once a denial of true religions and the prostitution of science, would it not give an enormous new impetus to the cause of international peace?

Canon Streeter draws an interesting comparison between quantity and quality:

Religion, like science, is vitally concerned with truth, it endeavours to express an aspect of Ultimate Reality; but the truth about Reality, with which it is concerned, is a truth of quality rather than of quantity. . . . If, and in so far as, Christ is the ideal man, . . . His personality is a mirror in which can be reflected the *quality* of Reality—that is, the heart of the Infinite being . . . and if His character is at all an index of the character of God, then St. John was right when he wrote down, "God is Love."

Now when we come to the next paper, that written by the Reverend Professor C. W. O'Hara, a mathematician and a Catholic, I am reminded of what members of the Philosophical Society in Victorian England used to say. This company included scientists like T. H. Huxley, poets like Tennyson, priests like W. C. Ward. Other members, when these meetings began, observed that the faces of the majority seemed doubtful, anxious, uncertain; but that the faces of

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the Catholic priests showed the calm that comes from inner certitude. Thus Father O'Hara's essay differs from the others in its *tone*.

Christianity appeals to the historical records contained in the New Testament, and asserts that these records are trustworthy, that the events there narrated did happen, even when judged by the severest scientific criticism. . . . Religion, then, is concerned with a set of facts regarding God, what God is in Himself and His relation to man; and concerning man, his origin, his main work in this world, and his future destiny. It therefore teaches with certainty the vital truths concerning man's development in this world in order that he may reach a final state of perfection. It cannot admit any alternative primary scheme, but it can and does admit subsidiary schemes that promote the happiness of mankind on earth. For example, it can tolerate kingdoms or republics. It can tolerate and encourage schemes for the improvement of the human race, but not those which, while caring for the body, do so at the expense of the immortal soul.

Sir Arthur Eddington is no less certain on the question of free will.

I think there is no longer any need to doubt our intuition of free will. Our minds are not merely registering a predetermined sequence of thoughts and decisions. Our purposes, our volitions are genuine; and ours is the responsibility for what ensues from them. . . .

We have within us some power of self-criticism to test the validity of our own convictions. The power is not infallible, that is to say it is not infallible when associated with human frailty; but neither is reasoning infallible when practised by our blundering intelligence. I think that this power can be nothing less than a ray proceeding from the light of absolute Truth, a thought proceeding from the absolute Mind. With this guidance we may embark on the adventure of spiritual life uncharted though it be. It is sufficient that we carry a compass.

Professor Alexander is opposed to theological dogma, and to creeds and to what he calls mythology. We need "some simplification of our religious notions"; he suggests that perhaps we might confine ourselves to the actual words of "the last of the Hebrew prophets, Jesus, . . . before Paul reduced Christianity to a system of religious thought." But he believes in God.

God is not a symbol of the goodness in the world, but does presuppose goodness. Deity is a quality distinct from and superior to goodness or beauty or truth. I can be enthusiastic for beauty or truth, but I have no worship for them. . . . The mystics are right; we worship or love in God, not his goodness, but his godship or deity.

As Dean Inge steps to the radio, the atmosphere clears; his powerful personality clears it. It is absurd to call him the Gloomy Dean; he is one of the happiest men in the world. He should be called the Downright Dean. His words are as unmistakable as blows. His proof of religion is experimental. We find God by trying to live like Christ.

There are three stages in the spiritual life—faith, knowledge, and love. Faith is a venture, a resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis, a decision because right is right to follow right in the scorn of consequence. But what begins as an experiment ends as an experience. Our venture is found to work; more and more we learn to know Him on whom we have believed. And so the best men and women—not all of us, by any means—reach the third stage, described by Clement of Alexandria. The first change is from unbelief to faith; the second from faith to knowledge; and knowledge, as it passes into love, unites the knower with the known. He who has reached this stage is equal to the angels!

Dean Inge has written many fine sentences, but nothing better than *What begins as an experiment ends as an experience.*

Doctor Jacks sums up, reviewing the various speakers; "The speaker who stands out most conspicuously against unconditional surrender is Father O'Hara. He respects science; he desires to live on good terms with her; but he is not going to be dictated to."

At that point I range myself, in principle,

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with Father O'Hara. I think there is a majesty in religion which forbids her to surrender unconditionally to science. She also has great victories to her credit, victories over suffering and death. . . . Between beautiful enemies there should be no surrender on either side.

After one has read and reread these twelve speeches, one should then reread the prefatory remarks by Professor Pupin; they are, as one would expect from such a man, words of wisdom, sincerity, beauty, and aspiration.

This is so important a book that I make no apology for using so much space. I hope my citations will cause many readers to buy it, for it should be read and kept and read again.

I have not seen elsewhere a discussion of religion by men of various points of view conducted with such a combination of earnestness and good temper. It is often said that men cannot argue about religion without becoming angry. Yet in this little book, although the men are playing for the highest stakes in the universe, they have both candor and calm. Perhaps a discussion on this subject and in this manner could take place only in England. No one tries to overstate his case; no one tries to be funny; no one tries to score off an opponent or to make a point for the sake of making it; the men are intellectual aristocrats, and reveal the best qualities of the cultivated Englishman—unaffected simplicity and complete self-control.

Willa Cather, in her new novel, "Shadows on the Rock," repeats the success she attained with "Death Comes for the Archbishop." in fact, I think she has surpassed her previous work. The two books have a certain resemblance in that they deal with Catholic communities, one in the hot country of the Southwest, the other in the snows of Quebec. But they have an even stronger resemblance in their method. Miss Cather is writing deliberately outside of the typical American manner. Instead of producing a narrative with plot and emphasis and climax, her two latest novels are alike in their quiet and evenly sustained style. They are pictures and interpretations of simple and devout people, where one page is on a level with the next. There are no exciting moments but the interest is steadily maintained. We get to know and to love these men and women; we share their life. This is social history written with impeccable art. Those who are looking for a novel with a "kick" in it had better leave "Shadows on the Rock" alone. It is a book of healing, of quiet and refreshing beauty. There is a sympathy, a tenderness in these annals that one would not have suspected in the author of "A Lost Lady"; it is as if Dorothy Parker should write like Coventry Patmore.

I salute a new novelist—Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert—whose first book, "Happy Sinner," is clever and diverting. The various members of an American family are clearly presented; the story itself has interest; the style sparkles.

If one wishes to observe the difference between a French and a British point of view, one cannot do better than read in succession two books on the Brontës: "Three Virgins of Haworth," by Emilie and Georges Romieu, and "A Short History of the Brontës," by K. A. R. Sugden. The style of the former may be guessed by its title; the latter has a Foreword, where we read "people are beginning to write fanciful tales about them, some almost under the guise of fiction, others obviously inventing things that have neither evidence nor probability. It seemed then that there was possibly room for a slim, handy, frigid work, in which the details and events of the career of the Brontë family should be set

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out in order, without much embroidery or many theories, but containing most of the information now available, given in due proportion."

The translator of the French book is Roberts Tapley, and I am surprised to see constantly the vulgarism "Reverend Brontë." One might as well speak of Excellency Hoover, Honorable Borah, Honor Walker, Majesty George.

Among the living and the dead, there are men and women whose intimate friendship would be a high compliment; but can you imagine a greater sign of respect or a nobler tribute than to have enjoyed the affection of Emily Brontë? Surely there never was a woman of higher intellectual integrity; her proud and sensitive soul showered its unreserved affection only on a dog. And the dog Keeper, like his mistress, was an uncompromising patrician.

An original novel of distinction is "The Flower of Life," by Thomas Burke, where the sorrows of a humble scrub-woman are depicted with transcendent beauty. I have not read a book that resembles this. It might so easily have been a naturalistic, meaningless record of degradation. But although the facts are given without flinching, there is the element of transfiguration. It is the dignity of defeat.

Lewis Einstein, American diplomat, has written an admirable book on a familiar theme—"Roosevelt, His Mind in Action." Mr. Einstein is an accomplished scholar in history and in literature. He is an ardent admirer of the famous President; but his admiration helps rather than hinders his powers of psychological analysis. This is an able and illuminating study of Roosevelt's mind and temperament; and there are many shrewd observations on American politics.

Among the new "omnibus" books, I am glad to see an illustrated "Omnibus Jules Verne," containing in English the following complete novels: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "The Blockade Runners," "From the Earth to the Moon and a Trip Around It," all making one well-printed volume of 822 pages, and not too heavy for comfort.

Another excellent reprint is one of the masterpieces of Francis Parkman, "The Oregon Trail," copiously illustrated by James Daugherty, and with an Introduction by Mark Van Doren. A tall, handsome book.

To all who love rivers and steamers, to all who love to read of the old days on both, let me particularly recommend "Steamboat Days," written by Fred Erving Dayton and illustrated happily by the late John Wolcott Adams. Steamboats, "America's grand passion," played a prominent part in the development of our country. Fifty years ago I used to travel from Hartford to New York by boat. In June 1881 I saw my first boat-race at New London, travelling thither from Hartford on the Steamer "Sunshine." I wonder how many Connecticut people know that in this year of grace 1931 a steamer leaves Hartford for New York every weekday, and that the Connecticut river scenery is enchanting?

I am still hoping to travel by boat from St. Paul to New Orleans. Rivers are more romantic than mountains.

Professor Joseph J. Reilly, whose Life of Cardinal Newman is excellent, has performed a fine service to Newman and to lovers of literature in making a handy volume of Selections, called "The Fine Gold of Newman." This was emphatically worth doing, and Doctor Reilly has done it well.

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A tiny booklet of great significance is "Luke," by John A. Scott, professor of Greek in Northwestern University. The only two books in the New Testament not written by Jews are the Gospel of Luke and the Acts; their author is here portrayed in a decidedly interesting way. His personality and his peculiar characteristics, his special contributions to the most important period in human history are described. The average reader of this little treatise will learn many facts he ought to know.

An edition, limited to one thousand copies, of a Bibliography of Sir James M. Barrie, prepared by B. D. Cutler, should be quickly sold out. It includes all the American unauthorized editions, and the illustrations are as exciting as a collection of rare stamps. An interesting chapter is appended on "Prices and Price Trends" and there is an Index.

A superb limited edition of the Poems of Kipling, in three large volumes, has just appeared. The edition is limited to 525 sets for sale and twelve sets for publication. It was printed from type and the type has been distributed, so that no more copies can appear. The first volume contains Kipling's autograph. More than one-half of the edition has already been subscribed.

Murder stories that I will guarantee as genuine thrillers are "The Mystery of a Butcher's Shop," by Agnes Mitchell; "Black Buck," by L. C. Hopkins; "The Fourth Plague," by Edgar Wallace; "The Murder on the Bus," by C. F. Gregg; "Three Fishers," by F. Beeding; "Murder in the Air," by D. L. Teilhet; and "The Murder at Avalon Arms," by Owen F. Jerome; while the ingenious Mr. Oppenheim has written a novel to please himself. It is not a mystery story, but is fully as entertaining, and is called "Simple Peter Cradd." I hope it will not fill middle-aged husbands with unpleasant ideas and vain desires.

Burns Mantle, the drama critic, whose volume, "The Best Plays of 1930–31," is so essential as a record of the theatre that it should be bought and not borrowed, gives as his choice of the ten best plays seen in New York last season:

1. "Elizabeth the Queen," by Maxwell Anderson.
2. "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Philip Barry.
3. "Once in a Lifetime," by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.
4. "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Lynn Riggs.
5. "Alison's House," by Susan Glaspell.
6. "As Husbands Go," by Rachel Crothers.
7. "Five-Star Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn.
8. "Overture," by William Bolitho.
9. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolph Besier.
10. "Grand Hotel," by Vicki Baum.

This is as near to an official list as we shall get. Mr. Mantle's own standing as a critic and his fairness in selecting from the choices made by others make his choice worthy of respect.

To me the best play of the season—quite superior to all the others—is "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." And I should submit for serious consideration among the first ten, "Mrs. Moonlight," "Philip Goes Forth," "The House Beautiful," and "That's Gratitude," though I should certainly include from Mr. Mantle's list his Numbers 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10. From September to July, I attended fifty-five dramatic and operatic performances, including two "Barretts."

The following members of a famous family joined the Fano Club on May 22: Doctor James ("Bill") Judd, Louise, Robert, Alice Judd, and Louisa Palmer, all of Honolulu. The picture is now in the Museum. The Church of San Agostino was damaged by an earthquake, and the picture was removed for greater

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safety. There are so many members of the Judd family in Hawaii that I have been informed that in those islands the rain falls on the Judds and on the Un-Judds.

Isaac Don Levine, the accomplished author of "Stalin," a book which helps us to understand present conditions in Russia by giving a clear outline of the rise of the dictatorship, "this cornerstone of Sovietism," has received the following autograph note from H. G. Wells.

I've been wanting to form some picture in my mind of Stalin & your vivid book comes as a Godsend. Thank you.

From Joseph R. Dunlap, of Washington, Pa., who writes:

One morning a tramping of heavy feet outside the window awakened me and in the moment between sleeping and waking, I seemed to see a young man viewing an old man who was striding by, and I "felt" the lines

"The veins on his forehead were big and blue,
And he recognized the Wandering Jew."

Here is a cat story from Calipatria, Calif.:

Gus Laderer, a prospector, found "Smutt," then a tawny half grown kitten, killing rattlesnake No. 1 several years ago. Rattlesnake No. 1 was a small sidewinder, and he struck again and again at the agile "Smutt" until he grew tired. The cat then pounced on him and shook him to death.

Laderer said as years went on "Smutt" went into rattlesnake extermination as a life work, and grew so proficient at teasing the deadly reptiles that he worked with graceful abandon. Then he met No. 36, a doughty veteran with a dozen buttons.

"Over confident," Laderer said, "Smutt would jump back only a few inches out of the big fellow's reach as he struck. Once he didn't jump quite far enough—a glancing blow, which made Smutt pretty sick, but which I was able to treat."

Laderer avenged Smutt by killing No. 36, but he didn't save the rattlers for the cat's collection. "That wouldn't be quite fair," he said.

Miss Martha Roberta Bailey, of Philadelphia, a 14-year-old pupil in the Olney High School, sends me a cat story.

About ten years ago my parents owned a black cat, which my father trained to box. When it would be about time for my father to come home, the cat would sit by the door and as soon as he would hear the key in the door, he would stand on his hind feet ready to box. My father would get the gloves as soon as he had removed his hat and coat, and proceed with the boxing.

Daddy had taught him to use the upper cut, cross counter, and straight lead. The cat became so proficient at boxing, that my father exhibited him to the people of the neighborhood and to his close friends. The cat could do many other stunts, such as to climb a rope ladder, turn somersaults, and obey at beck and call.

It is possible that cats are natural boxers, for the same post that brought me the above letter brought also from Alex. G. Hamilton, of Chatswood, Australia, this note about a black cat who came and stayed:

He had a trick of sitting up on his hankers, as we say in the north of Ireland, and if a finger was poked at him, he boxed in approved pugilistic style, so we called him Jacky Johnson, on account of his color and fighting abilities. There was a large turpentine tree in the garden (a relative of our Eucalyptus) and one evening Jacky climbed to the top. But for some reason he was afraid to come down, and kept on calling to me for help. So I had to get a ladder and release him.

The only respect in which cats show any stupidity is their fear of coming down from a tree. They never run down head first like a squirrel, and they will not come down at all if at a great height. From a lower branch they will descend tail first; and it is the only case where they are awkward. You must never laugh at them when they do this; they know they are then ungraceful, and will not forgive ridicule.

When last June I had the pleasure of presenting at the Yale Commencement

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the famous engineer John R. Freeman for the honorary degree of Doctor of Science, I remarked among other specifications that he was so absorbed in his work that he had a poor memory for faces. A newspaper (outside of Connecticut) by a typographical error of one letter, made me say that he had a poor memory for *facts*—a fine qualification for a man of science.

Doctor Freeman informs me that years ago a stenographer sent out his recommendation of a local bank, so that he stated that their "strong-box was overflowing with guilt-edged securities."

From Mrs. Katherine Britton, of Hollywood, Calif.:

When a resident of Eastern Pennsylvania, I heard a school-master, on adjusting a fire, say "Did you think I'd outen it?" Two women, neighbors, talking over a division fence were heard to say, evidently anent an attempted call, "Did you bell?" "Yes I belled," "Well it didn't make." A notice on a private house door in the same town read: "Bell don't make. Bump." Speaking of these peculiarities to a friend one day, he said, "Would you know what a man meant if you heard him say "My off is all?"—His vacation was over! In the West one hears the expression "the dog wants out" or the "dog wants in" and it is so common that it is used by people from whom one would not expect it.

Years ago a young divinity student had charge for the summer of our local church. On driving up the road in his buggy he offered, as was the custom, a "lift" to a native woman. Presently she indicated that she wished to alight. As he helped her down she thanked him, to which he replied, "Don't mention it." Sidling up to him lowering her voice, she said "I won't if you don't want me to"!

One afternoon last Spring, just before the final curtain in "Lohengrin," I heard a lady soliloquize—"When a woman wants a husband, a brother is pretty cold comfort."

A man's grandchildren are perfect illustrations of the "unearned increment."

A stenographer recently took down the expression "these our times" as "these sour times," and the revising orator decided to let it stand.

This summer I joined the noble army of authors who wrote the Works of Shakespeare. John Curtis, of the Charles Hopkins Theatre, writes that on the College Board Examinations, one of the candidates supplied the information that the play "As You Like It" was written by J. Lyon Phellups.

Books mentioned in this article are named below, with their publishers.

"Science and Religion," a Symposium. Scribners. $1.75.
"Shadows on the Rock," by Willa Cather. Knopf. $2.50.
"Happy Sinner," by Elizabeth Herbert. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
"Three Virgins of Haworth," by E. and G. Romieu. Dutton. $3.
"A Short History of the Brontës," by K. A. R. Sugden. Oxford. $1.75.
"The Flower of Life," by Thomas Burke. Little, Brown. $2.
"Roosevelt: His Mind in Action," by Lewis Einstein. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
"The Omnibus Jules Verne." Lippincott. $3.
"The Oregon Trail," by F. Parkman. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
"The Fine Gold of Newman," ed. Reilly. Macmillan. $2.50.
"Steamboat Days," by F. E. Dayton. Stokes. $6.
"Luke," by John A. Scott. Northwestern Univ. Library. Fifty cents.
"Barrie Bibliography," by B. D. Cutler. Greenberg. $7.50.
"Autographed Poems of Kipling." Doubleday, Doran. $100.
"The Mystery of a Butcher's Shop," by A. Mitchell. Dial. $2.
"Black Buck," by L. C. Hopkins. Little, Brown. $2.
"The Fourth Plague," by Edgar Wallace. Doubleday, Doran. $1.
"The Murder on the Bus," by C. F. Gregg. Dial. $2.
"Three Fishers," by F. Beeding. Little, Brown. $2.
"Murder in the Air," by D. L. Teilhet. Morrow. $2.
"The Murder at Avalon Arms," by Owen F. Jerome. Clode. $2.
"Simple Peter Cradd," by Phillips Oppenheim. Little. Brown. $2.

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An Affair of the Senses

(Continued from page 430)

quite believe her. André, when once he got an idea, was not easily dissuaded.

As the boat had arrived early it would be possible to reach Babwe that night. André bustled about among the porters seeing they lost no time shouldering their loads, occasionally slapping a face or striking a bare shoulder with his little stick. Tipoyes had been brought for himself and Céleste. When he helped her into hers he blushed a little and she too felt a certain excitement at his touch.

The chair was deep-seated and made comfortable with pillows. The bearers sang as they marched, their bare heels thudding on the clay of the path moulded as earth is only moulded by the tread of bare feet. The tall dim alleyways of the forest, hazy above with filtered sunlight, the play of light and shadow on the many-shaped leaves gave a pleasure she had never before felt. Although she would not let thoughts of Vermeersch come into her mind, a consciousness of him filled her luminously, as lamplight fills a room.

When they stopped by the side of the trail for lunch, André again began to talk about Van Praet: "You know this is going to mean something chic for us. The Babwe district is not enormous but to pass so soon from administrator to commissioner is excellent. It's a real piece of luck. I'm not of an age or length of service to expect the job of commissioner. This will advance us several years."

"What happened to Van Praet?"

"He is dying."

The boy who was waiting on them took away the plates and brought two large enamel cups of hot coffee. André was overflowing with good humor and contentment: "Oh, my angel, I am so happy to have you again! You don't know—you can't imagine—" The servant disappeared around the bend of the trail beyond which the porters rested beside their loads. André turned her face to his: "Céleste, you don't know how beautiful you are. So beautiful, so sweet." His face became grave. The expression reminded her of something but she couldn't think just what. He began to kiss her with a passion which, after a moment, she returned.

The wide veranda overlooking the river was a pleasant place to sit. It was a kind of outdoor room running through the house, and under the high, thatched roof it was always cool. Skins were strewn on the stone floor and the heads and horns of buffalo and antelope hung on the walls. In front flowed the Babwe River, although it did not seem to flow but to stand still, a sheet of green-brown water where the forest hung upside down.

Céleste sat with some work in her lap but she was not sewing. Absently she watched a native canoe glide by, paddles dipping softly, swiftly. A naked old woman sat in the prow, a boy in the stern, and between them bright green sugar-cane was heaped. The canoe was as dark as their bodies.

She did not allow herself actually to think of Vermeersch. When she remembered all that, she was ashamed. How could such a thing have happened to her? And with a man like that. When she thought of herself in Brussels, of her father's house and her life there, it became simply incredible. It had not happened. No, she would not permit herself to think that it had or of him. And yet he was never absent from her. Often she wakened at night or in the early morning with a sense of him so real and living that she was filled again with the exact emotion she had felt on the boat. Again something large, releasing, vital enfolded her. Everything in the world was right. If it happened in the morning, she lay with closed eyes, shutting herself in with this awareness, which would disappear as soon as she was wide awake.

Except for these moments life plodded a flat and obvious route, never rising above everyday happenings, stupidities of the servants, bad food, André's calculations about the redistribution of posts, the occasional runner from Kundulu bringing papers or letters from home.

André did not like her periods of revery. He was jealous of them. If she lay dreamily after he got up he would say: "Well, well, are you going to stay in bed all day? Out here, you know, we work."

He dressed very precisely, stepping briskly about in his slippered feet and looking at himself in the glass. He desired her to breakfast with him and always talked about his work, in which he took a self-important interest:

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"Therefore I said to the chief, 'you will bring only one wife and no musicians, and you will stand beside the compound gate all day, every day for six weeks.'" André rubbed his hands and chuckled: "And don't they hate to appear without their *impombu!* It kills them to leave their villages with only one wife and no music, just like any slave—instead of a chief. And standing in one spot all day in the sun, every day for six weeks, is no joke. No, no, they may not let us beat the big chiefs but we find ways to handle 'em."

"What had this chief done?"

"He was impertinent to me."

At other times André did not speak at all, but let it plainly be seen he was dealing in his mind with difficult and engrossing problems. His office was built off one end of the bungalow, and immediately after breakfast he withdrew to it to transact the business of the day. Often she could hear him shouting angrily and slapping faces with the palm of his hand or see a boy come reeling out from a blow on the chin. These were apt to be days when he was especially disturbed at not yet hearing from headquarters about his promotion.

Then one morning he had hardly gone to his office when he came hurrying back, rather pleasantly excited: "Look here, Céleste, here's a letter from Morel. He wants me to go to Joinville to see Louvois about that Forminière property."

Joinville—Louvois; these words roused such memories she could not trust herself to look at André.

"We ought," he added, "to start to-morrow morning at the latest."

"We?"

"Why, certainly, you're going, aren't you? You wouldn't like to stay here alone, I suppose."

"Why not?"

He looked at her doubtfully. The idea of leaving her at Babwe without his protection was a novel one to him. Formerly she had gone with him whenever he made a journey. "Don't you want to come?"

"I've been travelling so much lately."

She did not wish to go to Vermeersch's post. It had been, she now realized, a continuous and painful effort to keep him out of her mind, and that effort would only be made more difficult if she saw him again. Besides, what good would it do—if André were with her?

"I suppose it's safe enough here," André was saying, "with the soldiers and the capita. That way I can go and come more quickly."

"Will you be long?" she asked absently.

"Not very; I have to see Vermeersch, too."

She did not speak.

"He's the administrator at Joinville. You don't know him."

She hesitated. "Why, yes, I do know him," she said at last.

"But he was in the Uele during our first term."

"I know. He was on the boat, though."

"What boat? From Stanleyville?"

"Yes."

"But you never spoke of him."

"What was there to say?"

"Very little good, at any rate. Was he drunk all the time?"

"I don't think he was drunk."

"Maybe he's had his come-uppances from somebody. Men like that have no place in the service nowadays. That kind of thing was all right in the frontier days, before we became a civilized colony, but it won't do now."

"Frontier," she murmured.

"What did you say? You're very queer this morning, Céleste. Do you feel all right?" He was suddenly anxious.

She picked up her embroidery frame and began to sew. She could feel his gaze upon her, and looking up caught his glance, now become admiring and affectionate. "Just the same I hate to leave you here," he exclaimed, "especially as you really don't seem quite yourself."

She tried to shake off her preoccupation: "Perhaps I am tired of you. Maybe I just want to get rid of you for a while!"

He laughed, pleased with the little joke. "Ha, ha, that's it, is it? Kiss me, you darling." And then, going back to the subject that interested him, he began to talk about Vermeersch. "No wonder he doesn't get his promotion, drinking like a fish—to say nothing of this business of black women. Though I must say he's no worse than a lot of others in that respect. They're all pretty bad." André having come out to the Congo a married man had no patience with that phase of colonial life.

She rose and walked to the veranda's edge. Black women—just an affair of the senses. André asked her some question but she did not hear. "Well," he exclaimed, a little piqued, "if you won't listen to me, maybe it's a good thing I am going to leave you alone."

Alone! If *he* were to come when she was alone! If she were to hear the song of the bearers and run out of the compound and see him striding along at the head of his safari, his long arms swinging—and André in Joinville! She smiled.

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"You act as if you had some joke of your own," her husband complained.

"No," she said.

Six days passed and when at last she heard the marching song of the bearers she did not rush out to meet them. She knew it was André and she merely walked through to the opposite side of the veranda, where she could see them come up the path. André was in the lead, but when she called down to him he did not reply or, for the moment, look up. Then he raised his face and she was frightened. He was pale and his eyes looked as if he were coming down with fever. A porter ran past him with a load and André struck him ferociously with the rhino whip he liked to carry on safari. She heard the singing of the lash on bare flesh, saw the fellow stagger and fall back. But he was too well disciplined to cry out with the pain.

"André, are you ill?"

He only strode past her into the house, incapable, it seemed, of speech.

It is both sad and revolting to witness the entire revelation of another's anger and sorrow. Gossip, of course, had done its worst, and little by little she learned what he had heard and believed. Moreover, her own peculiar behavior, it seemed, the day when Vermeersch was mentioned, fitted in with the talk and made it less incredible to him than it would otherwise have been.

Vermeersch, then, had been her lover. She had been seen in his arms on deck and he had visited her room at night. The whole colony knew it. Her name had become a scandal and they were laughing at André from Joinville to Matadi. His rage and humiliation brought on strangling sobs from which Céleste averted her eyes. It was clear too that the most incomprehensible and shocking part of it all, the ultimate crucifixion to André, was that it should have been Vermeersch. That his wife could have disgraced herself and him with a man *like that* was above all else what he could not face. At times she thought he would strike her, at others almost feared he might kill her. And he ended by possessing her in angry despair.

That night long after he went to sleep she lay awake. When she had first heard what André told her she felt cut in two. Something began to hurt inside and she felt light-headed. It was like a blow in the stomach. At the same time it seemed to her it couldn't be, that it was not possible a thing so humiliating, so ridiculous should have happened to her. She knew only too well the ferocity and malice of colonial gossip. There was so little to talk about. And she knew too how the esteem in which she and André held themselves, their propriety, would add to the relish with which the scandal would be told. Now she must take her place before them humbled, a different person from what she wished, believed herself to be. Now she was just another Walewska or Madame Louvois. Worse, because they had never been accused of anything so definite.

And yet—how unreal, how unjust. She took no credit to herself that he had failed to come into her room. That he had not done so was only an accident. The point was that what had happened to them was entirely different from what happened to other people. It was pure and beautiful, as removed as the stars from what it was represented to be when it was told with relishing guffaws around the Hindu's bar in Joinville. Ah, how could an experience looked at from the outside appear so different from what it really was—from what one felt inside!

The light in her room whitened. She could hear the crowing of roosters from the direction of the native village and the gentle morning music of the doves. Then a new idea came. What if this tale were told in Belgium? What if her parents with their limited and inflexible views were to hear it? And their friends?

The thought lifted her out of bed. She walked to the window. The river was smoking in the cold air of dawn, the sky above the forest clear as a pearl. For a moment the tension relaxed. Her common sense told her that both she and André were exaggerating. All this was nothing but a tempest in a teapot. The miserable scrap of gossip would not travel very far, nor be of interest very long. There was not enough in such a tale to keep it alive. If André could only realize that, too. She turned to look at him in bed. He was sleeping with a strained, frowning look on his face. He was not, she knew, the man to take a thing or leave it. He would not accept these accusations to the point of doing anything about them, nor would he agree to disbelieve and forget them. Her heart sank.

She took a folded blanket from the foot of the bed and went into a storehouse at the other end of the veranda where there was a cot. She wrapped the blanket around her and lay down on the mattress. Now she heard voices from the servants' quarters, smelled the morning fires. Then into the room filled with dawn twilight plunged a shaft of ruddy gold. Jubilant cacklings came from the forest. The rat-

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tan mat hanging before the door lifted and she felt a puff of cool breeze on her face. Gradually the ruby reflections paled into the practical light of day and she went to sleep.

To her relief she did not see André next morning. He had retired to his office when she got up and had his luncheon there. In the afternoon, to escape him, she took a long walk along the river road. When she got back she found him on the veranda. He was sunk in a deep chair, his face buried in his hands.

She sat down without speaking. After a moment he dropped his hands and leaned back wearily. It occurred to her these dramatic attitudes must make it all a little easier for him to bear. He saw himself a wronged and tragic figure and at least some of his attention would be occupied in sustaining this gloomy rôle.

"Well," he said finally, "so you're back. I'm glad you feel there's nothing more important to think about than long walks."

"What do you mean, André?"

"What do I mean? Hasn't it occurred to you now why nothing is done about my promotion?"

She felt sick—so that was to come into it too!

"They aren't going to advance a man whose wife is mixed up in scandals. If I proposed to remain an administrator all my life, like some people, it wouldn't matter. But I had other ideas and I supposed you had. Quick promotion out here was only the first step. But jobs in the ministry and diplomatic service go to couples whose home life is irreproachable."

"So that's it, so that's it!" She almost shrieked the words. It was a relief to her to feel so angry. "Well, I tell you there is no scandal. Nothing has happened. The person who was seen at my door never came in. The idea of a malicious little story like that affecting official business is ridiculous. You're ridiculous."

The blood rushed into André's face: "The person who was seen at your door! Why was he seen at your door? What was he doing there? Your infatuation for him was the talk of the boat—for that debauched scoundrel. Oh, my *God!* And what about people seeing him kissing you on deck?"

She began to cry. She rocked back and forth in a very ecstasy of weeping.

"You tell me she lied," he shouted, "you tell me that. Swear to me that and then explain why this fellow was at your door at two o'clock at night. *God!* the thing is beyond believing." He walked back and forth talking, trembling with anger.

After this she began sleeping in the storeroom. André did not like it but he could not ask her to return to him. Sometimes he came in and she wakened to find him standing beside her bed with his lighted candle in his hand. He was usually in pajamas and dressing-gown, his short black hair standing straight up on his head. She let him talk without interruption and he finally went away unappeased, and disturbed by her silence.

And now Céleste began to think incessantly about Vermeersch. It strengthened her to invoke his personality. His independence and force brought similar qualities to her. He must of course have heard the gossip and be terribly distressed for her. She thought, I could not have suffered more if he had been my lover, and from that she slipped into wondering in what way things would have been different if he had been. She thought there was something extraordinary in that sense of oneness that had come to them so soon, a mysterious bond. Breathlessly she allowed herself to remember their mutual passion and was consoled by the thought that he must now yearn for her as she did for him. Sometimes she turned toward the southwest where Joinville was and concentrating all her force sent him a message across the forest: "You must know I am thinking of you," she said, "answer me back." And she waited, hoping to hear with an inner ear some echo from him. But, of course, none came.

There had been a death in the village and she lay for a long time listening to the funeral din. It was not the organized chant and drumming of dance music but something wilder and more broken—furious cries, songs, a hectic drunken brawling with an undercurrent of some strange emotion she could not define. Then she saw a light wavering down the veranda. It was André, and he began talking before he came in:

"Look here, I don't like your sleeping here, especially to-night. You better come back to your room. It may be safe enough but I don't like it."

"I'm quite all right, I prefer it here."

He looked down at her and she could see he was not thinking of her lying there in her bed but of something else, something she suddenly felt, about which he hesitated to speak. Then he put his candle on a table and sat down on her bed. "You know, Céleste, I try not to be unjust. I know you feel badly about this, too. I would be different if I could, but you must admit it's only natural—" He broke

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off as if determined not to go into the cause of his discontent again. At least not now. Although she could no longer see his face very well, she was more than ever conscious of that double train of thought, for André, like most devious persons, was exceedingly transparent.

Then he put his hand on hers. She thought there were tears in his eyes: "I am unhappy," he said.

She knew that in saying this he was sincere. Poor André! She was sorry for him and for herself, for everything that had so inexplicably happened. And yet nothing flowed from her heart to him. She saw his side but with no feeling for him. He took away his hand.

"The point is"—he broke off—"I am willing to believe those women were lying. Indeed, it is easier to disbelieve such a story than to believe it. I don't know that I ever actually believed it—" Again he paused. "But the point is we can't have such talk going about. We can't have it."

Yes, he had something in mind. More was coming but she could not imagine what it might be.

"We've taken this thing as if we were nobodies—and we're not. The thing to do is to put these common people in their place."

A vague fear spread through her. The only course, she knew, was to let this small flare-up of malice die out of its own unimportance. But she realized that about everything touching him, the figure he cut before the world, his ambitions, no argument was possible. He was talking without looking at her:

"Now, the obvious thing is to write to your uncle, the Minister of Colonies. You can tell him you think he ought to know that one of his officials made you the object of unwelcome attentions on the boat and that in a moment of drunkenness this man attempted to force his way into your room. You can explain that your unwillingness to be friendly with the other women made enemies of them and they were only too glad to—misrepresent the incident." André was talking in his official manner, with flourishes, and he did not look at her. "You will add that you would feel badly if this er—unfortunate gossip were to reach your family in Brussels, that you even feared it might be unfavorable to my career. And that you are writing him the truth so he will see the innocent do not suffer instead of the guilty."

So that was it. That was what he had devised. He knew perfectly well that if this had been the truth she would have told him in the beginning. It was a lie but it offered a way out so advantageous that he had already begun, she saw, to believe it. On the basis of this story he no longer had cause for jealousy, their relations would be automatically restored, and at the same time he could ruin Vermeersch, whom illogically he would continue to hate as he had never hated any one or anything before.

". . . That will teach these colonial ladies to watch their tongues. And it is not likely to do M. l'Administrateur de Joinville much good." He smiled involuntarily, the sharp smile that rises from bitter satisfactions. He rose, pulling his robe about him. Evidently he was not going to give her any time for argument. "In fact," he added, taking his candle, "I have written the letter for you. All you need do is to copy it in your own writing. The runner will wait till afternoon to take it to Kundulu." Bending over he looked into her face with a strange expression. Was it malice?—triumph?—uncertainty? For the first time she felt André harbored thoughts at which she could not guess.

"Until to-morrow, ma chérie," he called back, almost gayly, as he went out.

They were facing each other at breakfast. The rains had begun and a solid sheet of water drove down slantwise, falling upon the ground with such force that it was flung back and a cloud of spray rose everywhere from the earth. The river hissed and boiled under the lashing and the forest rocked its treetops despairingly. Nothing as yet had been said about the letter she was expected to write. André had assumed his self-absorbed, important air and Céleste postponed speaking as long as she could. Then the half-naked figure of the courier from Kundulu was seen running down the alley of palms that led to the house. As he ran he crouched forward holding a woven mat over his head. The soldier escorted him onto the veranda and he stood respectfully in one corner, the water trickling down his bare chest and long brown legs.

André opened the mail-sack. The rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun and the noise of falling water gave place to a fresh and sylvan silence. The sun looked out brightly and turned pools and great hanging drops to crystal. And one by one little birds began to chatter softly. Then she saw André fall upon a certain letter. He had not, however, read more than a few lines when he shouted something in a voice so shrill and unlike his own that she looked at him in terror. He read on, his hand trembling, his lips uttering—"Yes, ah, that's it"—ejaculations of which he seemed

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unaware. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, upsetting his chair and stood glaring down at her. "There, there," he gasped, as if it were all he could do to get the words out of his closed throat, "read that!" He flung the letter down before her. "You—I"— then he thrust his face close to hers—"I'd like to kill you." And, as if he could only escape the temptation by fleeing from her, he rushed from the veranda.

Céleste, unnerved by the strain of the past weeks, began too to tremble and the words before her danced so that it was some moments before she could read what was written. One sentence in particular, in which she saw the name of Vermeersch, she felt she would never be able to decipher. Then, confusedly, she began to gather the meaning. The promotions had come and André had been entirely passed over. Morel was made commissioner of the large district of Joinville, and Vermeersch had been given the job André had expected. He had been made commissioner of the Babwe district, with headquarters at Kundulu, and was, of course, André's chief.

Terrible, of course, this was for André. But it was so much less frightening than the vague fear she had felt when she saw Vermeersch's name that she felt only relief. Moreover, anybody but an insane person could see these promotions were the natural ones. But on this subject André was not sane. What the outcome would be she could not imagine. Just now, she couldn't keep her mind on André. She could think of nothing but the fact that Vermeersch was coming to their district. And the certainty filled her that he had brought about this transfer himself. *He had come here to be near her.*

She swept from the veranda onto the terrace. The sun was blazing and she felt its familiar heat on her flesh like the hot breath of something alive. The river glittered like gold. The rich foliage draping the compound flaunted a violence of green all washed and spangled and reflecting the blue of the sky. In such a world what was there to think of but joy and love?

Then she heard André's voice. He was standing on the porch shouting to her and holding something in his hand. He would not come out because he had not got on his helmet and was afraid of the sun. She turned and walked away from him down to the river.

But André found his hat and followed her. He held in his hand the letter he had written to the Minister of Colonies. He began to talk excitedly about intrigues and plots hatching against him—careful to blame her for nothing. She understood why. What he had written to her uncle he must seem to believe. It was evident, he declared, that some deep design was afoot to make him ridiculous and ruin him. But he would stop all that and he reminded her that the runner was waiting to take her copy of his letter to Kundulu.

"Come," he urged. He put his hand on her arm.

She shook him off, feeling suddenly outraged at his touch. "Well, that letter," she cried out, "that letter—I'm not going to write it, I tell you. I'm not going to write it."

Their eyes met and they looked at each other like enemies, secret, bitter enemies who have come face to face for the first time. Coldness, hate—what were these forbidding aspects of their souls, not known before? The eyes she looked at she felt she had never seen. Nor did her own eyes belong to her but to some unknown woman. Coldly they stared at an André who had become merely an ugly, ridiculous, and tiresome little stranger.

Was there something in the violence of that moment which enabled him to read her thought? At any rate he suddenly gave up. He turned and walked quickly to the house. She watched him go. His white drill suit hung loose, his shoulders sagged, the cords on his thin neck stood out under the weight of his head held high. Unexpectedly pity for him overtook her. She felt sad enough to die. Poor André, poor fellow! She wanted to call out, to be tender, to console him. But she could not quite do that either. She hated André—and she cared for him too. She was no longer his, but she was not free from him. He was her husband, the person who in all the world, until recently, had been closest to her. Marriage. At that moment life seemed complicated to her beyond anything she had ever dreamed.

She heard nothing now about official matters. She did not know what changes had yet been made or anything at all about Vermeersch. The rains evidently had started too soon because, after a few abandoned downpours, the sun shone continuously. When she went out in it in her helmet and carrying her green-lined umbrella, the sun seemed to crush her to earth. Her only solace lay in thinking about Vermeersch. Everything in the world was different because he had made the definite move toward her of getting himself appointed to their district. It was all he could do and she looked upon it as a priceless avowal.

One morning André's boy brought his tin travelling boxes from the storeroom and the

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signal drum began sending out a call for porters. She asked him nothing and he made no comment until next day when he was about to set out: "I am making a tour of inspection."

"When will you be home?"

"I don't know."

Was he going to Kundulu? Had Vermeersch come there yet? Was Vermeersch going to make his survey with him? André, probably guessing how anxious she was to know these things, told her nothing. Discreetly, after he left, she questioned the courier who had come that day. From him she learned that Vermeersch was in Kundulu and that André's tour was taking him in the opposite direction.

Looking at the runner she thought: He comes and goes so easily. It is not far to Kundulu. And yet I am a prisoner. I never go away from Babwe. Day after day, month after month I am here. I have nothing to do, nothing to think about. I have no one to speak to, not even André. I think, think, think, always the same thoughts. I am always lonely, tormented by André's bad humor. Suddenly her life seemed insupportable. It seemed she could stand it no longer. A feeling of panic, long suppressed, rose in her: I shall go mad, I'll die, I can't stand it. And Kundulu so near!

The thought of Kundulu rooted itself in her mind. Anything, anything for a change. Just to see faces, trees, houses she did not see every day. But of course it wasn't that. It was Vermeersch. It seemed to her if she could see and talk to him, if it were only once, only for a few moments, it would give her such happiness she could have courage to go on. If she could tell him how unhappy she was, how much she cared for him, hear from him how much he cared for her, everything would be all right. She could never see Vermeersch alone if she went to Kundulu with André. Thus it became quite plain that she must take advantage of the opportunity and go now, regardless of consequences. She would leave the next morning and return the following day. No baggage, only a tipoye and bearers. For some reason she felt convinced André would not return before the end of the week.

Céleste, her hands folded in her lap, kept smiling and looking at her plate, on which was a scrawny leg of fowl covered with pinfeathers and a bad-smelling red sauce. Sometimes too she looked around the dreary bedroom of the inn as if there were something interesting to see and she had just come in —although she had been there two hours. Then she rose absently from her untouched tray of food and began walking back and forth.

She felt very light; it seemed as if she weighed nothing at all. Her lips kept smiling a little and once or twice she said something out loud —after all, or well, really, I don't know—and did not finish the phrase. Her mind was confused, crowded with thoughts that stifled each other, but happy, excited thoughts. At last, at last! She had needed his strength so badly, needed so badly after those hard months to see the man of her heart, to rest in his love and understanding. The tears rushed into her eyes. She saw them meeting again on that ideal plane of which she had dreamed, where each recognized the other through all that was pure and lofty in their hearts.

The house of the district commissioner stood on a little hill above the river. A short drive led to it from the road along which the straggling village of Kundulu was built. She knew the place, having called there with André during Morel's term. When she turned into this drive she could see a light burning in the house above. It shone brilliantly behind the dark trees, and here and there a ray penetrated the foliage and struck across the path. The drive led to a terrace before the house and she saw that the light came from a gasoline lantern burning on a back veranda. Beside it a native soldier sat sleepily on guard, his spiked gun beside him. Everything else was dark. The rest of the house and the trees rising above it were just a black mass cut out of a sky sharp with stars. Her footsteps made no sound and the soldier did not rouse himself till she spoke. Then he sprang up and saluted, rolling brilliant, startled eyes.

"I have come to see the B'wana; is he home?"

The man stared at her a moment, then turned and shuffled along the veranda. Before a wooden shutter he stooped and spoke in a low voice. There was an answer she could not hear; then, as the boy turned away, Vermeersch's voice called some further order. The black took up his lantern and led her to a porch room at the end. It was strewn with wicker chairs and tables and there were one or two lamps with shades. She wished the boy had lighted one of these and taken away his unpleasantly bright light.

As she waited she could hear some one moving in the room beside the porch. Her cheeks burned and her hands were cold. Dank airs rose from river and forest, and made her shiver. Nearby a bird or animal repeated over

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and over a clear cry, neither sad nor gay, that sounded like a child's whistle, or the whistle of a locomotive heard a long way off. Then the door opened, slippered feet came slap-slapping over the tiled floor, and Vermeersch stood in the doorway. He had pulled trousers and a uniform coat over his pajamas, and his face wore the dazed, rather unwilling look of a person just roused from sleep. She had risen, her eyes were shining, a smile seemed to curve from some unknown depths inside her and irradiate her lips. Faintness was about her heart. When he should see who it was!

"Mr. Vermeersch"—she felt herself move, float toward him—"it is I." Now she was near him, before him, within reach of his arms. He stared down at her:

"My God! Yes, yes, yes. I was wondering who it could be." He did not put out his arms but his hand and he shook hers, still looking at her in the same surprised way. They exchanged a few perfunctory remarks.

The smile remained on her lips, but she was suddenly aware of herself standing on Vermeersch's veranda, and it seemed to her she was standing in an awkward position with a queer expression on her face. There was something she had planned to say to him. It was to have been a joke. And now, feeling it was no longer what she wanted to say, she said it: "You have forgotten me."

"No, no, no, not at all." He glanced over his shoulder at the door he had left open and went back and closed it. One of the shutters of a window that opened from the bedroom on his side was ajar and he pulled a chair against it. "Now, then, yes, won't you sit down, madame?" She sat down with the bright lantern light troubling her eyes. He lighted a cigarette, making a shield before his face with his large, well-shaped hands, then sent out a puff of smoke and dropped into a chair that creaked under his weight. "Everything all right at Babwe?" But he did not wait for an answer. "I have been wanting to see your husband but I've hardly got settled. I only moved in the first of the month." He glanced at her, then looked away. "Is he, your husband I mean, in town to-night?"

André, he was talking about André. "No." She patted her lips with her handkerchief and then patted her hair. She was conscious of sitting very straight and of her eyes fastened on him. And now it seemed that an explanation was to be made. In spite of her confusion she managed to say: "I was in Kundulu. I knew you had been made our district commissioner, and as we were fellow travellers——"

"Of course. I remember. I remember that time. It was on the trip from Stanleyville." He seemed glad to be able to show he remembered which journey it was.

"Yes," she said.

"The damnest trip, too, that was. You know we got stuck? Yes, four days on a sand-bar. The suffering was intense, ho, ho, ho! Not a drop of liquor left in the bar after the first night."

She laughed too. But she had begun to hear the river. A low, continuous murmur, and the great Congo could be divined, rather than seen, a void in the darkness, down there below the bank. Vermeersch was talking about the sand-bar and the trouble they had had getting off, but she was able only to catch the drift of what he said, enough to say things herself once in a while—to say what was necessary. But listening too to the river. Unhurried, unresting—who had used those words? On it flowed through the quiet, savage forest to the sea. The river gave her courage. Suddenly she blurted out: "The time has seemed very long since that journey."

"Well, now, that shouldn't be." He was wider awake now, he was beginning to be himself. "Why has it seemed long?"

If he could ask her that, what was there to say? "I don't know."

He laughed. "Then, it can't be very serious, can it?"

She felt his glance on her hair, her throat, her bare arms, felt it slip down her body, appraising her feet even, in their satin slippers. She looked up and met his eyes. The blood rushed away from the pit of her stomach, leaving a faintness there. How to explain the power they had upon her. He got up and opening a cupboard took out a bottle of brandy: "Will you have some? Not a drop? No?" He poured himself a small tumblerful. He laughed the indulgent laugh he reserved, she knew, for women, and then, sitting down beside her, he began to say nice things to her, things he might have said to any stranger, to any indiscreet—and pretty—woman who came to his house alone. She closed her eyes.

He took her hand, and when she did not draw back he began passing his fingers up and down her bare arm. Along with the pain in her heart a reeling sense of giving up, a terrible yielding that drew every part of her.

"I had forgotten," he murmured, "about little Babwe. No, no, if I had remembered I shouldn't have been so sorry to leave Joinville."

Words slowly sinking into her conscious-

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ness, little by little, like waste objects, not too heavy, drifting down through water. "So sorry," she repeated, "to leave Joinville!"

"Well, yes." He let go her hand to finish his brandy. "Of course one doesn't refuse promotions when they're thrust on one. But I liked Joinville—no better hunting in the whole colony." He poured himself another drink, still talking about Joinville.

She did not hear him. Joinville—not his desire that he had left there but against it. And Babwe he had forgotten. Her hand was once more in his. He had raised it to his mouth and was kissing the palm. She could feel the softness of his lips, the delicate scratching of his mustache, his breath on her palm and wrist. Faintness seized her. She struggled to her feet. Vermeersch looked up at her in surprise.

"I must go," she said.

"Go?"

"Yes, it's late. I only wanted—" She broke off. What had she not wanted!

It was plain he had no idea what to make of her and that he was both a little angry and, or so she imagined, a little relieved. "Well, well, as you prefer, of course." He dropped her hand and lighted a cigarette. Now she felt lucid and hard:

"I am sorry I disturbed you so late." Her voice was polite. She smiled, looking at an antelope skin under her feet.

"Not at all." He rose. "I'll walk with you to the end of the drive. It wouldn't do, I think, to go clear to the hotel. People talk, damn them."

"They have already talked," she said brazenly.

"By God, that's a fact." He laughed, but in a perfunctory way. It was clear he was puzzled by her coming, her going, her attitude. But he went on talking about the gossip. "Those two damned women, Louvois and the other. They did say something. But that's all forgotten. I had forgotten it myself. Well, dear young lady, since you insist on going, to my deep regret——"

He picked up the lantern and she thought she saw him stifle a yawn. She had never felt hate before and now it filled her to the brim, wrung, exhausted her. Hate for him and pity for herself. Vermeersch preceded her across the veranda. A sudden wind blew up from the river with a rustling of leaves and creaking of hinges and she saw the naked arm of a native girl reach out of the window of Vermeersch's bedroom and pull the shutter to.

It was cold in her stone-floored room and the candles were burned down to their sockets. The long letter on which she had been furiously at work was finished. It was a more convincing, ingenious and ruinous affair than the letter André had written. When it was done she read it over carefully. Her uncle was fond of her and he had a great regard for the moral tone of the service. Yes, the letter would do a satisfying amount of harm. She blew out the candles and got into bed.

But although she got into her bed she could not sleep. Her excitement had mounted to a pitch where excitement itself, even pain, were almost pleasurable. She felt outside herself, unreal and taut as a wire. And now, in the dark, things began to seem different. Vermeersch was before her. She saw him as clearly, no, more clearly than she had seen him a while ago in his house. She heard his voice—never was a man's voice so pleasing. Then a thought pierced her. Why had she come away? Why had she not stayed with him? The reasons that had brought her away seemed all at once puerile and lifeless.

Her face was burning, her heart beating fast. She found herself sitting on the edge of her bed, and after a moment she began to walk back and forth, or sat down sometimes on a chair. Sometimes too she held the candle to the mirror and looked at herself. Her eyes had never been so big and round and bright. He had always admired her eyes. Why had she not stayed? When she was tired walking she got back into bed. But when she tried to sleep, pictures kept flashing before her and troubling her. There was a fair with everybody whirling on carousels and wheels and the air full of balloons. There was a train passing, there were men dancing in an empty square. Or some face she had never seen, a dreadful face with supernatural eyes, looked suddenly into hers. Sometimes she got up and walked again. After a time that seemed neither long nor short, that did not pass at all, she knew it was morning. She must sleep, she must try again. And although she felt as wide awake as ever when she lay down, undoubtedly she did sleep, for when she next opened her eyes André was in her room.

He was standing by the table reading a letter. She stared at him, trying to realize his presence and what had happened. Then it came to her what the letter was he was reading. She laughed out loud. She sat up in bed and began to laugh in this queer loud way. André looked up from the page, but she saw that his eyes were full of the words in the letter and that he scarcely saw her. He was so

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absorbed he did not even notice how she laughed. He nodded and smiled, showing his satisfaction with what she had done and, with the smile on his lips, returned to the page.

André and the table slid away and away till he looked as small as a doll standing on the farther edge of the great gulf that had opened between them. She was alone on her side, not even Vermeersch was with her. For the first time in her life she was completely alone. She saw this in a way that was more than a thought, more than a vision. She saw it as a truth and forever.

André, away off, was fluttering something at her. The letter. So that was what she was capable of! Last night if she had stayed, would she have written it? No. But she knew, this morning, she couldn't have stayed. You couldn't be different from what you were. And she was glad she hadn't. Just an affair of the senses —well, that was not enough. Perhaps because she was a woman. Or maybe for some other reason. Anyhow, she was glad it was not enough.

He was talking. She listened carefully as one listens to a voice one has difficulty in hearing and gathered that she was to take the letter and add something—oh, a very little thing, André had thought of. He put the sheets in her hand, still talking. She felt the paper in her fingers and began tearing it into little pieces. And tearing the paper she had to cry out to André: "I went to his house last night. I couldn't live any longer without seeing him. He was with a Mangbetu girl. He had forgotten me." Then she began to sob.

André, beside himself, was so outraged he filled the room with noise. She lay back, still crying. Vermeersch cared nothing for her. André would never forget what she had told him or forgive her. For years he would remember and feel like this. But she said to herself, It had to be. And she knew there was something in it she would not have been without.

I Shall Walk To-day

By Grace Noll Crowell

I shall walk to-day upon a high green hill,
I shall forget the walls and the roofs of the town;
This burden, strapped to my back, shall be unloosed,
And I shall leave it there when I come down.

Warm is the hill upon which I shall walk to-day;
Gold is the sun upon the close-cropped grass,
And something of the peace of grazing sheep
Shall permeate my being as I pass:

Something of the look within their eyes
Of upland pastures, and of clean wind blown—
The tranquil, trusting look of those who know
A shepherd watches, I shall make my own.

And I shall gather the little wind flowers there,
And press their sweetness upon my heart to stay,
Then I shall go back to the walls and the roofs of the town,
Stronger than I have been for many a day.

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